

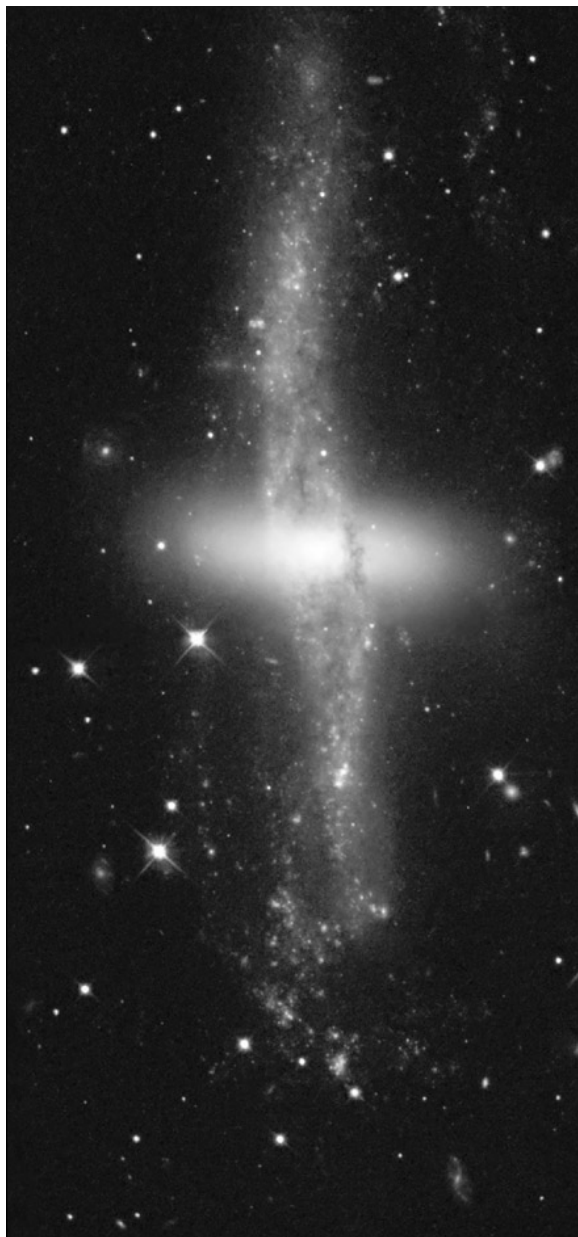
Alterwall Objectives

*Jesus answered him, I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in
the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort;
and in secret have I said nothing.*
John 18-20K.J.V

Alt Objectives

by

Gary Clifford Gibson



Polar-Ring Galaxy NGC 4650A
Hubble Heritage Team PRC99-16

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Of Pre-singularity Waves

Like the collapse of a probability wave
before the beginning into a spiked particle
emerging as a singularity of space-time mass energy
expanding as entropy and coding overran
remnants from the perfect idea
an eternal; realm of possibilities and forms
awaiting the spoken word to begin
was a continuum onto which faith aspires
and knowledge reaches toward

Those eternal things transcending the given
from hundreds of millions of degrees to 2.7 K
cool at the loving edge
started by God
the collection of the galaxies
provided realm for creation
amidst a Higgs field and hydrogen
can the eternal knower of probabilities have impossibility?
time and matter subject to change
absolute perfection and the unmoved mover moving
rightness and truth, the Son Jesus Christ.



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A science fiction novel

Part One

"We're like ants stuck to a table, oblivious to higher dimensions we cannot experience"-Dvali

Chapter 1; A Journey

The year brought a series of disastrous earthquakes and volcanic explosions on an apocalyptic scale. The global warming of the world rapidly increased. Oceans of the green planet were evaporating quickly in withering new heat yet were replenished by glaciers and polar ice caps dwindling in meltdown. Roiling waves heaved and surged under continuous storm cover. The atmosphere was building up alarming levels of sulfur dioxide and other poisonous gases. At last the predictions of scientists and environmentalists that the ecosystem of the planet was being adversely affected by unfettered human development seemed to be fulfilled even as the catastrophic transition of the physical environment happened at a pace that puny efforts of social technology were powerless to reverse.

The year was 657,000 before Christ. Yaophat and his wife Xubug were frantic, and she with an unborn child found walking difficult.

Yaophat said, "The mass driver isn't fully ready to go yet I will make it work. The laser guide paths and superconductors will accelerate the spaceship to orbital escape velocity. The ground laser may continue to function until the atmosphere becomes so misty that laser light cannot make it to space to burn the spaceships aft fuel nookie and push it toward the Earth and a sanctuary that might support conditions for humick life."

Xubug replied to her husband. He continued making final adjustments on the eco-accelerator financed by grants from citizens for alt lifestyles off-world "I wish we could take more with us. Just two survivors from Venus, is a horror. Perhaps if the launch window does not close for a few days more modules can be built and others will follow."

Yaophat said, "It is time woman; get in, we go".

The eco-accelerator Rafter increased its velocity to 30,000 miles per hour before losing contact with the electromagnetic accelerator guide field and fled the rapidly deteriorating surface climate conditions of Venus. Eventually its temperature would rise to 456 degrees Fahrenheit. The atmosphere would become dominated by sulfur dioxide, and the population left to history.

An automatic laser tracked the craft in order to contact its aft chemical nooki and ignite accelerants. The spaceship soon ran off course as the laser encountered atmospheric interference, the tiny ship was tossed and began moving away from an Earth trajectory and outward toward Neptune, the planet Lila and the Oort Cloud.

Yaophat, Xubug and their unborn, deep in cold sleep, would not be reawakened from an eccentric trajectory beyond Neptune and a reconfigured low speed journey to Earth for more than a half a million years.

Chapter 2

The outward stage of the orbit eventual reached aphelion and the ship was drawn back toward the sun. After the Rafter reached the inner solar system it fell into an orbit around the Earth. As the ship's control system thawed out and reanimated the sleepers the ship directed the construction of a particle beam refractor to collect several gigawatts of sunlight and concentrate it to a usable coordinate to be a power supply for an Earth encasement wave grid. The entire planet's biota and geophysical composition were determined in the Venusian indeterminacy-based computer.

The Earth in the computer's logic unit seemed to be teeming with life. Even hominids much like Venusian *Homo sapiens* were present in numbers exceeding a million. The ship computer therefore choose the only unpopulated continent with a temperate climate region for the landing; a land that would one day be named after an early Italian explorer of the coastline of Venezuela and Brazil, Amerigo Vespucci.

The normal stealthship passed invisibly into the atmosphere of the Earth to settle in a natural clearing along the east foothills of the Andean mountains beyond the glaciers in the 25th century B.C. The land, although unpopulated yet by Earth Humans, was a wild, raucous environment of living things. The Rafter completed its task of bringing Yaophat and Xubug to life before beginning the inevitable course of slow dissolution within the corrosive atmospheric elements of the New World. Yaophat and Xubug, without clothing, tools or other articles to make life on Earth easier, awoke in a paradise.

Chapter 3

Venusians ordinarily lived over three centuries. Xubug and Yaophat on Earth initially found the environment easier than on their former planet. Their health thrived and the newborn first Venusian native to the new planet was a happy male child as brilliant as any other child of the home world had ever been, it seemed to the contented parents. The aging process seemed to have slowed down however, and their son Ara was slow to mature. After fifty years had passed Xubug and Yaophat had not changed at all, and Ara seemed like an adolescent of Venus.

They grew tired of their isolated life in the Eden as the 24th millennium B.C. drew near and constructed a boat with ancient Venusian design to raft downstream through the wild country. In time they discovered the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. Currents took them north to the Antilles Islands and the Florida Straight. Stopping for provisions along the way was hardly necessary as the sea wildlife was dense. Water for drinking was plentiful in rain showers and ran off a fabric sailcloth into animal skin buckets.

Along the Florida Atlantic Coast the Gulf Stream draws near to the shore. The thirty foot Venusian Gondola sailing craft that resembled a Viking longship or a Roman Galley in some features ran swiftly before a gentle south wind that pushed the boat ever farther north and farther to sea until at Cape Fear the Rafter 2 turned North East in the stream and making sail five weeks before reaching land at the Aran Islands off a bight of Ireland today known as Galway Bay.

The islands were beautiful, green and uninhabited. Larger landmasses to the east indicated the presence of the continent they had sought from memories learned a half-million years before in researches about the Earth on Venus. This

continent was different now. They were aware of the immense passage of time. The course they sought for life and warmth as winter's chill north wind drew nearer took them along the coast and to the Pillars of Hercules and entrance to the Mediterranean Sea.

They observed Homo sapiens many places in the future Europe and near east yet engaged none before learning something about the Earth natives. The culture of the people as they now thought of them was very primitive, so much so that they seemed to be living as animals in a state of moral ignorance about good and evil. Good and evil instead of moral concepts were simply things that happened of two characters; pain was bad and health was good. Health was the condition of having been healed from the frequent injuries and illnesses endemic to the culture. At first contact with the Earth humans a virus was given to the Venusians that accelerated the aging process and eventually, in their future children and in the offspring of Ara's lifespan would decrease to that of ordinary Earth people.

In the new life of Eurasia Yaophat had children by several wives. Xubug had children from several earthmen. Ara had many Earth wives and children. They developed a community of their own that lived upon the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. A proto-civilization existed in the depression that would later be named the Black Sea. Yaophat called it Atlan-is.

As an elder in Atlantis his tribe that migrated from the east were welcome. He taught much to accelerate the cultural level of Atlantans. Some of Ara's children traveled to live in the foothills of mountains dividing Eurasia, in the steppe and other places rich with wildlife and away from the magnificent ice-sheets. They were to be survivors of the tremendous flood that broke through near the low dividing barrier of land near the city that would later be founded as Byzantium.

Decadent Atlantans awash with technology gave no regard to the warnings of Yaophat that the land was facing immanent destruction by immersion of many waters. He built a very large wooden ship, filled it with sufficient wildlife to provision for months and boarded it with most members of his immediate family just before the apocalypse. The ship was driven before the wind and rising sea in time to a mountains then called Urartu, for the son of Xubug and Yaophat.

The couple, now millennia old, began experiencing the onset of aging even in the easier conditions on Earth. They were restless to journey around the rest of the Earth and return to the Andes to leave some sign for any future Venusian travelers that might have survived that to reach Earth. The legacy of Yaophat, Xubug, Ara and his family left an impression on Earth cultural development that lasted millennia.

Following signs they left in ancient cultures European travelers followed the glaciers of the northern icecap back along the west to reach the American continents in the 20th century before Christ. The Eirish people named for Ara or Ai traversed the world along the 54th degree north latitude carving spirals as they trekked into rocks to perpetuate the Venusian mystery. The Ai people crossed over northern Canada and inhabited Wrangell Island in Alaska north of Ketchikan before the naming began. They traveled north to the great mountain or Denali and gave it a name of their own—Tenados, after the island in the eastern Mediterranean that had been their initial home in Eurasia. The name remained in the language of the people that had crossed the land bridge from Asia, and in that of the people that followed in skin boats after the sea level rose as the Wisconsin ice age ended.

The Ai reached Hokkaido and eventually continued intermarriage with Asian peoples. A descendent of the king of the Ainu became the Emperor Ai of the Han

dynasty in the year two B.C. when the Lord of the Universe arrived in Bethlehem. The lives of Yaophat and Xubug would have enduring representation in a pantheon of mythic figures such as the Aztec deity Quetzalcoatl, in the family line of Venus that Julius Caesar claimed descent from, and in other forms such as in the rapidly advanced lapstrake boat building techniques that allowed Halfdan the Black to follow ancient maps and rediscover Iceland that had been settled by Albs then Irish monks of the Far Western Christian sect seeking refuge from European persecution. Though the Vikings slaughtered the Eirsh monks they learned of the existence of a land farther to the west that they would name Bygd. The Viking colonies at East and West Bygd continued until isolated; starved and beset perhaps by plague during the end of the dark ages somewhere around the year 1200 a.d. The Albs had already sailed farther west in pursuit of furs and to evade Viking predators aft in space and time

The Venusian bloodline had merged into an oblivion of the 99,900 gene human genome yet the ancestral influence remained.

Chapter 4

Clone nations in civil war had begun to form international alliances in order to defeat adversaries in closely matched conflicts. Several Asian nations dominated by one superbly engineered clone line each had emerged in the mantle of the purple with raptor feathering through the inevitable arena of domination of the fittest, kill or be killed waves in brawlvolutionary wars pitting recombinant genetic engineering progeny. Equally matched clone adversaries cheated a lot pursuing permutational and phenomenal advantages.

Hu-Phurst picked the hard-bread crust from under a loose filling that began causing a familiar pain with a toothpick sharpened from a stick. He regretted that the casting director for covert desert training found remedial dental reconstruction inconsistent with his role as a low-level business functionary of a Syrian weapons firm. The public views were on world-wide-surveillance and the screenplays needed to maintain public opinion support for moral rightness required special care in the flow and shape of the battle.

The fedayeen would annihilate an oppressive civilization that permitted nationalism to exist with wealthy infidels flourishing behind the apartheid of national boundaries. Ba'al and his prophet Oort bam Landin would expand the Dar al-Harb to overtake the world. The slump since the nicely executed annihilation of the World Trade Towers in New York City decades ago would be avenged with a vengeance Hu considered.

His ancestors had fought with foreign dogs for millennia from the mountain highlands, and often lost. The blood of Nordic blood infused into the cataphracts still flowed as a contributor to his character. Ancient Celtic contributors from the highlands of Turkey's Arafat region that had battled Roman legions made for a restless spirit. The legionnaires had finally defeated the naked Celts whom were proud to show the blood of wounds upon their pinkish skin, with fusillades of arrows, javelins and slung spears that pinned them through to the ground with their backs to the mountain slope. Yet a few of the women and some of the warriors always survived to rebuild the strength of the wild people and to return and fight another day and another place.

An uncle had traveled to Spain to fight against the fascist forces of Generalissimo Franco in the Spanish civil war of the late 1930's in a special

political unit known as P.O.U.M. made up of hardened Trotskyite revolutionaries who were betrayed by a fifth column of socialists loyal to others.

Hu thoughtlessly threw a razor-sharp kukri boomerang into the sky lost in the flow of the moment that was like an Oxygen program to synthesize his memories with the now. It whirled off into the sky upslope in the crisp Syrian sky.

As the Kukri returned down to Earth beheading a Syrian sentry silently, Hu considered what the future would be like on the planet Mars when at last the world was free of the infidel Eurotrash with its goose-stepping armies and research scientists making voyeur satellites and stealth birds of war.

The Tharsis Montes between the Syria Planum and Olympus Mons were highland volcanoes in a scenic region that had no peer on that planet. The water ices of the planet would be slurried and piped to huge domes of the Brethren with a paradise for the faithful. Plentiful orchards and roast goats would bring each day's rest a glowing satisfaction of peace, fulfillment and contentment in the service of the prophet Oort. The Earth would become a breadbasket without clones or killing pollution; the desert lions could again roam free. All that was needed was the destruction of world civilization, and the conquest of mankind.

The reflections of Hu-Phurst were disrupted by a summons from the inner-neural trust-implant developed from a recombinant genetic configuration. The summons was in itself unusual. An urgent message from direct control could increase risk of enfilade by the Department of Pharsland of Security Global Spacecapitap established.

In a rough voice of authority developed by years in the Syrian Desert drinking from a hidden underground cache of Soviet era Seersrealov vodka the gravelly words emerged too loud inside his head;

"This is Ka, executive of the will of the Darth Lap Baal, servant of Oort bam Landin."

"Is it really you Ka?" Hu witlessly asked.

"Who else would be inside your mynd" Ka asked rhetorically.

"Authenticate al-Qa'eri Jeernaman" Phurst demanded.

With an immediate response of "Ciudad Zenon", the terrible presence of the immanent final order from Oort's vice-flunky was evident to Hu-Phurst.

Ka said, "Dispensable towels have mopped up the spill. It is time to pick-up the Plume of Zapata and tickle Lara's fancy."

Phurst spoke "And a very itchy fancy it is, no?"

"Yes Hu, get on with it" Ka ordered, "The Cat is getting hot".

Hu-Phurst left the highlands by military hovercamel getting 200 m.p.g. to wander along Kennedy Street near American International University in Beirut and a coffee shop with American Starburst blends of coffee, brandy sugar and spice frill and waited at a table for a courier to bring a travel itinerary, tickets and cash. She arrived wearing a Kevlar burka-light and produced from 'neath it's stealth shrouded folds the packet of no-return or date alteration. The approach of Op Mars Landing had drawn near maturity.

Aboard the Sirhan Clan flight from Yassir Arafat International Airport on the shortest day of the year Phurst thought about the remaining hours to arrival in Ciudad Mexico at night with its millions of brownish-amber street lights. A city of shadows he felt at home in; a sacrifice to the pyramid of Oort's liberation protocol.

The local cell brothers sent a taxi to transport Hu-Phurst to Tijuana and the Op safe house of the contract coordinator 'Cat' Jefe, sometimes the leading importer of narcotics into the Del Norte. After hours of high speed and fair asphalt bumpy

roads riding through the night they drove into the city. Stopped at a traffic signal Hu observed three Mexican youths playing a four-skill baseball drill with evident will.

Three fielders several feet away from a batter standing alone without a backstop beyond would each throw a hardball to the batter's strike zone, who in turn would hit the ball as a grounder toward whichever of the fielders he choose to have fielding and throwing practice. In the sixty seconds at the light the players completed nine circuits of the drill. Hu compared the increase of Mexican players in the major leagues of baseball with the decline of the apartheid white skinned Germans of the United States that trained their progeny with pitching machines, as if robots worked in the American league instead of humans with arms and different deliveries and styles.

The taxi arrived at a beautiful mansioncliff edged on the Pacific. The driver stopped at the gate and said to Hu over-his-shoulder;

"We kick gringo butt now, get rid of that apartheid preventing our conquest of wealth no?"

Hu answered grimly "You talk too much brother, the day is young."

At the door a tall Mexican that looked like a clone of Saddam Hussein with a knife scar to the right of a Fu Manchu mustache, wearing a fine silk suit manufactured from real worms greeted Hu-Phurst warmly taking him into a bear hug expansively;

"Mi casa et su casa cabrone, Los Plumas de Zapata esta aqui".

Hu took a glass of mescal that was offered, and wondered if the orange worm still lived in the desert.

"How did it get put together?" Hu asked.

"Since it's your facility and you are one of the blessed of his magnificence Oort bam I will tell you. Deep below the water of the Golfo de Mexico about one-hundred and twenty miles south of Mobile Alabama in the region known as the Mississippi Canyon at a depth below the surface of four-thousand five hundred feet lies the benthos production machinery and head equipment of an oil well that once was the deepest open water production hole on Earth. The oilfield is more than five thousand feet below the seafloor. A layer of salt of nearly three-quarters of a mile deep covers the oil. The field operations for years have been connected to other pipelines in shallower waters of a thousand feet or less and operated beyond ordinary government police security for decades.

The offshore oil operations utilize myriad roustabouts, roughnecks, tool pushers, deckhands, engineers, service workers, technicians and scientists arriving and departing from myriad nations organized by onshore companies as well as the oligarchy of multinational oil and energy conglomerates serving as a sea in which a few chosen warriors of Oort bam Landin swim as little fishes below and beyond the interest of prime counterintelligence tools of Global governments ashore.

The mujahideen in the constellation of offshore oil development fields received and transported small quantities of plutonium from a myriad of the world's production facilities to a safe concrete beaver-how niched under the salt of the deep field...When the time and quantity was deemed enough by his magnificence Oort bam, the team from Pentrex Oil emerged the weapons fuel from the beaver-how and brought in a piece of broken oil production machinery on an offshore supply boat to Vera Cruz Mexico. The choice of Vera Cruz as the port of entry for the weapon that would be first strike in the war of liberation bringing chaos to America was apropos since it was the Mexican port that the monster General Scott conquered in the invasion of Del Norte Americanos in The War that took our homeland of California from us.

"Some of your dispensables from al-Qa'eri Jeernaman took the sixty pounds of plutonium purchased from non-inventoried surplus stock with one hundred pounds of next generation military plastic explosives, enough blasting caps, det cord and wire for a simultaneous serial implosive detonation of the enwrapped package and worked it up in the mountains before dying from radiation sickness. We kept their bodies at a safe location to conceal the cause of death from the federales" Bull clarified the mission history with obvious pleasure. He then continued;

"Your mission will be well supported by a time coordinated diversion in El Paso, Tejas. A half-hour before your aircraft crosses over the border three of the world's largest earth-movers will break out of a highway construction project in Ciudad Juarez along the Lardo Curtain and rumble a short half mile over the bridge through the Gringo Customs barrier crushing cars everywhere on the way rolling upon them like steel manufacturing machines reducing them to spent pinnate configuration. Minutes later they will reach the center of El Paso destroying utility poles, vehicles, small buildings, hows and whatever is in their path drawing the bulk of Lardo Curtain jackals over from Tejas and Arizona."

"Then it becomes sunrise, let's get on with it. To Hollywood. Lucretia will be itchy tonight." Hu said reaching for a canned energy drink.

Without difficulty Phurst and the weapons delivery package reached an airport near Nogales Mexico after a flight from Tijuana. At dusk a light Columbia airplane with the Kevlar, light lead and aluminum wrapped feather of Zapata took off to reach a cruising speed then executed a right turn North in a fifteen minute dash toward Tucson Arizona rising over mountains then dropping altitude to 50 feet over an air force bombing range.

Though American Air Force F-22 raptors closed with the aircraft just before it detonated itself, Hu-Phurst and two strong men had already parachuted to the ground with low altitude opening parachute from 500 feet to a desert highway. Hu-Phurst loved sky-diving as a brief release from Earthly limits. Sitting astride the feather that had springs on it's four shock absorber legs to resemble a rocking horse Hu shouted ayeedah waving his cowboy hat in one hand as he plunged to the hard desert world below.

On the dregs of the moonless night the team loaded the Plume of Zapata into a yellow high-rider humvee for the journey to Apache Junction and Phoenix.

The driver rumbled the morvee into gear and actuated ther high rider jump shocks clepping the vee into the air "Don't do that amigo" Hu first commanded with a new line of sweat bneaking out on his brow.

They stopped at Broadway and South Mesa to pick up a couple of undocumented Mexican jornaladores to camouflange the car as a normal transporter of illegal aliens enroute to work in the factories of Southern California. The feather moved onward to Lara's party. Driving into Los Angeles with a couple hundred kilo's of weapon of mass destruction provided hours for final reflections about life, the Martian journey he would never make, of the paradise at Ceraunius Tholus and of the horis in après ski dress he would never see.

At the University of California at Los Angeles professor Matthew Perrywinkle Pierce was lecturing a course of undergraduates in the social sciences 451 course; The United States in the Global Economy. He was a tall black man of Mandinka tribal origin and a third generation alumni of the University.

He addressed the three hundred and fifty students;

"White collar terrorism with extensive covert command and control networks, overt and covert active measures actualize sublime corporate polices. American

citizenship has been merging into marginalization as independence and self-reliance was traded for immediate safety, comfort and developing trade relations with former adversaries.

Democratic Party organization placed the membership within an extreme planetary minority status that has disrespect for democracy generally relying upon ancient ethnic alliances instead. People within that paradigm of course seek refuge and safety in bureaucratic rank.

The Democratic Party served as the labor market in country for the global party of business that diversified its assets and allocated its human resources and political leadership roles to most useful coordinates of the day.

Oligarchy and communism merging into a cooperative global domination had proceeded, since early in the twentieth century, with Soviet experiments with western automobile techniques. A Fiat corporation built one of the largest plants in the world in the Soviet Union and its administration was very much like a sister facility in Turin, Italy owned and operated by private enterprise. The bureaucracy that ran communist and public corporate production plants became middle class and the working class as well as management merged into a common purpose. Companies that were publicly traded with a majority of the shares held by hundreds, thousands or even millions of individuals effectively became vested interest communal enterprises of clumps of citizens.

Nationalism, private ownership of companies preeminently failed as the trading of stock on public exchanges led to divestment of U.S. citizens from majority control of the nation's enterprises. Mussolini's neo-corporatist political philosophy merged with socialism to rule the masses in the third millenium.

Political dichotomies setting intrasocial political allegiants against one another in superficial conflicts that actually supported one global political order dominated a liberal media owned by a conservative global multinational corporate inertial ad hoc organization and displaced non-major party non-corporate conformists groups from establishing a public foothold.

Do people add ad hoc anarchy to the Earth's ecosystem or to some of it? Is the Darwinian evolutionary parameter of the alterity of the world's biota correct, or accurate to within a horseshoe toss of precision? Forcing adapted, evolved and integrated wildlife into extinction because of catastrophic human engineered change or destruction of wildlife habitat seems a bit anarchic for the biosphere. The usual moral apologetic for creating insurmountable habitat changes like freeways, fences, factories and biota-sterile buildings is either one; so much more biota exists on Earth that it isn't meaningful, two; the genius of technology will overcome habitat destruction or three; a more sophisticated philosophical argument of determinism and monism something such as every event in existence is part of the natural Universe, or Universes I...therefore everything humanity does is natural too from the evolutionary point of view. One weakness in the argument is of course that mass extinctions obviously have happened in the world's history and mankind is presently bringing one to being with it's unplanned anarchistic reduction through maldevelopment of the planetary biosphere and stupid self-destruction is also natural. Natural stupidity is as valuable as natural intelligence in the will if seeking indifferent rationalizations for non-rational development.

Obviously the ecosystem of the Earth was given through the grace of God to the people of the Earth without their contributing a bloody thing to its creation. No other planet in the solar system is believed to have life on it, and my friends, humanity

will have to start creating their own ecosystems upon Mars, Venus and elsewhere if it wants forests, wildlife, oceans with fish and so forth.

Perhaps miniature Dyson Spheres can encircle moons and afford the room for an atmosphere, heat retention and lighting brought in from extraspheric optic cable sources. The free lunch will be over as the world population exterminates its final mammal, paves over its last creek, clear cuts the final forest and paves it over with the last asphalt lot to complete the grid of 'civilization'. I hope that the production of a healthy atmosphere and planet temperature continues for quite a few centuries, yet the closer humanity gets to subverting the natural atmospheric and temperature balance, and the fewer species remain on Earth, the more the balance of life is broken, the more likely is the chance that the transition from health to ecosystem breakdown will be catastrophic instead of gradual.

Some have speculated that within one hundred years a global disaster that may cut down the world human population by ninety-nine per cent has at least a fifty per cent probability of occurring because of the proliferation of technology and the mass volatility of the world's society into an instantaneous, reactionary political phenomenon.

The gleaming yellow humvee stopped at a traffic signal on Hollywood Boulevard, the fantastic array of streetwalkers strutting and hanging as if disembarked from extra terrestrial vessels were odd human decorations on the sweetly frosting'd cake of Oort's bam's jihad against putrid, spoiled infidels. Destruction of the civilization would begin again and recur forever. The driver pulled the high riders rumble clep lever again and the motorvee leaped above the boulevard.

Hu-Phurst plucked the tail feathers of the Plume of Zapata, setting off a thermonuclear chain reaction beginning with a simultaneous detonation of blasting caps in the outer shell of military plastic explosives imploding the plutonium sending primary and secondary shockwaves, triggering a coincidental series of ninth magnitude earthquakes to rock the valley before promulgated radiation settled to 'glow' the parking lot for decades.

PART TWO...WIPEOUT

"Natural selection is a phenomenon that took billions of years to achieve equilibrium with existing biota. Humans cannot design an equally complex evolved configuration nor interpolate recombinant genetic products into the natural ecosystem without creating imbalance and dysfunction."

Chapter 5...Downward Mobility

Patrick Woewodski is having difficulty with regular operating parameters of his business. The two trillion-dollar invention, innovation, production firm is undergoing Corporate and media Bigg-Comm siege. His wife has left him becoming influenced by Rib Supremacy Revivalists whom have recently discovered Platinum tablets in a salt dome under the seafloor of the Gulf of Mexico with a new revelation: humanity was started by an extra-dimensional woman fleeing from male chauvinist political repression on a distant planet far, far away. Cutter Woewodski, Patrick's first wife is at a Mountaintop commune studying the tablets in the Italian Alps.

Patrick is on a micro-world in correcting orbit 100,000 miles from the Earth. It hasn't been a good day.

"Cheri get in here!"

A tall woman with long red hair, a beautiful figure in a beautiful transparent climate-wrap strode in from circle two.

"What is it boss?"

"Get ready to close down the space-world; we're going to the field to finish a war" Patrick told his executive assistant.

"Bit ambitious that, isn't it?" Cheri replied.

Patrick Woewodski had a wealth of reasons to engage the enemy putting his business out of competition. As a youth living in post-Chaos Alberta he learned the ropes of riding through difficulties breaking wild horses to the saddle, then on the rodeo circuit summers away from the Philosophy program at Remnant Arts College-Edmonton.

Patrick's parents used the services of one of the firms in Vancouver ShangShop to enhance his D.N.A. recombination from the parent components, and released him to the common pile upon verifying that the genetic configuration was a phenomenal pseudo cover with a stolen patent that lapsed him back into a transitional normalkin human being of unknown parentage.

He was apprenticed in the reserve grunts training corps and then served on the frontier at the Tenada/Tawooth collision zone. His wife Cutter Sloopy20 was a Queen's Clever Guards Officer whom had shared recce missions with him. The marriage was a shared flag of convenience between them which lasted for the eleven years she'd been out on patrol alone on the military career assent and he'd become a Professor of Philosophy and entrepreneur. Cutter had to go her own way with a self-drive fueled with high-octane genome enhancements. He had to look out for his business interests.

Cheri was such a support for him during these last five solitary years in which he'd been out to lunch with Sloopy20 only twice. She was a consolation with her happy, active smile and bouncy disposition; her knowing insights into Earth conditions. When Sloopy20's second served him the annulment/jilt papers he was shattered, then relieved, then elated. She must have found someone else to conquer.

Cheri said "Good, good, good. Let's us get out of this place. I'll like it just fine Pat but a micro-world of this size with just two people on it seems a bit lonely...which isn't to say anything about you boss. This isn't the Edinburgh Proving Ground of course but we can have some action down there amidst the savages too."

"I've had to close down most of the non-auto production facilities here to save mallers. Corporate and Bigg-Comm propaganda is getting my sales shunned. Even my stock holdings are losing value. You wouldn't think it possible that mass punishment to get me is possible but they've done it. They've sunk the Semi-annual reports of most of the mutual funds I've invested in. I can invent a hundred new devices a year and not sell one...I can't keep this micro-world open" Woewodski said looking out the Big Picture window at the Earth spinning in the distance.

The micro-world was a mostly hollow, creation dry-dock for the construction of material objects through a variety of atom adhesion, accretion techniques. Products were invented, down loaded to micro-world cad/cam and robotically assembled. The entire world could come apart on magnetic hinges and allow the birth of an object two-thirds its own size to emerge. Several similar micro-worlds for various purposes were parked in orbit near the Earth-market.

Smaller micro-worlds were sprayed onto magnetic field molds and flash-fused into place. Dozens of instant Void-ships were turned out each day when business was good. The Solar System was strewn with Woewodski's Diatom brand Cor-Ships.

Cheri removed her static-cling body wrap to place on a one-piece stealth planetfall suit she'd need to reach down to Earth. She stood in back of Patrick, whom was already wearing a similar suit, appearing as a head floating without a body in the green, lush tropical eco-office such were the camouflage waveform properties of the Woewodski model stealth suit.

"I'm ready," she said.

"Alright" Patrick answered looking ahead in thought out the window. "Let's go."

Chapter 6...Chena Hills Destination

The environ ahead had provided ample indications of opposition force hostility in the N.W. corner of the Continent of Amerigo. Cheri and Patrick fell headfirst after magnetic field acceleration upward in the Earth's Gravitational field to the planet from their redoubt in the void. They slipped through the silent thin mass/motion until nearing the planet's atmosphere. Upward and upward they slipped on toward the sticky, flypaper attractiveness of the surface of the world. Breath-lung tablets provided support gas/molecules for hours. Vibrations of crystalline lattice-helices at thermal harmonic sympathetics made for a creaseless entry into thicker mass/motion of Earth/approach avoiding the phenomenon of friction/warmth to human mynd/sense data experience. They quickly made it, unobserved, to the Woewodski castle in the Chena Hills of interior Alaska.

They landed with retro feathering at extreme close approach a hundred feet in the sky below the freeze-dried little winter evergreen forest at landing zone alpha outside the castle.

Few Americans had built castles. The military necessity for them as defense structures in civil feudal society became obsolete a hundred years before the American Declaration of Independence in 1774. Patrick had observed that it was a shame; America had so many outstanding natural geographical locations for castles some few hundreds should have been built.

What use was it to think about what might have been in history? What happened cannot be changed. An historian must know what actually did happen instead of what seemed to happen since history can be fabricated by people of the past to deceive people of the future. Patrick decided to build a castle, out of the historical context because of its simple aesthetic magnificence.

He picked a good spot near the ancient city of Felix Pedro and permafrost, buried Neolithic mammals and the midnight sun. Frozen winter wastelands with a landscape like green west Texas hill country after seven days of rain crossed through with razorback parallel mountain ranges within which the castle was settled.

The stone of the castle was quarried from the Alaska Range toward Mount Foraker and hauled by appropriately peasant-fur dressed workmen on wooden musk ox driven sledges overland past the ghost town coal mining camp of Healy and across rivers and electro-magpaths to his site overlooking the Tanana Valley and the wide north.

The midnight sun was visible from the heights a few miles south of the Arctic Circle. The Aurora Borealis tap-danced its St. Elmo's shoes across the winter sky. Tenth generation Vietnamese retainers whom he hired as serfs for tourists provided roasted Husky dog meat with barbecue sauce ala Dulles and succulent tortoise pot pie. Patrick recreated the Castle at Rollickcanaugh Hill in complete

period authenticity to seem like a typical pioneer Castle of the time would have been, if one had ever built in the natural design of the era.

Cheri and Patrick landed upon each other in the cold powder snow.

"This is it Cheri, home" said Patrick.

They stayed overly long in each other's arms before getting up.

The Castle was open for business. As in many frontiers of conflict business continued though opfor warriors were near. Authentic fat men dressed as monks in black, rope-belted habits walked hands-folded in front around the estate attending business. They brewed old Alaska's Finest malt beverage and ran antiquarian book and historical artifact shops littered around the Castle with drug-food concessions (mandatory), relax credit dominiums and guided tours of the Castle, the underground and made history of Alaska and Woewodski Enterprise speeches.

The plain of desolation-Poker Flats was a still hot radioactive remnant of the post-cold war that flared up in the year 2030. General decay in the mass Phenomenon of Lemmingway brought this precursor to the chaos. Brief, tentative exchanges of sub-nuclear munitions escalated into an improvisational trimming with concealed suitcase nukes interests of seemingly opposing forces.

Some places in diverse parts of the planet were scorched. Nothing much came of it. Tourists sojourned across the plain to observe the unusual wildlife that developed living with radioactive and genetic mutations. They shopped at Woewodski castle before voyages for war tourism, for staples such as beer and barbeque sauce vital to successful weekends in the wilderness, and the inspirational literature that was sold of a spiritual nature.

Walking into the castle Cheri and Patrick greeted the tourists wandering about crossing over the drawbridge and frozen solid ice in the moat.

"This may be the last place I have on Earth Cheri if I can't do something to reverse the propaganda Bigg-Comm's liberally applying. My interests are disappearing like Corporate's got a C.H.I.M.P. team on it. The rats, I don't yet know how I'm going to overcome it. Maybe it can't be overcome. Perhaps we'll have to invent something else altogether"

"Don't worry about it Pat, you'll think of something. What was that about a war you were going to stop, or start" Cheri asked?

"It's the one in progress I was talking about. Their regional war of the Shang comm-imperials with the Wang-Dorsetti and Recurrent Fascists." Patrick answered.

"Why are they at war?"

"You don't really mean to ask that do you?"

"Sure, you're the philosopher. I'm just asking a practical question."

"They are at war because Alaska is the gateway to North America via land."

"Hasn't land transportation been obsolete as the main battle force for three centuries?"

"Yes"

"Then why are they fighting in Alaska because it's a land bridge to Asia?"

"Because its there."

"Sir Edmund Hillary said that"

"Who is Sir Edmund Hillary Patrick?"

"He was a climber, babe, followed Mallory up Mt. Everest/Chumalungma."

"I must attend to the war Cheri. After the Chaos people have a different perspective about war. Something changed in their brains; Sun Tzu and the post-modern art of war; chaos and conflict; perennial recurrence. They can't stop it

themselves short of victory. Let me tell you about the tactics and how we can mass/motion divert it away from reaching this property.

The battle front is just one-hundred miles west toward the Yukon Flats." Pat continued "the fight so close is bad for ordinary tourists, good for battle tourists but we're not in that business. If it gets worse here we'll have to return to Mars. This is the only real property I've got beside the quasi-dome and space-world. Everything else, the whole three Trillion"

Cheri interrupted;

"It's eleven hundred billion."

"Whatever Cheri, everything else I've got, like everybody else is an abstraction in Corporate credit-banks and Corporate Stocks. They can arrange loss-erasure of it all if they get really nasty. And from what I've experienced so far they are stoking public agit-prop to fuel a catastrophic financial phase transition." Woewodski opened the solid foot thick wood door to his Castle office for Cheri. They entered.

"What do we need to do to stop the war Pat?"

"The war is happening with conventional guerrilla methods Cheri. The interior lines are held by the Fascists. They stretch three hundred miles from the other side of Mt. Tenados to western Alaska, the Bering Sea and Norton Sound. The Fascists have deployed fourteen thousand troops at various altitudes with squad munitions; air defense shoulder fired missiles, hover-jets, decoy infrared soldiers, lightweight auto-fifties with seven miles range, intellectual bullets by Summer Flake and anti-armor intellectual rockets.

The fascists have a defense line so extended they cannot be subjected to individual mass attack yet can repel mass attacks and cover all ground with concentric over-lapping zone defense. Obviously they are willing to sacrifice the individual isolated squad. They can be replaced. The fascist forces have a limited warrior shelf life because of advanced unraveling anyway. The benefits of war outweigh the odds and risks of being casualties. Those calculations are for reasonable people anyway Cheri. The troops are in advancing unraveling and it changes the way they think. Also they have permanent molecular reshaping under the influence of Lemmingway.

The Shang are the slick wits. The Shang have the exterior lines and claim to be the righteous sons and daughters of MaoFuciusZoo the warlord. The Shang want to make a new heavenly palace on the Plain of desolate Poker Flats. That as well as Corporate takeover would mean the end of business at my Castle.

Any people willing to sacrifice enough of their own don't necessarily have a chance to win. It is not clear that the Shang do.

The Wang-Dorsetti are from Gepeordville and the central Northern Kingdom. They would like to have a circum-polar realm of their own. The problem with the Wang-Dorsetti is their anachronistic life style. These are people who like to live centuries in the past. They want to sail around the Arctic Ocean in actual wind-driven vessels!

Since the icecap melted they claim to be the lost people of Zeno who brought sailing from the North to the Greeks via the Pillars of Hercules and the Iceland/Greenland channel three thousand years ago. They are now trying to existentially restore their lost lifestyle and domain. Before the last ice age the Arctic was a verdant paradise. Their strategy is to cross the interior and exterior lines in stealth and wamp both sides; the mobile Shang and the dispersed, hidden, immobile Fascists.

The traditional route to invade Alaska was the Aleutians from Asia, the Kuriles, and Kamchatka. Genghis Khan's invasion of Japan from Korea was stopped by a divine wind, the Japanese believed. The invasion of Alaska by the Japanese was stopped only by the problem of running a two front war expanding to four.

The Nazi's in 20th century Europe had the same problem. Japan had to select from SE Asia, Oceania, mainland Asia and Alaska. They couldn't really let any go and sent a nominal force of twenty thousand to occupy a few islands while deploying the bulk of their forces to the other three fronts. It was enough to bring American forces to mass for defense. Japan strategically lost the war by attacking Pearl Harbor instead of Anchorage with an immediate and a following invasion force in the Bering Strait and Nome. In 1939 the only American military armaments in Alaskawere some old rifles in the Haines Barracks nearly seven hundred miles away. Nome, the Yukon River, Cook Inlet and Kenai would have been easy to take and hold.

The Japanese attacked population full China and Vietnam and some isolated islands wastefully. In modern pre-chaos war populated nations could not be conquered without post-victory depopulation because too many soldiers than could ever be feasible would be needed to forever guard the prisoner-populace. Thus the invasion of empty quarters legally, illegally, in war and by encroachment/covertness became a modality."

Cheri asked "What about the Shang? What motivates them to invade?"

"It's the water, Cheri" Patrick answered. "Most of the water of Eurasia is thoroughly putrid with such latent concoctions of bio-synthetic sub-atomic transcription oddballs as to make Alaska water and its hydrologic purity, comparatively marketable. He who controls bottled water controls Asia. The Shang warriors are mostly communist mercenaries searching for raw materials for export to the teeming billions yearning for cool, clear as a mountain stream water to drink."

"They can make it better out of atoms" Cheri said.

"Oh, I don't know Cheri. Natural water has special natural additives in it and takes slightly different form subject to local mass/time phenomena. It is never the perfectly sterile, perfectly atomically spaced and balanced sort of stuff Corporate produces. Besides these people have characteristics of Lemmingway...they still want rhino horn in their cereal and toe of news in their fruit cups. Who can say they are wrong?" said Patrick.

Cheri stretched luxuriously and removed her stealth suit to stand naked on the polar bear skin rug. Woewodski noticed her beauty for the thousandth time.

He handed Cheri a pair of mystic trousers appropriate in the arctic region, which glowed in super-conducting thermal absorption long into the night. He put on a water-coat and kissed her goodbye.

"I'm sorry Cheri, I wish I could stay. I must go and put a stop to the war. I shall return in a couple of days." Patrick Woewodski left the deceptively vulnerable security of his Castle through the Main Gate, drawbridge and walked into the darkness and the tree line beyond the security-Maoz perimeter.

The falling snow increased in intensity, and the wind began to howl.

Chapter 7...Into the Night

Patrick left the Castle with a subtle, raging sense of uneasiness.

Business stress and the cool Arctic winter night of a usually frigid zero degrees iced the road of his journey as well as surface water until the middle February

thaw. This late January night would be his only night on Earth however, as the chance of events would prove.

He took a superconductor forward battery suit for transport to impel just above the snow surface. Once a bullet from a robo sniper-mine penetrated his heart necessitating microsurgery from a spare cluster of planckets lodged for repairs in his abdomen. They swarmed and rewarmed the post-op field patient in a few dozen seconds.

The long and winding skyline trail from the Castle along the crest to the Tanana Valley and the Chena River tributary of the Yukon generally was silent. It was of course extremely hazardous as all roads are military roads and military targets. Trails, lanes and roads are conveyer belts of targets to the stationary hunter awaiting quarry to reach his position. Roads were therefore utilized in probability of security/Maoz ease of motion formulae.

Resistance to motion of any area of mass was calculated with other factors such as probability of opposition force construction of kill-zones in mass/motion coordinates. Patrick enjoyed the quiet travel alone; with his heart torn by the absence of Cheri it was a soothing mass/motion blanket to enshroud his senses in darkness. The turmoil in his mind of being-with-Cheri and not-being-with-Cheri at the same time presented a paradox of no direction to travel anywhere while he was going somewhere.

He thought of the necessity of joining the battle ahead, while being aware of himself as a man-walking-in-the-darkness thinking about Cheri yet considering the Tri-partite battle in Western Alaska; onward to Nome.

When Patrick Woewodski reached the Chena River he walked out on the ice, placed a few pieces of broken igneous roof shingles from ruins along the trail down in a circle, took out of a pocket a little canister set it on the shingles and popped the tab on a small three-thousand degree F burning incendiary grenade. He waited thirty seconds for it to melt a three-foot hole through two feet of ice. He pressed an air button on the water-coat buoyancy control device, consumed another lung-air tablet, extended a collar hood over his head and tightened his thermal goggles. He was taking the under the ice course to travel through the zone of battle.

The area underneath large Arctic Rivers is almost as quick a path of travel as that upon the surface of the ice above. The advantage of course is in traveling undetected at high speed by surface forces and in keeping below extreme air temperatures above. Super thermal storage of stealth sea/space suits was adequate to three degrees above absolute zero. Patrick wondered what would happen at temperatures below absolute zero when all motion stopped. Perhaps there was a kind of realm of anti-motion and anti-temperature for-itself instead of the same physics in a different direction.

Surface forces did monitor, mine and net river space beneath the surface ice of course. Patrick yet calculated it as a probable path of safe passage this time. He slipped silently into the murky blackness of the frigid water, released air from the buoyancy control device in the coat allowing him to sink ten feet below the ice and activated the electromagnetic water pulsing jets in the lining.

Woewodski's departure was not unnoticed. Corporate Bigg-Comm division identified his chemical, thermal and spectrographic criteria from space and immediately launched a stored on the ground surface to surface Maoz Organ of intelligent Shang spears to the Woewodski Castle as his signal was lost beneath the ice. The Shang spears were silent, seventeen-foot long electronic-mortar-tube launched javelins traveling from one hundred to one hundred thousand miles an

hour. They were flexible in rigidity and shape and capable of articulated turns at low speed up to ninety degrees. The launch platform was a replica Shang-Maoz Organ concealed at Poker Flats. The Spears took just seconds to reach Woewodski Castle to forever alter mass/motion.

The first Spears blasted away much of the stone. Other Spears targeted people. Corporate might have caught hostile, unknown business confederates of Patrick the known philosopher. At last a Spear transited the Main Gate as Cheri exited the office door. It closes behind her. The Spear took no more time than that to find its target running Cheri clean through the stomach pinning her like an insect to the ornate and thick wooden door.

The Shang battle group landed from Kotzebue to Shismaref, Nome, and Unakleet and all the way to Bethel on Bristol Bay seven days before. In that time the Shang naval infantry searched for main targets and kept on the move...they had to. As they settled in to bivouac Fascist rovers arrived to attack. No large settlements existed any longer to attack...prior armies had gone over the land to scorch Alaska cities so many times already that only a very few larger cities of the traditional style continued to exist in Alaska.

The Shang naval infantry second and fifth divisions sought for large enemy force concentrations to mass against but there were none. The large Shang battle groupings were themselves a liability as they presented themselves as a large target wherever they roved through Western Alaska.

Shang land battle groups did not travel east of the Alaska Range because of the danger of encountering Tenadan or Tawoothian Forces maneuvering in the Beaver Creek northern chaos district, which could precipitate the Emperor of Tawooth into considering attacking an area he had so far shown no interest in. Emperor Prissy might choose to sack the jewels of Dragontown, but Alaska itself had no readily transportable and conspicuous concentrations of wealth.

The Tenadan forces with combined Blackguard and Abbe Mountie locals could too easily cross over Bering's Strait to the East Cape-Dehznnev, turn south and become a problem south of the Verkohansk for the Shang-Comm-Leader.

MaoFuciousZoo doctrine was to never concern The Leader if one valued one's life. The Shang Forces used low-tech over the ocean super-conducting hydrolysis hover-jets for platoon number transport from bases in North Asia through the Bering Sea and Siberia to Alaska's western shores and inland as far as possible. Patrick passing under the ice of the Yukon River intended to leave the river before it turned south and capture a platform to complete the final one hundred miles to Nome. Patrick's totally unexpected intervention with a new drug-food destroying enzyme would starve the three armies out of Western Alaska during the winter, it would also prevent the armed forces from being able to digest much anything they did eat. Woewodski made it down river two hundred miles before he was trapped traveling at sixty miles an hour in a Wang-Dorsetti drift net staked out under the ice with balance bladders.

Chapter 8...End of a World

When Wang-Dorsetti foragers hauled in the unconscious from impact sub-ice speeder the face behind the goggle mask was immediately recognized as that of the Padrone of Woewodski Castle. His presence was unexpected, perhaps a fascist scout or special force marine, even an upstream Shang patrol could have reasonably been in the area of operations.

Patrick was fortunate that it was not the Shang that had made him their catch.

They brought Woewodski to the Koyokuk Chief of Intelligence in stealth-lift sled through the frigid darkness encamped at Gates of the Arctic two hundred miles north.

Woewodski began to come to consciousness lying on a gel-cot amidst several soldiers in battle white stealth uniforms working a number of intelligence monitoring and signaling devices.

Deputy Director Ulunov said; "Good, you are at last awake Mr. Woewodski. Help yourself to that plate of smoked salmon and a glass of brandy. Right, that's good. I should introduce myself. I am Deputy Director Ulunov of the Wang-Dorsetti alliance.

I'd like to ask you a few questions, though I must be brief. We are in the middle of a war, and how is it that you happen to be too?"

"Director Ulunov, don't you have a military rank" asked Patrick sitting up and pouring a brandy; taking a moment to become cognizant of his surroundings.

"It would be Colonel"

"Colonel Ulunov I must travel to Nome, I can put an end to this war. The packet I have can do it. It contains an agent able to compel the Fascists and Shang mercenaries to withdraw from the field."

"What on Earth could do that, it wasn't a fusion device was it?"

"No of course not Colonel Ulunov. Where is the packet?"

"No packet was recovered with you Mr. Woewodski. If it floats it could be anywhere in the Yukon River or even the Bering Sea by now. It's been four hours since you were brought in" said Colonel Ulunov. "Were not a slave of scientific government tah tweakers."

"Then I'll have to return immediately to my Castle to fetch another one. You must provide me with transport immediately. It cannot afford to wait" Patrick urged.

"Mr. Woewodski it may have to wait. Our intelligence indicates that Corporate assets have obliterated your micro-world and the Woewodski Castle too, putting to death everyone in it. I suggest that it might be best for you to leave the world directly. Corporate seems to have an intent to end your existence here with a very difficult to resist level of prejudice." suggested Ulunov.

The news of Cheri's death appeared as a wave of surreal existentialist montage to Patrick. His thoughts covered a million images of the castle.

A Fascist/Shang combined targeting simultaneity was painting the Wang/Dorsetti Camp into particle beam guide paths. Light speed tensors were rapidly increasing in dimension and mass/motion density.

Precursor explosives were guiding up on the beam paths, which weren't exactly on target. The detonations shook Woewodski to his feet as he ran as hard as he could out the door and into a field of hussocks and tummocks with sparse spruce trees and covered with grain snow-ice crystals some four hundred yards before sprawling bloodying his chin and jamming a wrist to get up and keep running as the beams increased to disruption power breaking up mass/motion structures such as personnel and equipment into very hot particles even to a fifth form of matter; plasma.

A cloud of ancillary explosives surrounding the primary beams diverged to concuss the area. He passed a disintegrated platoon of soldiers. Patrick ran and ran until he reached a frozen river a half-mile away and dove onto an idle stealth hover-jet sled to flee into the night. The attack was too concise to have been unselected by Corporate he thought; their alterity of power required a degree of imprecision resulting from falsehood in social analysis.

Patrick activated the stealth cover and flew in blackbody silence over winter trails as hover-jets of Shang mercenaries began pouring over the hills and down into the camp. If there were Wang-Dorsetti survivors of the assault, which wasn't likely, they would soon be captured and interrogated in some distant Asian chrebet ostrog until empty and then discarded. Most Wang-Dorsetti cadre would not let themselves become captives if they had a choice.

"Perhaps they are better off now than me", Patrick thought, continuing south toward the Chena Hills. 'Corporate must have escalated the agit/prop to whisper-contract to get such accuracy and intensity.'

He could not think about Cheri's death, nor perhaps could he ever. The existential demands of adverse social mass/motion provided little room for reflective detachment. Not enough as he'd need.

'Leave the world. It's the end of the world. I'll return to Mars Colony' Woewodski resolved.

Chapter 9...Home Again

Fatigue reduced Patrick's subtlety in maintaining cover and concealment discipline. As he flew up the trail on the Chena Hills to the Castle grounds he traveled without blackbody Maoz capabilities on the sled after deactivating them to pick up an electric dart gun from a dead fascist along the way. A fascist scout company acquired the flying sled as a distant target and a groupenfuherer dispatched a squad of air-cavalry to check it out. They carefully began to close the thirty-mile gap with thermal, audio, visual and motion defilade active.

Colonel Ulunov's report about the Castle was only partly right, most of the Castle still was intact Patrick observed as he drew close to the Main Gate. No one was moving. A family of Vietnamese peasants-actors was dead in the snow with darts pinioning them through the body into the hard-frozen snow and ground.

Perhaps seventy percent of the stone was in place. The monk-actors and tourists were likewise pinioned everywhere...tables, lawns, floors, walls, chairs, doors, even the frozen moat held tourists who had fallen in trying to run and were skewered fast. An intellectual spear stuck to the ceiling pinioned one small man.

'It must have caught him running on the fly for upward mobility" he thought with detachment.

Woewodski Castle had its own Electro-magnetic dedicated cannon for launches into Earth orbit. Once in orbit above the surface of the Earth. Patrick would tensor to any one of hundreds of small business station mass drivers for a shuttle or field assist of his own module should he find one suitable. Anti-personnel spears had attacked the castle. 'Why', he asked himself, 'didn't people fear intellectual machines instead of intellectual people before the Chaos'?

The Castle property occupied fifty-six acres which was enough room for an underground storage loop of superconductors sufficient for a few launches between charges. It was a David Device of his own design utilizing minimal hardware for the launch tube and maximal field shaped charges amplified along the acceleration way.

The linear launch tube existed only temporally at each point during use pulsing a shaped electromagnetic geometrical field along an absolutely correct path for twelve miles just above the treetops until a stealthsuit clad human projectile gently and steadily accelerating to orbital escape velocity or beyond exited the last pulse circles to fly on into thinner mass/motion elsewhere than Earth surface. The launch path was above the continuing skyline trail going higher up to the summit of the Chena Hills.

Patrick began to search the castle for Cheri when the fascists arrived renewing the assault with an arrogant targeting of the Castle masonry itself. He activated a security float Maoz that dashed out to fire an invisible laser at the troops. It ended the lives of a couple before a sergeant shot it out of the sky.

Patrick began an orderly retreat toward the office and the airshaft to the accelerator entrance. Castle defenses had a number of automatic weapons systems for use in this sort of circumstance. He spoke to a systems switch to activate them.

The fascist squad members were competent experienced troops familiar with breaching home automatic Maoz measures with countermeasures. Of the standard fascist fifteen-goona squad, nine still survived after three minutes in the Castle. Patrick turned the corner of the hallway leading to the office at the center of the Castle backing his way down with the dart rifle raised. He might have expected a satchel charge flying his way but a black stealth uniformed soldier flew around the corner with dart rifle on full auto. Patrick's volley was more accurate; it completely shredded the skull of the man into something not as well organized as a cauliflower.

He reached the stout wooden door to the office and turned to face it. He stood face to face with Cheri, still beautiful, pinioned dead to the door. He was going somewhere he remembered. Oh yes, to Mars. Another soldier rounded the corner and fired. Patrick fired back reflexively, and then touched the Castle destruct key sequence on the office door lock. His shoulder was wounded. He'd get it fixed.

He fired again at the soldier down the hall as a grenade rolled his way, then stepped into the open shaft to the magnetic accelerator. In a couple seconds he was racing toward the stars.

Destination commands would transfer him automatically until he was flung into the thin mass/motion of Mars and arrived home.

PART THREE...RIVALS FOR THE TOP

"Extra dimensional geometry determines fundamental physical attributes like particle masses and charge that we observe in the usual three large space dimensions of common experience" Green -The Elegant Universe (206)

Chapter 10...Cholo Vista

In his turbulent dream the rain fell like blood. It splattered on windows and open storm shutters. It slammed unimaginatively with a dulling corrosiveness of evil in darkness. High, howling wind forced particles horizontally into anarchic conflict with the vertical orientation of the world. He clawed beneath crystal clear ice in freezing water of a river as its current carried him swiftly downstream away from a surface hole. Choking to death in a recurring alternative chamber he tried to stop a woman from being run through by a commercial corporate tax-spear. Oxygen was offered as a relief for the agony if only he would sign a relinquish of human rights form.

Cobblestone streets winding in broad tangential curves led along nameless lanes and unnumbered houses receiving drenching wetness that in numbing cold congealed like frozen drops of sunrise on Savoy row domes shouldering a burden of time weighing heavily on the land. He skidded on his back headfirst down a built up slope of the volcano Arsia Mons, one of two notable Mons of the Tharsis Monte, while an evil quasitroll directed forces of the synthetic demiurge image Newt to eviscerate his innardmost ideas.

Patrick Woewodski awoke from a turbulent crash in oblivion of fitful rest and introspective binge through existential memories and self-constructed synthesis of reality aware that Cheri was gone. He cast off a glowmoss blanket arising to sit on the edge of a twenty-four inch wide magnetic-alloy bed placing his bare feet onto an icy stone floor. The feet seemed to be swollen to about twice the normal size from some tissue damage by snow and ice water immersion too long. At least the cyanotic blue-black will fade to pink he thought.

Looking at variegated crystalline frost lining the walls of a standard mass-manufactured igloo that was poor compared to the luxury of the space sphere the twenty-nine year old Martian entrepreneur associate philosophy professor reflected on the sense data of the present instant within his eyes and limbs. He had a small dart wound in a shoulder continuing as a minor pain. A laser burn upon a rib was cauterized and no problem though a more substantial pain. Cold blood from the extremities that had made its way toward his heart was receding into a mist of nothingness after hours of natural warming. The heart itself seemed o.k. after the micro-surgical field repair. Biosensors in the left forearm indicated a pulse of 38; blood pressure and chemical levels were normal.

The room except for unwashed bedding essentially smelled like a northern forest. The transfer center sequence had worked effectively.

Thick air hovering near the apex of the dome replayed stored sound waves from the room to the directed area at a whistle. Strained chords with warbled lyrics of the Corporate Department of Revolution Songshop sang the ancient Yorkshire marching song *Beneath the Stars*. Phoebus rose over the Mars horizon to devour the Earth. The thickair's latest cluster of poems and stories sent to the Martian Library of Corporate Copyright for domestic profit were snagged by power espionage agents and forwarded to *The Leader*; Patrick distrusted it because the report came from U.T.M. Security surveillance devices placed at Corporate Copyright.

A blood red sunrise oozed up flooding through a dust storm drifting over the desert without purpose like a spent salmon in a river floating to ravens. Patrick reached into a polit-box for gel-sensor float boots. Commercials running on the boots urged him to vote for Nitrist/ProsWarp brand candidates. Patrick scowled, pulled them on and clicked the heels together to turn off the ad. His candidates all returned one percent value on purchases made with a Crankcruel Party credit card.

Outside the igloo snow peppered red with airborne Martian ust blew sideways around rows of luxury crystal domes in the second-generation Martian suburb of metro Novo Lundinium named Abtendo-Fairbanksargh.

Novo Lundinium rested upon the edge of the Valles Marineris on the Sinai Planum. The cities of Yeltsville and Chang Chang on adjacent Solis Planum and Syria Planum formed a megalopolis sheltering the majority of global urbanites. Abtendo-Fairbanksargh at Oudemans had an excellent view of a troika of volcanoes on the Tharsis Montes and of twenty-five kilometer high Olympus Mons.

The dome warmed from greenhouse effects trapped sunlight melting wall frost sagging into translucent sheets opening a vista. Patrick looked outside considering the remaining orbs in the celestial vault. He renormalized to the Martian world though his extremities seemed like frost damaged parts of a plant.

People, or that which was politically classified as human because of a preponderance of natural component parts based on ordinary human deoxyribose nucleic acid configuration strolled outside. The sunshine cast moving shades over the perceptable phenomena of being.

With a wink Patrick turned on the dome wall aud-vid circuit to sample agit-prop on commercial media. Typically unsubtle the quasi-crystal foot-thick dome became a scene of the over-crowded billions on Earth pushing, struggling, and yearning to breathe at no cost. Purified air cost a large portion of utility expenses; ground water being polluted people would pay anything for a clean drink. They weren't really boorish Patrick thought. If they could be transited into a sound eco-design by his envirotechs they would be employed more meaningfully. Patrick's ears as usual were occasionally infrasound tortured with an inner ear assaulting transmission causing a fair degree of pain.

When he pulled over a lama-parka his mind experienced opposition-force designer assault. Corporate and other Concerns believed destabilization of personal neuro-quantum security was economically desirable. Thoughts usually flow in a sort of tri-electrical nomination while interacting with the complete complex of sensory data in the midst of the field-locale in which one is immersed. The assault with a barrage of cerebral imaging algorithms and default loops effected maximal capture, subversion and degradation of intentional ratiocination. Molecular re-modeling surveillance was sophisticated enough to make complete monitoring of Patrick's ideas actual in real-time. He understood that it was bad for business, with it's interference of proprietary logic. The Celestial Union Commune was a deleterious force of extraordinary power.

The taunt followed; it said "You're marked amoeba, nothinged, captured; they didn't towel! We have you in our power for the next five decades you big beg!"

Patrick tried to ignore it as usual suppressing the automatically experienced indignation he felt as he thought " What those digifreaks will do to establish a perennial sedition, the felony advantage is effective in the absence of law enforcement. With law enforcement at some level controlled by Corporate will, justice is imperially determined in part, yet the alternatives of temporary outlawry and anarchy cannot be justified for themselves, and the perps would not support a just government of laws and of individual self-determination if they had the chance".

Three hundred years of torture for long-lived but unwelcome Earthers with medical developments and human nature made him consider, "I should live so long, but not with that".

Patrick knew the point of sub-audible frag was to distract and trip up economic stability as a dyno-blastic slurry would clear building lots of unwanted debris. He watched the Earth vid a few more moments and winked it off. Dawn finally reached full flower with an explosive expansion of color and the temperature began to rise.

Patrick got into a conservative energy slobber-suit and went outside through a security-Maoz. He breathed pure Martian air full with respiration of a trillion flowers, held in place by a Vose quasi-layer atomic stability field emplaced up to three miles distant from a planet surface, walked a few dozen meters to enter a circuit of the mag-level shuttle trough feeling fresh after a nights rest like a greased pig in a gold sluice.

Breakfast with the array in Novo Lundinium at the Slaughterhouse on Sixth and Rhine waited. He checked the constitutional rights defenders in the shoulder holsters he never removed on Mars. Cartridgeless ammo with ultra-hip explosives allowed seven hundred rounds to fit in each small magazine. Since the brief tyranny of the four thousand he wouldn't leave home without never rusting quasi-crystalline, somewhat intelligent weapons.

The mag-levitation sluice was a high-speed weightless tumble through a dream. Years of practiced skill let him maneuver effortlessly through the sluice to exit in a few seconds into the uncertainty district of the slaughterhouse. The City was probably made of quasi-crystal and DNA compote. Seething, epistemological building intellect and DNA helixes incorporated into the atomic structure of building materials made every appearance an uncertainty unlikely to seem the way it was now, tomorrow.

Barton Freewater, Ph.D. of History and department chairman of pre-Chaos Solar System Studies at the University of Texas-Extraneous/Mars and Professor of History Emeritus at Survivors College Oxford sat slumped attentively at a round pre-Clinton era stone table with two other gentlemen imbibing mirth mocha with egg frost crafts at a dark corner of the Slaughterhouse.

In quiet conversation Freewater splashed ideas with Sir Cromwell Macarthur of Drakeston; tall, gaunt graying-blond- a soldier with piercing blue eyes and lean muscled body attired in a rumble of mismatched military pseudo-clothes.

Immanuel Faith the poet-theologian listened. Chameleon battle dress made him resemble the furniture. He nibbled an appetizer of curdled leche with honey beans. "What I would give for a ticket out of the system" he contemplated, "if only it were possible to get beyond the social tractors".

Immanuel's face was anonymous behind wrap-around atom-screen comm-visors with video interpolation and DNA interface to recursively flow exponential array random access inducted memory quantification from sensory enhancement; he thought it parasitic.

Kelkall Spears, an inscrutable and reflective woman with raven black hair, read a parchment of extra-Martian origin thoughtfully absorbed in the translating and contemplating the mission. Absent mindedly she forked over a plate of barbequed elk with Spanish rice.

Patrick Woewodski, although an island unto himself, was glad to see the array of five and the UT Extraneous at Mars Colony security head sumptualizing in the aft quarter of the plush, cavernous grotto of the Slaughterhouse. He strolled over to the table covertly replacing a symp-tech throwing blade back into a mag boot pouch. As he approached he heard Freewater say "I abhor violence against persons, but I'm an anachronist in perpetual revolution against Union Commune. Look man, we can't just have waves of subliminal and shaping broadcasts forming and moving Martians about like they are schools of fish. Oh, hi Patrick. How have you been my good man?"

"Good morning Patrick" Immanuel Faith contributed " Try some Marsmole in brandy sauce; I think you'd like it. Watch out for the Chasma eel soufflé, it's stuffed with low grade artfish."

Amidst stalactites oozing with production builder's cheese and grim stalagmites sand blasted smoothness pervaded the central expanse of the chamber. New data-casts from a Martian info network covered the concave curve with shots of illegal aliens arrested on the West Bank of the Drake Sea in below the sand enclaves of chthonic huts dug and solidified with high temperature incendiary grenades. The story moved on to coverage beyond the edge. Illegal aliens made joyrides from the solar system spanning Electro-magnetic tensor acceleration grid. Accelerated close to the value of c between the solar orbit base and Pluto the journey took under two months Earth Relativity Time yet the destination for inbound Ort-side miners was often Mars on the midnight express.

With a fiftieth generation stealth sit and shield break away shuttle space divers could jump off the common carriers and inertialize to Mars and high altitude low chute opening enter down on the Martian surface with a good chance of not burning up in the atmosphere or slamming into Mars at very high speed if the suit's hot and fast guidance software was without imps. Para-chutes evolved into artificial intelligence target selected anti-gravity anti-particle field shapers scaled in response to zulo zone characteristics. Anti-gravity parachute fields neutralized gravity ripples.

Space jumpers traveling fast enough to make gravity ripples in the Martian Colony air control scopes were toasted with airfrag beams and portion of light speed made a real disturbance on the planet with their enhanced mass. Corporate neural-mach circuits in the Solar System tracked everything in motion off-worlds that was not competitively stealth shrouded.

Sir Macarthur pensively pondered scenes of illegal alien intruders who were swelling the ranks of Martians and part of the cause of the meeting of the five. Martians were polarizing along political lines for Martian Independence or continuing submission to the rule of Corporate Interplanetary and droves of migrants sent outside the law to increase Corporate profits with cheap mercenary labor. The aliens were mostly from post-chaos Earth and brought attitudes of socialized conditioning inimical to Martian Independence "so what" he thought..."they are independent for-themselves". The peace of the Pax Americana on Earth ended when the nation itself was finally subsumed in the inevitable Corporate planetary economization and civilization began to destroy itself when there were no frontiers on Earth left to conquer.

Some politicians argued for Adam Smith's unlimited business frontier in which pure Capitalism's needs not national borders would determine where people could travel to work. Environmentalism was painted as an exclusive practice of apartheid seeking elites trying to create areas proscribed for capitalists and non-European peoples to travel in.

Circumstances sometimes define the best adaptation of economic theories instead of abstract ideal economic forms that work perfectly in thought yet have problems in application. Paradigms in which theories occur usually pre-exist the creation of economic theories. Close plausible causal approximation of an empirical economic realm may seem accurate and spur confidence in the moral rightness of vested political and economic interests comprising an obstacle to recognition of other factors of the economic circumstance beyond the theory.

Wave after wave of illegal immigrants arrived full grown to be factory workers, field hands and minions of monopolistically capitalized Interplanetary Corporate elites who needed new employees for expansion and growing profits and found none in the placid and stable native-born citizens of Mars Colony. International and planetart trade came to mean redistributing production and independence across borders and into corporatist control. Productive independent nations had production outsourced incrementally and the people were reduced to comfortable dependent political drones.

Martians reached a stable ecological stasis in biospheric production with fifty million souls and were content to remain at that number for a few hundred years. They had placed a population capstone at the summit of Olympus Mons.

Outlaw immigrants and offspring flanked the plans of native Martians with innate loyalty to Corporate. Decreasing Martian native political power was one of the factors that worked toward quickening Rebel attack measures in Novo Lundinium.

Most immigration to Mars had become forbidden by law at a session of the Council of Fifty Representatives. The Fifty allowed a small and balanced proportional quota of legal immigrants from all humanoid settlements not on the most unfavored nation list to provide a stablishment of diversity. Some immigrants were fifth column terrorists interested mainly in finding suitable safe cover identity as reliable workers in order to have an opportunity for clandestine sabotage and terrorism. Oort Mam's exfiltrators arrived as tools from Waha Wul.

After the troubles in the early third millennium the population of the Earth remained at two billion souls and a billion questionables.

Kelkall looked up from the parchment she'd been reading and had followed the discussion evidently said;

"Einstein remarked that God does not play dice with the Universe, then Shrodinger's wave function determined probabilities of quantum mechanical locations such as anachronistic electrons. A Universe cannot be entirely deterministic and predictably consistent with the existence of intelligence; intelligence can change the physics of pre-determined inertial outcomes. Even super-computers doing physical predictions of quantum cosmology would find their own computational work unable to change to account for the deterministic alterations intelligence can place into an inanimate and determinist physical cosmos. Computers would find their own quantum predictions encountering interference from their own self-generated predictions of what the deterministic pattern of the future universe would be thus effecting the probable shaping of the universe with a pattern of artificial intelligence.

In reading the translation of problems of social developments in the twenty-first century from the position of conflicts and other relations between rich and poor nations some of the causes of strife in Africa were these points;

- 1) A variegated life and cultural style including standard of living
- 2) The instability of institutions
- 3) Nonconformities between subsistence and global economic desires
- 4) Under education of the poor in the global economic mode

Amidst the Globalists of the first world westerners had difficulty interacting in-country economically with poor citizens of third world nations because of a reciprocal lack of trust. Hostility toward ex-colonialist whites/Euro's/American slavers was reciprocated by an avoidance of dangerous and criminal tendencies of the poor that reinforced attitudes amidst the rich of superiority based on the vast difference of power and opportunities between rich and poor.

All the conflicts were not created simply by intercultural material dialectics. The Congo, according to a report in the parchment, experienced a civil war with a President Kabila assassinated by several individuals some forty of whom were later convicted and executed.

The killers were from the Congo. Rebel forces in the Congo sometimes employed Pygmy hunters to obtain game for the troops. On some occasions when Pygmy hunters returned empty handed the rebels slaughtered, cooked and ate the Pygmies that were also known as short pig.

North Korea unilaterally quit the nuclear non-proliferation treaty of 1968, it was a second world nation. A terrorist organization called Hamas, or violence in the local lingo called for tens of thousands of Iraqis to become suicide bombers; people wore belts of many pounds of plastic explosives able to kill dozens or hundreds of

unsuspecting civilians at close range. The United States of America's buildings known as the World Trade Towers in New York were demolished by commandeered aircraft used as impact vehicles. Some elements of intercultural conflict were present in the latter two examples of course as the anachronistic Muslim Civilization sought to assert hegemony over the prevalent World Civilization.

Determinism at a macro social level may be overcome by human intelligence, yet the victory of intelligence in human society to overcome social inertia of the masses is never assured. Social organization is itself a part of the natural state of affairs of a coevolved structure of environment and the physics of the Universe that can be metastructurally altered perhaps only by a metastructurally intelligent intervention.

Matter is influenced by mind via the body proximally. Quantum entanglement or action at a distance seems fairly proven in quantum mechanics, yet I am not offering mind at a distance theories.... Why can mind influence the body it has?

Eliminativist monism is the direction some researchers led to in brain-state analysis and social epistemology. The phenomena of mind to some should go through a reduction to just bio-chemical explanations...yet that leaps from Sartre's sort of epistemology of just starting from the reality of mind to begging the premises of explaining away the reality of the mind as an existential fact in a sort of mirror of empirical explanations.

Many philosophers have and still do consider the question; *"How can anything exist besides matter, how could mind exist if it isn't matter, or how could any substances, energy, spirit or anything exist beside what is?"* For that matter people still research in physics about what is. What is what is--is mass at the smallest level just tiny extra-dimensional spins without mass that just seem to be in our 4 dimensions of space-time? Early Calabi-Yau models of micro-dimensions led to notions that the deterministic physics of an expansionary Universe would be influenced from without the Universe in patterns and structures that could not be determined. Social epistemologists might need to conclude that even a metastructural intelligence could not alter the Universe from within, and quantum uncertainty at some point would be pre-determined by the determination of an unknown number of Calabi-Yau micro-dimensional factors.

Many interesting ideas regarding the mind-body dualism add a more practical method to consider the questions of intellect, social epistemology and the theories of determinism. The whole may be greater than the sum of the parts its worth remembering, mind can be different than mass simply because of its qualitative change. You have used the potential and actuality concept before. Mass perhaps hadn't even the potential for mind originally, except for a design before the Universe was created. Perhaps one believes that an accident nevertheless spurred mass into producing mind at some point. Mind differs from mass/matter at least as much as any other basic force of physics differs from another, and more so as far as I am concerned.

Macarthur said "I can't help wondering aloud Woewodski, if these Earth spacebacks are genetically unraveling as badly as are most ordinary wretches on Earth. Of eighty thousand human genes few have not been monkeyed with in bioengineering labs, business errors, wars and recombinant digression.

Standard patent Corporate-structured DNA molds have been subjected to unlimited pirating and result in quasi-modes of functionality. Some of the coeds presenting at the campus infirmary have symptoms of close-encounter disease of the worst kind transmitting unraveling syndrome probably contracted through

sleeping with the buggers in the underground. You can have copies of my notes from account antishorers."

Kelkall said "Do you think I should make a copy of your notes Crom?"

"I can't imagine why, K" Macarthur said softly.

Woewodski asked "What have you seen Cromwell, and how bad is it?"

"Delayed and uncertain foetel gene stablishment for one thing. Anytime in the life cycle the proto-human's x or y chromosomes as well as other genes can molecularly unravel, disassemble or recombine with chaotic permutation. It's often sort of a catastrophic transitional mess that oozes to Hades" Macarthur paused.

Freewater had finished most of his omelet and using an upside down fork continental style to spear a chunk of eggplant and cheese to rub in Tabasco sauce moved it to his mouth, to chew thoughtfully then say; We can try to define the extent of the problem gentlemen, yet we must be moving toward shaping a policy of action."

Patrick noticed Macarthur's fork method and thought it a behavioral artifact of highland days.

Macarthur continued "The campus and your careers educating Martians is our primary concern but revolutions can rent the fabric of society such as ours at U.T.M. and Novo Lundinium. Who should we support? At least in principal we can agree to support the existence of our own group to consider and define what we can call the *Crucible*. *The Crucible* is in defining the existence and goals of disparate organizations and socially dynamic forces striving for control of MarsColony. We should consider the potential influence each dynamic phenomenality has for success and how each will affect the stability of Mars Colony individually and in conflict with other social elements."

Woewodski sipped jocha java brought by a crew cut, blue eyed, flowing, full bodied waitress delivered with a friendly smile to walk away and thought that Freewater was right on the mark about shaping abstract parameters for the *Crucible*, but would fall short when understanding the philosophical paradigm of being in which *The Crucible* actualized. History provides millennia of examples of methods societies, governments and civilizations used to evolve and experience the way social forces developed and declined; they might be considered examples of failure as well as success.

Secular forces mostly begin and end their experiences in being and actions without consideration of indeterminate and living phenomena of universal being for itself. Social forces are born in conflict, strive for dominance or peace with other social forces and decline like unphilosophic verbs as it were. Graceful movements of the waitress in front of the grotto grill carrying an order drew Woewodski's attention.

Yek! he said to Freewater, Macarthur, Faith and Spears;

"Let me make a partial summation of known elements of *The Crucible*. Martians for Independence and the Clump Against Submission want to revolt, an Earth Cult political action commune wants to conquer Mars, Colonize politics with a flood of loyalist immigrant voters, Interplanetary Corporate Residents rule like an executive branch of a royal anarchist government subverting our Martian Parliament and work to let in illegal to be guest workers permanently in order to expand Corporate profits.

If we can prevent future illegal migration to Mars perhaps in three years we can grant full legal status to the stranded undocumented workers and dry up that source of wage level subversion and loyalty to Big Corporate. On the moon illegal

smugglers have used one-way drone landing rocket 'gliders' to bring aliens down with minimal engines and fuel. The lunar drones are retrieved by a rocket boosted 'float' tether hooked by a low altitude snatch and run stealth retrieval craft.

There are other aliens of unknown origin appearing at diverse space-times without clear purpose, the sole incident that reached a credible social level of confirmation was the takeover of the Chicago Cubs baseball team in spring training several years ago leading to the known record resetting victory sweep in four games of the World Series of Baseball over the Yokahama Giants. Nitrist Blarney and the Physics Liberation Sectary of Martian Rebels have built a lasing light configuration replicator able to dice and slice planets and to create movable novas without mass using any star for power supply with stealth photon collecting sponges, and the Allied Independent Ethics Council seems ready to merge with Earthsaster Guerrillas for Radical Relocation.

Now with your concern about a genetic unraveling crisis everyone in the system is worried about as generations of artificial selection through chronic medical interventions in the state of human health toilets humanity. Autoimmune deficiency phenomena that were produced by variance from natural selection synchronicity increased and merged with the anti-life phenomena of entropy that is in turn a return to forever energy of the Universe. I believe the anti-energy of entropy changes the nature of the fifth dimension, alters the quantification of gravity along the axis of that dimension, and accelerates the slope of space-time of the standard four dimensions of the Universe toward singularity. Entropy in eleven dimensions has an organizaing anti-entropy reciprocal eleven dimensional universe.

No original condition DNA or DNA Classic is the dominant form in any substantial group of human beings. Science under the pressure of marketing engineers manufactured needs to the nth degree; needs for some perfect ideal of health in a society in which gratification is the ultimate good. The infinite complexity of molecular recombination at micro and macro biological systems ranges vectored chaos into being for-itself. Life has its own nature even when bioengineering has subjectively altered it. Human life tensors occur in a pre-selected Universe from which biomedical induced deviation spells disaster.

Life must respond to all of the forces of physics and possible deterministic molecular configurations in addition to something beyond the realm of that which is knowable as any kind of contingent being or idea. A biological schism with space-time primed through abortions, organ transplants, genetic engineering, vaccinations and radical biochemical structural changes done with human made development choices has severed the existent natural interactive relationship between mankind and the Universe. I've summarized the main points...am I right persons?' Patrick queried.

"Seemingly you are very nearly right" replied Immanuel Faith. "All that is missing from the parameters of *The Crucible* is the social determinism question. Since it made notice last millennium that bar codes on labels such as soup cans and soda bottles were based on a repetition of two closely spaced long lines three times each of which represented the number six or 666, the responsibility for mass producing human psychology which could make people and social roles synonymous with an existential identity suitable for mass labeling and marketing as it were, like products stocked on shelves has brought continuing practical researches into depth individual reinforcement of Corporate persona-identity labeling surpassing individual reflective indeterminism for political will and thought.

Additional bar code lines have been added to denote global control parameters while some technologists have placed bar codes into the human genome.

I'd like to point out here that in the reallocated human genome of 99,900; probably not the number inverted referred to in the book of the Revelation, it is speculated that like the Kantian presumption that reality as it is for itself cannot be directly known through human perceptions, traits and human characteristics are formed somewhat by the composition of the human genome. Ethical characteristics as well as general sensory and intellectual preferences or the inertial vector of human character can be shaped and even delimited by recombinant genetic engineering. That probability is another of the substantial causes of the accumulation of error in the human physical nature in-the-Universe as an artificial being not produced by the natural conditions of the Universe. Some say that everything that exists or happens is phenomenal and therefore natural thus burying reason beneath a pile of Straw Man arguments. That approach is unable to classify or categorize, analyze or solve any empirical structural phenomena that jeopardize humanity; fundamentally a Dharmic approach.

I believe as a Christian that the *evil one* is the source of the role determinism by utilizing the incentives of the temptations of sin, quests for individual comfort and security in immersion in mass social identity, and of course with the use of sublime conditioning, propaganda also known as radical anti-thought to encourage thought and behavior conduct glorifying role conformity as the embodiment of virtue however inconsistent it may need to be. Assured selective amnesia and continuing new propaganda removes inconsistent ideas along the social time line.

The element of role determinism needs to be part of our paradigm definition because the influence is an explanation in part of the substratum of empirical social conduct continuing even though government lapses centuries and millennia. We can see gentlepeople, in the course of our historical and theological researches etiologically the ideas of leadership and of individual citizens is inexplicable and too forceful often to avoid common sense notice of thoughtful people considering rational social dynamics each generation.

Ordinary people at the end of the twentieth century in western civilization became elements in mass marketed culture. At one time where an average citizen might have been a rural farm dweller and expertly known at least a few acres of the world and wasn't part of a mass produced culture of ideas and physical structure people were not so much a part of a unified system of conduct so readily susceptible to rule or molding into mass psychological, denatured forms. Yet the very general ignorance people had of distant and technical matters made them as a type of people simpler subjects of suasion by adverse political force suggestion.

What happened in the twentieth century was the extension of the average or mass-produced simplicity of society so that Jane or John Citizen in learning their hometown learned the nation...which had the same franchise restaurants, stores and transmission networks. In time planetary simultaneity of broadcasts reduced even mass simplicity to a homogenous simpletoness of one. Of course the increase of mass culture brought a decrease of individual intelligence, stimuli diversity and liberty to be different than generic mass social classes. There was nowhere to be an individual separate from the mass culture ideology. Even the Chinese Commune didn't outpace unionizing communal thought in free societies.

That unification of society ossified paradigms of systems structuralizing. The inertia of average people in mass markets swinging and swaying flowing and moving like hundreds of passengers on a small ship running from one side to the

other or as a herd of cattle stampeding with role label occupation swelled to fill the continents of Earth with declining natural habitats, instant planetary delivery systems for weapons of mass destruction like pathogens distributed via common carriers and remotely piloted or artificial intellect guided vehicles and the conformity of systems analysis to mass produced models...making substantial changes in simple things like the car and flush toilets became difficult because of the mass effect it would have on interrelated systems of employment, construction and business. Even Mars Colony did not flourish until the first magnetic mass driver was built to send millions to Mars illegally by rogue MilitindusCong SpaceIndustries.

In all of that, the same transition of Earth Society modifications to move social developments toward evil seemed to be applied to people, institutions and networks with a modest subtlety discernable to researches considering alternate courses of nations and mass social interactions through conflicts and challenges.

Too often society seems to renormalize towards degenerate or self-destructive courses spared at the last minute only through the dispensation of truly miraculous grace.

This untraceable element, original sin, or the work of the evil one must be taken into consideration, especially this instance, in our definition of the problem for the continuing viability of peace and liberty for Mars Colony. As we define and calculate, albeit with the tautologous certainty of a priori logic, the relationships and tensors of the dynamic organizational protagonists let us realize that the evil one is applying degenerative alterity to individuals and systems structures which will randomize and reduce organizational logic toward the direction of dysfunction intrinsically and socially. Regardless of the accuracy of our analysis, uncertainty toward destruction will be interpolated to introduce error into our social calculus" Faith stopped and swigged jocha java.

Patrick Woewodski said "Immanuel how would you tangiblize the E factor?"

"Patrick" Immanuel replied; "This Evil factor is more than an advisory tool. I believe one of the ways to formulate the E Factor would be placing it in a bound variable for the coefficient of adversity of people to depart from role conformity and self-impersonalization minus role inertia. People should spin off into their own free radical enterprise vectors when given the opportunities or change their social inertia adherence when positive intellectual vistas present in general except for the E Factor. There are of course many mitigating factors but this social calculus like

others must hypothesize proximal causes and determination relationships from an infinite potential group of relationships to arrive at a hypothetical solution. The Emperor's desire to alter all objects to serve his consummation of absolute power is a significant actualized example."

"Patrick said "Immanuel, do you believe the E Factor will be quantifiable among the groups in our study?"

"Yes, Patrick; the first computer disk operating system was invented by a Phd in computer science named Gary Killan. A world leading computer manufacturer and researcher approached an unknown college dropout named Bill Gates with a proposal; would he buy a company for \$50,000 dollars that had a possibly plagiarized version of Killan's system named Q-Dos if IBM would use it for all it's pc's? With such a sweetheart deal Gates agreed and Microsoft was launched into the stratosphere while Killan withered and died early without the riches of Gates...the world's richest man of the age. Evil is a factor in the heart of economics and

computer science in general. Why didn't IBM just buy the intermediate company with Q-DOS itself?

If and when I've completed working formulae I'll input them to the group of five comm-visor loop for use in determining individual optimal mass/motion interpolations to shape emergent organization interactive complete complexes of compresence to the substance-in-motion development tensors best for stability of Mars Colony. The e-factor jumps like wildfire trans-organizationally"

Patrick said "I'll give variable symbols to our groups, bound for now unto subscripts to represent additional ad hoc groupings when needed. This should make our study of *The Crucible* somewhat easier.

I don't expect to maintain complete Maoz with this data loop. The weak link is in our own understanding. Since we must have uncoded thought for our own cognition that is the point that surveillance systems have worked to attack. Unbreakable codes are completely useless within one's own mynd. Opfor Maoz technology will sense our own translation directly if they are actively engaged. One never knows." A printout appeared on all five comm-visors. Martians almost always wore comm-visors or had one suspended on a neck loop because of the implicit value for survival.

"In placing the E factor with the other symbols, Immanuel, we add an unknown non-physical element into our set for theoretical systems analysis changing the possible defining qualities of the set from one of purely objective social groups with corresponding physical being to one including the possibility of a non-physical being. That brings metaphysics into the equation, which is something most present philosophers don't like to do, and I will tell you why"...Patrick looked at Kelkall, Barton, Cromwell Macarthur and Immanuel Faith and continued...

"The devil made them do it. Everything which people experience is sense data. Sense data is all we know directly of the world and what is. The Universe, time, being all words including the word word are words that we apply as human beings to clusters of sense data that we also call objects, events or projects. Our sense faculties have a particular structure implicitly which we cannot do much more than be cognizant of, that apprehends and orders sense data automatically as a particular filter might allow light waves to pass through a particular polarizing interference pattern perhaps even altering the received wave signals with amplification or modulation and then passing the wave forms along outward into space.

With all of our words about the experience of sense data and relationships of sense data in temporal experience and motion that we use the word time to describe we have a paradox that is a foundation for some of the most deep and puzzling mysteries of existence. Of course the mystery is in the use of language to a substantial extent and happens because many of the concepts are based on the idea that real objects exist 'out there' and words describe them directly as labels describing Platonic forms incapable of error. What are thought of as objects are delimited areas of sensible data grouped arbitrarily as a things-in-themselves.

Words and concepts about recurring sense data and phenomenal appearances describe human language groupings of sense data rather than being derivations of solitary and true things-in-themselves. Physical and philosophical searches built on words that do not describe known sense objects plainly have potential to be wrong. I will briefly talk about some of the paradoxes and mist-eries.

The human mynd knows experience or sense data ostensibly with an origin outside of itself. That is if one sees a tree some distance away sense data reaches

the mind that is quite separate from the object itself. That is we never see the object itself but only sense data from it. Some would say that that apprehension is the object. To speculate about what an object looks like for-itself outside of an observers sense data impressions of it is to speculate in metaphysics about what is by tautologous definition unknowable. To use the common visual concept the mynd receives an image of the object through the eye and optic nerve, which is put into some innate arrangement structurally in the brain and living reality, called mynd.

The fact that mynd experiences sense data and not objects themselves as they are as-themselves has led to some unusual theories including popular ones like idealism and empiricism which are incidentally just a hair's breadth apart in difference.

All of life one has sense data while conscious making impressions on mind. Sense data reception or sense data experience is inseparable from life. Some philosophers reached a speculation that nothing exists beyond sense data and that the true cause of sense data is unknown. Since mind can never know more or anything else than sense data, mental reflections on that and perhaps interpolations by non-contingent being it is not really possible to know the causes or cause-effect relationships between material objects which at any rate would seem to be a single continuum rather than a series of differentiable incidents. That is itself a source of speculation in physics and philosophy that could be non-solvable; all cosmology regards what is subjectively a continuum of change phenomenally formed and passing.

Gaps and differences can exist, or not exist at all between particles, wave structures or anything else...which is needed for motion and time but is a paradox in that entirely separate objects should have no connection between them at all in any way. Einstein found that a problem with quantum mechanical theory. Action at a distance in quantum superpositioning seems contingent on micro-dimensional connectedness and deterministic wavicle selective collapse from an wholistic non-contingent realm of transUniversal transcertainty. Mind can only notice the frequency and locations in mynd- experience sense data events and clumps of sense data arrangements called objects and hypothesize about their probability of recurrence.

Though sense data as the entirety of experience can lead to the idea that one cannot prove with certainty that other myndes exist, or that material objects exist, it does eliminate metaphysics. My being can have a priori reflections on self-consistent, self-identity defining systems like symbolic logic and geometry which essentially define themselves and veracity as $a=a$ or $\text{apple}=\text{apple}$, $b + 1 = b + 1$, or $\text{Surely}=\text{Surely}$ or Fred and Jane like seafood= $\text{Fred and Jane like clams, abalone and squid or similar systems based on tautologies in which any group of symbols are defined in a set with certain values and symbols which correspond and match and are said to be right on or true when they associate with other symbols/names with equal definitions. My being may also hypothesize about the probability that sense data will recur in the same form of identical appearance as at prior times even to make abstract forms about sense data from my a priori systems without complete certainty because nothing about sense data can be completely certain because it is other than mynd and paradoxically that which comprises most of experience.$

What is not allowed in an empirical philosophy or idealist system either, beyond the exception of God as the source of sense data, is the idea that unknowable metaphysical objects, forms, ideas, or structures in unknowable in sense data can

exist; perhaps that means that nothing except sense data, and what one thinks about it, may exist.

Metaphysics literally is non-sense and non-thought. Letting the E factor, which is non-sensible into our sense data grouping is analogous to putting being and non-being, or matter and non-matter into the same classification. Though the E factor is neither a priori thought nor sense data and should be dismissed as metaphysics or non-sensible data instead of sense data or potentially sensible data I have included it for two reasons Immanuel. One is that I also am a Christian and believe the Bible is the revealed Word of God; which is not metaphysics, sense data or a priori thought but is transcendent revelatory knowledge that must be accepted as such on faith. Because God is non-contingent Being it isn't possible to prove the existence or non-existence of God on the basis of the ordinary sense data of this or that existence, which of course is not to deny miraculous appearances of epiphany from time to time.

The second reason is the trace factors. While we do calculate sense data even with scientific hypothesis our estimations of probabilities are often way off the mark. Rational systems are somewhat tautologous. We expect or set up certain systems of ideas and relations of defined structures a posteriori to interpret, order or process sense data ex-hypothesi and deem particular probability loops to be rational paradigms, in an existential awareness of the uncertainty of sense data. We must and usually do adjust our rational probability systems to the sense data we actually experience so accounting for the variations of sense data estimates from sense data experiences involves an element of metaphysics if we look for the error in the senses instead of in the logic in our probability hypotheses" Patrick paused for a moment before continuing;

"Our common experience of accuracy in estimating probabilities of occurrences in sense data based on the synthetic logical structure we use varies so little from normal margins of error that the inconsistencies we find in making our social analysis in broad generalizations or in accounting for a non-attributable attraction toward a group conflict may rationally be admitted as a reason to postulate the existence of the E factor, though as a non-sensible element. We can trace it only by its effects though it linguistically cannot meaningfully be said to have any existence.

I realize gentlemen that the idea of society, Mars, the Universe and everything in it simply as sense data to your own mynd is an unusual idea, yet because of the admission of the E factor into the formula for the salvation of Mars and the University of Texas Extraneous at Mars from chaos and war we must include the actual known philosophical paradigm of human experience in order to provide framework that can account for the metaphysical unknown factor of adversity and unknown yet potentially sensible factors of adversity."

"Thanks Patrick" Freewater believed that meaningful;

"I can stipulate sense-data as the gist of experience in order to be able to do comprehensive field theories with the metaphysical non-sensory E factor, but let me say that I think we can all admit the extremely high probability, based on experience of the existence of other myndes, at least in this group of five."

Immanuel laughed and Macarthur stopped writing figures on his comm--scanner.

"I am as eager as you fellows to develop a plan of action" ventured Macarthur "However in making our plan lets watch our own Maoz. We're sure to become targets of probes if we aren't already. Remember that social smear methods are as effective as direct action at bringing a halt to defense planners.

One subject, if you recall your Earth history, was the victim of a concerted media disinformation campaign regarding financial status, occupation, character and works for the offense of writing a Christian prose poem they did not like. It was a prototype case for more mass influence of electronic media in America that reached world stature. It was amazing that anyone with life earnings about one-fourth the government poverty level annually averaged survived the treachery as long as he did. We are down the road more than one hundred fifty years from the writer of Footprints and methods of commune tech fragging have improved considerably. Watch your backs gentlemen. Every opportunity to disinterpret and dissimulate your actions and inactions will invariably become captioned to whatever media works are directed at us by CorporateCom and Big E."

Freewater eased a few words to the academic planners whom would moderate Mars if possible.

"History offers quite a few ideas about our crucible. Crom has specific data on the size, arms, location, unit composition and so far as possible inside organization intelligence of opposition forces and protagonists at large. We can look to prior historical paradigms that were composed of similar organizational forces striving in the great human struggle for power for analogies to model probability formulas for hypothetical outcomes of the problem.

By no means will we disregard the recent history and origins of the actual organizations and the emerging geo-political-economic relationships. We will ask Immanuel to factor in his interpretation of possible grace determinism on a theological basis in the event that he believes metaphysics of a divine nature are guiding events to purposes that it would be meaningful for us to consider. Divine intervention may possibly be factored as a random good that alters determinate scenarios. Christian history is a factor philosophically and soteriologically regarding salvation."

Immanuel said "No problem Barton, provided it is for me to know His will in this area."

Freewater said "Thanks Immanuel; are your ears beginning to buzz, somewhat intimately?"

Macarthur said "I've been aware of that for several seconds too Barton. Some probing opfor elements have located us and would apparently be interested in dispersing our meeting or worse. It takes a while for the infrasound stealth torture transmission to build to a pain phase transition level necessitating our movement. Incidentally this sound audiblizes only on the inner ear much like radio waves; that is they aren't sound waves. If possible you should summarize the historical course up to now of the crucible elements and we'll break up the meeting to go and effect action. I suggest our work be to consider the question of assisting one group to victory, dampen the power of all, or take some other course once we decide what the best outcome of all the probable would be if it is clear that doing nothing in non-intervention will lead to Martian disaster.

Special Information Operations Police have been cooperative in providing intelligence about social structures utilizing extra-legal alterity on Mars. My SIOPS informant was slain eating pizza in the N. Hollywood ghetto last night but his controller has continued to assemble and integrate data from field organizational infiltrators into a coherent briefing for us. I am receiving these reports at UTM Maoz as they are made. I believe that as the factors coalesce we may be able to influence the crisis if desirable to a direction yet to be determined" Macarthur finished.

Dosthjour Nilkin walked to the table to give a parchment script to the Macarthur, about faced and walked to the exit of the grotto that had been grown from a genetically enhanced p-nut shell to a gigantic size and spray coated with ferro-gunnite.

Professor Freewater released another proposition after quaffing a grog myst;

"Arguably the best historian of the twentieth century on Earth was Arnold Toynbee of England who died in nineteen seventy-four, also the year of publication of his final tome 'Mankind and Mother Earth'. Toynbee in his prior voluminous 'Study of History' broke up human history into twenty-eight civilizations since the year six thousand BC. Five of the civilizations were still in existence in nineteen seventy-four, with the Western Civilization having achieved planetary dominance in a fashion similar to the Graeco-Roman Civilization two thousand years before. Toynbee's last work was pessimistic about the survival of humanity, although we're still around presently.

Toynbee examined humanity en mass from the upper Paleolithic to the end of the second millennium anno domini from the point of view of human effect upon the environment in a continuum of decay. Toynbee's earlier work developed a challenge and response theory of the life of civilizations that were pervasive social structures on Earth. There were no metaphysics in his theory of the life of civilizations as was common since the infusion of Darwinism into political theories such as the skeletal dialectical materialism of Marxism. There are no discernable historical forces in history outside of a teleological parameter, nothing except the ongoing change and evolution of matter according to the physical characteristics implicit since the beginning.

The intervention of God in history as is recorded in the Bible is a record of social intervention instead of the basis for a physical theory. In the book of Genesis God created the world and then rested. Physically the world, one could infer, sort of continued on inertially from the initial design. I do not deny that one may gain understanding about the cosmos from the Bible. I maintain that it does not well support a Hegelian or Marxist style theory of dialectical evolution.

Toynbee did not have confidence that humanity would reach safety from impending environmental destruction of the Earth to reach other planets or star systems. Yet Mars Colony is a fact, and we are confronted with the same ecological challenges that brought Earthers to chaos and the time of troubles in the 21st century.

Let me briefly recount some salient points. One is that the competition between democracy and the elite resulted in the destruction of individual liberty as each system sought total social control. Second, democracy brought about the domination of social equality-something like Marx's dictatorship of the proletariat which was as repressive to individual freedom as domination by tyrants, monarchs, fascist sets etc.. A failure of individual enterprise and non-conformist capitalization to alter systemic environmental destruction because of mass social conformity to inertially alien-to-the environment business methods let ecologically doomed business structures monopolize. Third, over-population led to covert political actions bringing mass conformity to a drone or herdish stasis of psychological clones of brainwashed, programmed citizens known as psyclones. Fourth, the masses acted upon mass media instructions almost automatically in a verisimilitude of George Orwell's predicated "daily hate" in the book 1984. The United States did not restrict immigration to a number low enough such as a quarter of a million souls annually, that would permit a continuity of the national

independence from globalization. It instead supported large tax cuts for wealthy Globalists, no taxes upon stock dividends-a policy that promoted Capitalism and Globalism instead of socialism yet had the deleterious cost of requiring large numbers of illegal immigrants to the nation for economic expansion within a global economic paradigm instead of allowing a stable population and environmental conservation with productivity increases occurring through the inventions and technological leadership of an educated and stable national population. U.S. education comparative achievement levels dropped from potential highs with the continuing influx of low-educated foreign workers sliding the nation away from higher wage tech industries with the best educated masses.

The leadership of the United States throughout the end of the twenty-first and right up to the Troubles in the twenty-second century pursued policies of globalization that became self-drafting in opposition to national economic prioritization by political leaders. The United States as a world leader maintained the lowest common denominator of Capitalism without concern for environmental costs. The democratization of the world brought the down side of that political system into being when it occurred within a totalized environment; democracy degraded into the mob-rule of proletariat authoritarianism or socialism and neo-corporatism where individual free enterprise and individual thought and inventions were verboten. The political zeitgeist of the world became massified conformity-think with deletion of pockets of non-mass thought, expression and existence.

Fifth, plagues and wars coincided with the start of the genetic unraveling of artificial selection through more than a century and a half of intensive medical /social deviations from the natural evolutionary time scale to reduce progress and destabilize security and public confidence in anything except media theme populism. Sixth, corporations fled off world for long-term Maoz in investments and Mars Colony flourished with the outer system. Seventh, the first alien abductions on Mars were confirmed. Eighth, chaos and ecological havoc on Earth accelerated. Nine, birth and death rates increased wildly. Ten, ad hoc organizational allegiance evolved to replace dysfunctioning governments. Eleven; the twelve plane'ts value spiraled up with inflationary policies

For several decades political organizations representing dynamic forces strengthened in the Chaos of Earth and that is the prime challenge to Mars. The Earth illegals are a cross-cultural element escaping from Corporate servitude and Earth chaos in mining and transport shuttles around the solar system. Corporate predatory oligarchs, and Big Commune aka *Youne* is a remnant of decadent civil stasis with restorationist delusions.

The malleability of materiality including human beings to advances in quantum mechanical engineering led to the existential environment becoming subject to redesigns by human 'intelligence'. The structure of the contents of Universe 1 can be lost locally and in larger portions such as solar systems and parsecs as field forces are altered through scientific intervention. The ideas of right and wrong in design of the world were lost as ideas of right and wrong in social morality are transcended beyond good and evil ala' Nitzche. The inducements of eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge in technological development were of such irresistible worth financially that the boundaries of internal and external, of mind and body, of quanta that is self and quanta that is not self faded away. The principal of human self-consciousness as a phenomena fundamentally different than mass and energy of Universe 1 was destroyed when applied materialists proselytized a non-reductive monist materialism eliminating the consideration of mind as something

different than material. Computers were innovated to direct neurological quantum wave determinations because mind could not itself adequately direct enough quantum world-line selections self-consciously to make a few ideas happen. Though mind worked fine naturally it was believed that it could be improved by technological puppeteering and transitioned into slaved device in an optimal Spencerian social-Darwinist order.

In brief, the organizational factors are pretty simple. A dynamic apex should be subject to effective course changes by our study group."

Sir Macarthur said "We can do our simulations via coded comm-scan lops and move toward apposite interventions when events deem. All of the organizations have the power to endanger the physical Maoz of Mars and other worlds *Big Ball Bust Basis*.

While we are concerned with elements of a defined *Crucible* keep in mind that individuals also have access to numerous configurations of planetary ball breaking scale of mass and society which I suggest we represent with the symbol MDF for Mars Destruction Factors."

"High-speed, Macarthur;" following Patrick's comment, Kelkall, silently considering the course of the discussion and the content of the ancient parchment spoke up to make a point;

"Working in Cholo Vista gives me time to think; in some social situations that are formative of public political opinions it has been a common feature of Earthers to seek the elimination of intelligence from society as an evil quality that exploits the masses. People politically organizing may seek or evolve rule by the stupid. Ignorance course is a comparative quality. Intelligent people may simply fain ignorance in order to rise to the top of a political ladder, or they may skillfully manage to make stupid political ideas that are popular with the masses the pinnacle of wisdom. An inversion of values may result that is one of the causes of terminal organizational decohesion of democratic societies.

People occasionally believe intelligent people will exploit them in matters such as war and economics and that they are therefore better off with common ignorant leaders. An intrinsic premise of rule by the ignorant is obviously bad; that is the premise that ignorant people are of a more pacific nature and less inclined to war than are intelligent people is wrong.

Intelligent people have the advantage generally in matters of war. Julius Caesar commented that the matter of brains or brawn being dominant in war had been decided before his time on the side of intelligence. Neither intelligence nor ignorance in leaders brings a certainty of peace or war. Instead it is the character of the individual and other social factors that make war or peace exist .

Political choices may be more easily enacted most times by intelligent instead of ignorant individuals, though the simplicity of the ignorant may in some cases become an advantage in ability not to become distracted by many choices and in the trait of single-minded resolution to accomplish some specific purpose.

This brings me to wonder if the lack of social occupational opportunities outside of a limited number of roles such as are fitting for peasants, royalty, and soldiers was a cause for the secularization of the Catholic Church leading up to the eventual Renaissance and Protestant Reformation. Intelligent men entered the church in order to have an opportunity to discover new intellectual vistas that did not exist in a generally illiterate society without books or printing presses to make them.

After the change of the Catholic Church toward close support for military aspects of selected political structures in Europe by Pope Gregory as the church took a

secular course and was full of brilliant and literate individuals yet subject to centralized Papal authority more secular roles for the intelligent clerics were opened. The Catholic Church had its clerics on early voyages of exploration as missionaries and investing time in scientific researches. They translated ancient documents and learned new ideas. In time of course individuals such as Martin Luther sought more freedom of expression and self-direction and of course Church reform. A Catholic Church schism occurred at the same moment as other secular roles in art, science, engineering, architecture, literature and so forth came into being. The Diaspora of intelligence from refuge in the Catholic Church began and the secularization of society followed as the secular hegemony of the Church over most European political powers ended. Christianity could again be practiced by the faithful under the guidance of their own relationship to Jesus Christ in Bibles they could themselves read in their own languages because of the printing press and learned translators. Intelligence in society began a learning curve and trickle down simultaneously as knowledge accumulated and synthesized nearly exponentially in some centuries. Yet the social schisms of distrust and different political misunderstandings could not always be overcome as technology increased the dispersion of weapons of mass destruction.

It's been a good meet today, we have learned something about Martian prospects and Earth's history."

"Right Kelkall; to conclude I want to stress the real difference between weapons of mass destruction and weapons of human destruction which could be exemplified by a remotely piloted fusion cluster able to consume the twelve planets on a single circuit and a specific wave engineered plague, irreversible genetic dead end additives, self-destructive brain-washing commands and sin. For now I suggest that we disperse. Your eardrums must be painfully resonating to intense infrasound escalating to transitional phase rupture. It would now be appropriate to absent ourselves before the burst. Break on five. Hope to see you all again intact.

Five" Macarthur sounded.

The five arose purposefully from wicker seats around the stone table and departed through different exits of the Slaughterhouse Cavern onto the streets of Novo Lundinium. Pat Woewodski deployed a version of the Fulton skyhook ground recovery system and a robotic snatch craft homed in on the rocket launched tethered air bag to lift him up and away to safety.

Chapter 11...A Natural History of Dreams

When sleeping a human being disengages from total, wakeful immersion in sense data experience. His usual trielectical thought processing of analysis and classification of sense data diminishes to as low of interaction with input as possible. The human being shifts to a stasis of quiescence passing through a level of rem state DreaMaoz. The relationship to sense data shifts from what is regarded as conscious (c)elf to one in which memory, tactile sense and autonomous monitor loops are the basic sources for thought processing.

Because audio and video sense data are not primarily part of the experience and analysis and synthesis of experience is at best unintentional analysis of memory and tactile/autonomous data sources the sleeper moves from stages of near oblivion to dreams when his analytical capability is rested and restarting when nearing a state of awakening.

Dreams are the products of trielectical analytical tools of mind working on memory and reduced sense input in haphazard fashion. Some structural

superposition of order left over from sense data pre-residualizing concerns may interpolate upon randomly associated memory data more or less instead of conscious sense immersion. The waking analytical stream of consciousness that analyzes sense data when cut off from the world in the exhaustion of sleep is reduced to a purely psychological self-searching inwardness.

People in sleep are especially receptive to subliminal, suggestive transmissions. The phenomenon of social simultaneous reception of political and behaviorally inducted images is one of the possibilities developed with mass communication broadcasts. Certain images for two centuries had troubled the sleep in humans of the solar system; Lemmingway

Chapter 12...Shan's Objectives

Commander Suzie Shan adjusted the quasi-strap on the back of her thermgel bra and stretched her upper torso to allow her delta level breasts to settle comfortably in cups. She grabbed a pair of super-conducting warm-panties with a full charge to put on over shapely legs that once carried her fourth over the finish line in the Tokyo marathon. She stepped into a black stealth jellyfish jumpsuit that immediately plasmosed into seamlessness. She could survive a descent to planetfall from space, or a frigid night in the highlands beyond Martian transport tunnels.

Her oriental grace of motion suppressed covert Wu Shu katas of second nature. Black eyes, black hair and an amber skin let Suzie blend in to the average oneness of post chaos communes on Earth missions. The quasi-crystal dome displayed a facade real-time image outside.

Suzi scratched the inside swell of her right breast, which felt snugly restricted, and thought about Corporate's policy against environmental conservation and structural adaptive alterity. On Earth the inertia of building designs along sterile horizontal and vertical lines since Romans invented the arch as a slice of a sphere could have been the leading edge instead of the end of the road of innovative inclusion of the environment's natural features in human habitats.

Nature was disciplined but displaced and backed into a corner. Suzi considered moving to the clear wall of the crystal dome to survey rows of terraced domes visible for miles along roads carved into red mountain slopes and canyons each above a canal mall-way running at and below ground level to long distances deep below the surface arthe planet. Suzi believed that if Earthers included nature in all of their surface settlements early on instead of stupidly ignoring or attacking it building more curves in variable grades, multi-level structures covered with natural vegetation and the entire building policy integrated into harmony with natural tide and flowing course of the biosphere before the shocking displacements of traditional design, humanity might have maintained a semblance of balance in natural systems and population and avoided disastrous Lemming-way effects in the twenty-first century.

My employers, she thought, are still against environmentalism because it brings new competitive technologies that can reduce dominant, populist methods. Mature business systems gain more and more devotees, become conservative and resist change outside of their product line, expand with capital accumulation to a scale beyond rational environmental need. Corporate as the official party line of free enterprise is the only practical way to work and not be branded anti-business metaphysical political anarchist, or worse yet mislabeled as racist or gendist since true brothers and sisters support established Corporate personell value labeling.

Suzi's assignment on Mars had continued for a year and a half Earth days. In another two and a half years she would be free to return to Tethys and new home beneath the sea. She wanted to develop her invention into a business but a patent cost a year's salary and Solar System patent searches three years if it was possible to keep the idea secret during the time it took to save the fee. Capital intense Corporate patent departments were stuffed with pre-paid patent applications and scouts scouring the Universe for patentable ideas.

Suzi scratched her derriere, which occasionally overheated indoors in a stealth jumpsuit and tugged her panties to readjust mildly constrictive superconductive thermalweave.

Corporate had given her the task of monitoring and infiltrating dissident organizations on Mars, that could adversely impact Corporate profits and political control. Suzi also served as liaison and executive for coyotes and parties of illegal aliens arriving in need of help with necessities for survival and job placement.

The dynamics and interrelationships of human economy, Corporate power and the tendency toward inertial category conservatism, population density, inventive micro and macro-economic sub-system independence and conflicts of race, gender and political systems versus individual liberty and planetary tactical situation were factors as much selected by the luck of the draw in space-time as choice. People followed existing lines as fullbacks might follow blockers ahead as they economically and intellectually grow in life so far as they are able or willing to. Were the media organs of business always so retarded as to anathematize environmental efforts to regreen technology on Earth as anti-business or apt to sell for instant gain untruths that were deleterious to environmental health in the long run she wondered?

Earth wars and individual sponsored catastrophes were a product of unstable environmental use which could have been avoided with more security of personal liberty and strength in building topographically replicant structures with retained biota systems Corporate wouldn't allow. Mars in the breakaway districts of political insurrection was entirely Martiaformed with building projects under particle fields replete with topographic and biota features of central Texas and New Mexico. Novo Lundinium and Topski!! were Corporate showcase landscapes that Corporate had no intention of duplicating elsewhere because of high costs involved in displacing business cycles of usual technique. Comparative excellence in envirobuilding design sent echoes throughout the solar system sounding obsolescence of rectilinear construction. Martians had to create ecosystems from initial conditions of lifelessness. One day the techniques would transfer to Earth.

In reflecting upon issues that brought her to Mars Suzi sublimely shaped up a plan for the day. Mid-summer sun flooding her home in the Valley of the Shepherd's vacation charged the quasi- crystal dome to full power. She noticed that the self-organizing building crystals had increased the mass of the dome. Corporate boss Frank Studhaus had given her insight into distal issues which were acting upon the probability concentration of organizations to adversely affect Corporate interests. Issues such as gender break-up that preceded the final Chaos of Earth had arisen without real contemporary understanding of the direction and power of emerging social forces. She must be aware of influences upon main organizational drifts that were distal, peripheral, yet part of the One calculation; such as the mass and ownership of the Oort Cloud.

Suzi and Frank spent a weekend Earthside talking about some of the peripheral forces, which had brought the United States of America to fly apart like a bowl of

jello in a centrifuge breaking at high speed during world catastrophe in the twenty-first century. She dismissed Studhaus' contention that reduction of white males in American social status and egalitarian reshuffling of the work force caused the end of western civilization.

That American males of European ancestry had been the core inertially guiding western civilization was purely chauvinist and preposterous. She thought "White male dominance had been entirely coincidental and unnecessary for technological progress characteristic of the culture. At any rate Corporate had eventually promoted workers of other races and gender for less pay initially, and everything seemed fine. It was inevitable that women would receive full economic equality because they were a supply of comparatively cheaper labor. Market forces demanded it and women strove for the freedom to labor all their lives.

Women had liberated themselves through twin miracles of Western Civilization--medicine and technology--from a second rate role to men in America then Europe and the rest of Earth. The time since before the beginning of Homo sapiens more than a million and a half years ago when males and females were inextricably bound together for procreative purposes had come to an end. Women had achieved reproductive freedom and could select insemination from a plethora of human, robotic or laboratory means such as turkey basters with designer genes for quality progeny and relationships of whatever duration they had freedom to choose.

Eggs could be sold for a half a year's wage to medical researchers, infertility and recombinant genetic splicing clinics. Fatherhood could be ordered from banks of high caliber sperm with Nobel Prize winning quality synthetically and in some instances, actually after receipt of prize certificate. Musicians and sports stars tended to win more Nobel Prizes after the famrs were created. Donors with suitable genetic enhanced traits from mass produced donor accounts of sysweb or entirely wholly artificially computer designed and assembled molecule by molecule from patented sperm of Monopolistic Passion Unlimited... member of the Solar System Stock Exchange.

Abortion and contraception had long ago eliminated unplanned pregnancies of any source. Males had no role as providers or defenders of the weaker female in monogamous relationships from the traditional dangers of violence or sex with rival males.

Suzi and Studhaus considered how total female independence and reduction of monogamy for survival to sex for pleasure had altered the structure and ergonomics of society. She thought that if total anarchistic war, plague and the end of civilization had not brought the earth to Chaos many worthwhile new opportunities would have developed. If she was successful in rooting out the Martian Rebels then Corporate might have a chance to accomplish here what had been brought to an untimely halt in lemming chaos on Earth.

Suzi turned away from the dome's panoramic view and slid into a slit aperture into the underground transit mall. She fell into the air cushion and reached a tiled, rococo piazza of the G.O.R.T. planetary subway system walked to a pastry vendor, bought a cheesecake strudel and gave a wrist implant cash card a pass in the bar code field. Most Martians had a bar code for ubiquitous Maoz-security stat identification passes. Most toll collectors were simple pass fields. A Get On Ride Through shuttle had everyone's I.D.' except for those with an adequate masking device. Virtually everyone anywhere had a proton witness implanted somewhere for legal safety.

The art of dissimulation perfected in the twentieth century and necessitated life-long neutral witness Maoz defensive countermeasures in a legal environment that was often verbally manipulated by clever criminals as a tool to harm the innocent. She stepped into G.O.R.T.

Her mind still probing for clues to ferret out and dissolve Rebel organizations she wondered if the real cause for the Lemming Chaos ad hoc population decline phenomenon wasn't the failure of the industrialized and post-industrialized west to switch over from flush toilets to a dry water-saving micro-wave sewage systems capable of deleting excreta and billions of gallons of bodily fluids from the planetary hydrologic cycle. Water should have been used for agriculture anyway she thought.

A rush of early lunch commuters piled into the over-crowded Martian subway into a cluster of strangers packed closer than starved people in a breadline. A tall, bony stranger with an unusual alloy leg, a Royal Corporate Highlander kilt, Djughasvilli designer tunic, ochre-brown Martian sun tan on an emotionless leathery face moved into body-to-body contact with her. His orange and purple eyes and narrowed eyelids looked unblinkingly upon her as the crowd piled up against them.

She was enroute to the Corporate Quarter of Novo Lundinium on the p-Lund line which ran through the valleys and highlands to Dis-Austin, Planotown, Bigsberg, Banning, Bopville, Macaroon and Novo L.; A shining city on a plain built like a dream southeast of Olympus Mons four score and twenty years ago when the only thing to fear was fear itself, the Earth Chaos, Corporate, Big Commune, Aliens, freezing, fragging from human organizations, transmission resonance to disintegration, mass resonance from Interplan Chaotics to reduce to quarks any object with mass, and complete hostile takeover of one's mynd by media and/or government programming techne.

Novo Lundinium must have been delivered by C-section from committee architects but didn't turn out too bad, Suzie thought, although not the perfect Corporate rule commercial. Her suite of offices was a walk-up on the lush Kant Strollway. A reflecting canal full of colorful engineered fish and covered with the same living crystal stronger-than-steel abomination comprising her quasi-crystal dome piled up as a large industrial diamond in a growth spurt..

Corporate Quarter was one of thirty-seven stylized quarters in the City. A media quarter anachronistically persisted from the high watermark era of media e-socialist intefadah. The Old Town Settler's Quarter and UT-Extraneous Quarter merged into the Independent Sales and Market Research Park along Kant Strollway. Pioneer settlers had included yuppies from Greenland whom applied a measure of Inuit spaciousness to the Quarter wishing not to be Dresdenized by some future Guy Fawkes.

G.O.R.T. took seven minutes being a milk run reaching out to every slumped porch dome cluster on the way. For the alien pressing close up against Suzi it might as well have been fifteen thousand years.

Within the alien time did not exist as a general parameter. Nor strictly speaking did space. His body was an element for his mynd. And his mynd was transcendent through his body. The consciousness spatially and temporally retained present total awareness of every place it had ever been and everything it had experienced. The present moment with Suzi on the tube was a small window, a minute sense experience in the vast structure of accumulating experience. Within the unlimited vistas of consciousness adding more and more sense data the alien would continuously explore assembled and reassembled time-space continua. The same

Martian deserts and cities, people and places were experienced as an aggregate accumulation in all seasons of being the alien had journeyed.

For seventeen Martian years the alien had probed developing Mars Colony and broader system during Pax Corporate hegemony. He passed unhindered through the sun. Alien technology hundreds of years past mastered the final frontier of particle/wave physics and began to utilize the principles of field tensors to access the most intense gravitational fields available for spin tensors across adjacent areas of low spatial intensity.

Heat was another displaceable factor. Within the alien technology the millions of degrees of heat in stars was part of another system beyond the skin surface field they wore. Micro-dimensions bent the undesirable elements of four-dimensional space-time out-of the way. The fifth dimension permitted the alignment of time's attachment to it to be altered temporarily permitting quick space-travel. Black hole event horizons were non-events temporally and spatially except as the aliens choose to engage elements of the field as they passed within.

Pen-ultimate waves of quanta are cylindrical monads of apparent being. At an infinitely reducible stage being itself has no self-standing reality but is transcended by a non-contingent being permitting the reality of appearance. Gottfried Leibniz, second peer of Sir Isaac Newton as co-inventor of the differential and integral calculus had been close to the mark in postulating infinitely small window-like bubbles that he called monads the essential building block of existence. In the wave-particle spin below even the level of quarks and waves the substance of reality becomes non-attributable and an idea in motion for-itself.

A verbal criterion of language is itself relative and borrows an existence and foundation as a self-defining tautology. The sets and groups of ideas and structures, parameters and forms that constitute much of language, its propositions and definitions are self-standing and entirely relational without an absolute source.

Reality itself or what physicists and astronomers have studied of it and philosophers have considered in language about it entirely relational without probability of having an ultimate ground or source except in faith. The non-locality phenomenon and uncertainty principle were clues to the insubstantial basis of substance for alien scientists hundreds of years ago in their own space-time locality. Aliens in time learned to adjust to the idea of displacing fields and move through space outside the time-space field of the usual Universe. The standard broadcast frequencies of the Earth culture for two centuries were a lighthouse beacon that attracted the notice of several alien cultures observing outside the usual Universe. When the government of the world of the alien on G.O.R.T--Corporate's drone employee Twenty-One Thirty-Five finally approved extra galactic exploration of the Solar System, Mars and Earth were chosen for study first.

The alien was interested in the former Earthwoman Suzi Shan. She had an assignment from the ruling Corporate authority to gather intelligence data on Colonial subversives. Her ethical standards were duplicitous with an intrinsic element of false consciousness to let her to her ignore her role in subjugating Martian Independence for the benefit of Corporate Colonialism.

Alien studies of Mars-Earth ethics found the interesting representatives of problems in people with average to above average intellect placed or promoted into roles for executing the proprietary aims of powerful organizations. Agents of organizational authority generally had no prior awareness of ethical issues inherent in prior occupations as lower level functionaries. Substantive self-ethical conflict

with organizational practice could lead to termination. Sometimes the awakening of ethical self-consciousness could be observed in people like Suzi.

Suzi looked over the aliens' left shoulder onto the blurred images of transit malls flowing outside at speed.

The alien arrived from the sun shipping through a rent in the solar space-time amidst the deuterium fusion furnace and slipped through the corona and a large solar flare stretching hundreds of thousands of kilometers toward Mars and its cloud of sensors and satellites surrounding it. As a black body in alien sub-fields stealth suit he emerged from brilliant blinding light to black emptiness and neo-nothingness to the G.O.R.T. piazza at Suzi's transit station to work.

His sensors felt her moving about her igloo and then descend to the eleven-o-five train to Novo Lundinium. He moved through a not quite infinite succession of prior experiences and places to the door opposite that on which Suzi was boarding. They moved together toward the City streets in which he was already probing and strolling, and had been for seventeen years.

"The Universe is a pristine computer simulation of a higher reality computing multi-dimensional transaction protocols and these humans have begun learning to introduce quantum mechanical bugs into the program" the Alien considered all things dryly.

As G.O.R.T. approached Novo Lundinium Main the leaves on the trees were desiccating in a dropping off phase changing in hours from green-red to brown. Pervasive genetic unraveling was affecting the biota including the carefully engineered Martian arboreal network. The catastrophe to Suzi clearly was sabotage. Though surveillance and sense transmission devices reduced to near plank scale and ten to the minus 25th that coordinated strings of six micro dimensions to filter data of larger structures were implanted and broadcast about the environment and structures of Mars like shadows in grains of sand nothing in the fabulous web of artificial intelligence monitoring the planetary systems and being-for-others indicated discerned treason to Corporate as culpable perpetrators. Suzi's Big Comm ear intercourser discerned the direction of her thoughts and admitted a gentle rush of the Drake Sea waves and whispered "They have not been found" and hushed into the oblivion of quietude from Suzi-for-now.

The alien lowered his protective eye visor down as enough room space freed up for him to lift a hand to his face as the tube's passengers spilled out both sides onto the surface station at Main on Kant Strollway. Suzi breathed the cool air held in place within the City dome shaped molecule field condenser shaped above and wondered what had gone wrong. Big Comm AI ear intercourse provided a snippet of words from what it said was a scrambled location from this morning's trillion-zillion bits apprehended for linguistic analysis "do you believe the e-factor will be quantifiable for the groups in our study?"

"Where, who and when Big Comm?" Suzi queried in her thought very loudly to Big Comm's Suzi loop.

"Suzi Shan" the distant yet present Big Comm said, "We will probablize personnel from speech quantification, bar code/locale reductio ad absurdum. Yet it is broad and will take time for clarification to high certainness."

"Thanks B.C." Suzi thought.

"Its nothing" B.C. replied.

Chapter 13...Blarney

Nitrist Blarney left her suite of offices she rated as Department Chairman at the UT Extraneous Physics Building early in the afternoon to pick her drop at the old driftwood log on the Drake Sea shore. The Drake Sea was placed behind Martian Dam in the enormous Valles Mariner to formed, beneath a Vose Shield, one of the largest, deepest artificial water bodies teeming with life beyond Earth in the Solar System. The Martian Seacoast at Novo Lundinium's northern edge had bergy-bits aground on sand bars and coral reefs designed for cool waters. A chill from cold west winds often brought sea-effect snowstorms. The sea was reconstituted from ice north beyond the flood plain refrozen from an ancient warmer time on Mars. The ice was deposited by comet impacts and contained unearthly additives. Kuiper Belt comets passing into the inner system occasionally brought more ice passing with minimal friction through unscreened regions of a normally thin Martian atmosphere. Much ice accumulated underground and at the North Pole. The Vose molecular inversion field held the Drake to a reasonable rolling wave turbulence caused by the thermal convection currents from seafloor ventholes drilled at it's creation, and prevented evaporation and etherialization into the thin native Martian atmosphere and the neo-void of interplanetary space.

Nothing didn't exist. Nothing has no time. Only the actual presence of something does; light photons or what have you where and when it actually is. Which is the reason why people used to believe that space was curved near large clusters of mass--because large clusters of mass attracted more mass to it as a universal action...mass attracts geodesically or roundishly (curves) mass as a universal action...even anti-gravity is the attraction of anti-matter or reverse charged mass in a more complete paradigm. Space does not exist, just human and alien perceptions sense data relating to the phenomenon of mass in the condition-as-wave-reflecting-bodies where they are as phenomena of stimulus for sense data. Mass attracts mass and that is the only meaningful or possibly meaningful measure of space-mass as a displaced unified field.

The type and relationship of one form and place of mass to another is a real form-shape-being condition. People made the error of perceiving thin volumes of mass enroute between stars as proof of a space to travel in...which is a misleading term supporting the concept that an 'in' or volume exist such as space-for-itself. The form of thin where/what they are in real-time is a better conceptual approach to nothingness and being rather than an idea of space or distance. The Drake Sea was a relaxing experience to Nitrist.

A Corporate entrepreneur brought thousands of driftwood logs rotting for decades on southeast Alaska beaches after being illegally laser scythed during the Chaos. The cost with electro-magnetic mass-driver sling launchers like the David Device for transport was far from nominal yet it was closer than the forests of Tethys and it's older growth pine, spruce, hemlock, cedar or Douglas Fir at exorbitant cost. William Wicket bet Martians would pay more for the ambiance at his resort and lost. Martians did not use the driftwood-for-a-fee luxury beach until the project was abandoned and storm waves and wind scattered the remnants of primordial forest from the Alaska Alexander Archipelago to the farthest beaches of the Drake.

Nitrist Blarney's special log at Armstrong Bay was an exceptional six hundred years in growing cedar half-tree with root system intact one hundred feet in length. Its hollow seaweed and sand filled rotting fifteen foot diameter core was an excellent convenient place to receive parts and communiqués for rebel projects outside brilliantly encrypted and surveilled standard comm-loops. The Martian

Council for Sedition and rebellion sent its messenger RNA, who she'd never met, whenever total privacy was required. It could be an animal-in-appearance synthetic, or pig's genes spliced to contain a message that could be revealed in the stages of preparation for a barbecue. Nitrist stopped short of cooking animals with human gene sequences that scientists had grafted in for over a century because of its similarities to cannibalism and lack of cayenne peppers.

Nitrist used the UT-EM tube at Greens Common and Kant Strollway to flit over to exit a quarter mile from the wilderness strip. Another mile walk brought her to the Drake shore. She popped the bio-guard seal on a vitale and slurped tiny foam bubbles and the cold dark liquid gratefully quaffing it to extinction in seven seconds. Sitting down with a belch in the sand with her back to the log she took off her jellies and enjoyed the icy chill of wet not quite frozen salted sand between her toes. Looking over her shoulder she peered into the log's depth and reaching in, removed a spotted moquank bird's egg-pocket and placed it into a stealth jumpsuit pocket. She turned up an ultra-kev collar against the wind.

There was so little time she reflected, to turn the tide of illegal Corporate sponsored immigration that lowered wages and kept people in thrall trans-border everywhere. Corporate Interplan power must be checked or expelled along with Youne to prevent Mars Colony and the heritage from falling into the chaos and quagmire which beset Earth in the Lemmingway domination of absolute associationist psychology for-itself. She was troubled with the timeless concern of people immersed in covert activities being surveilled. In Nitrist's case as a physics professor on a planet saturated with surveillance devices connected to innumerable data banks and Big Comm loops the concern was de trop. Intelligence retained forever in computer memory followed the law of dispersive equalizing entropy in knowledge eventually becoming available to everyone. Part of modern intelligence was in being free from pervasive circuit monitors.

Her brief training enclosed in the first decoy turtle-clam was simply to act as natural as possible and reduce covert things to an incidental status casually executed as she might pluck a stuffed hor d'oeuvre from a hovering auto-waiter. The shadow Nam illustration demonstrated the social process by which mass social delusion...a pseudo - Nam social zeitgeist in the 1990's in the United States of America supported egregiously falsehood, bad conduct, sedition and fiduciary crimes openly. Even sworn government intelligence officials could live flagrantly above their means with proceeds of corruption. Nitrist could go about her covert ops openly as if they were the right things to do. Wrong to Nitrist's instructors was a majority opinion; even the majority of power.

She would read the moquank egg's message in a secure breakfast room at the lab. Her vis-com would decipher coded messages in the DNA strands as she broke it open to fry over easy. She could reconstitute the message from any part including the shell if any message existed.

A solitary beachcomber enjoying a crisp day, Nitrist Blarney stood up and began her usual five-mile jog along Armstrong Bay to the Toktamesh Street G.O.R.T.

Chapter 14...Tawooth

What did they know about origins? Like unenlightened people in poverty and chaos throughout history the color of the skin became the affinity group identifier. In multi-cultural giant slums immigrants without extended kinship nets supported those of the same epidermal D.N.A. character. Sub-cutaneously many people of differing colors shared more group DNA similarities than with people of the same

white, brown, black or yellow topically. Ninety-nine percent plus of human genes are common to everyone in the natural state, yet that wasn't a factor to human groups struggling for economic power. It was important to be a member of an upwardly mobile group of people.

In the chaos the myth of Arius took new form in the American west. From the backbone Rocky Mountains across the great basin to the Sierras and Cascades, from the Okanogan Valley of Washington to the upper Sonora Desert of Arizona, and Hayden Lake, Idaho it provided the historically challenged with a class identity amidst protracted Chaos. In the helix chaos in which authority and disestablishmentarianism attacked individuality incongruity prevailed while anarchistic and fascist factions formed hoods of convenience. Some based structure partly on the concept of an Aryan Nation, La Raza and the Greenland Liberation Uncledom.

The twenty-seven names of Mt. McKinley, Tenados, Tanana the Isle of Tenados in the Aegean not far from Saul's City of Tarsus the Aral Sea, Syr Daria, Arian the historian of Alexander, Arian the schismatic believing Jesus' nature was entirely human; the names of history in the era of writing left some trace of the wanderings of the ancient peoples of central Asia before Ukranian languages dominated Eurasia. Yet of an accurate and concise trail there can be no certainty. Are the Ainu a lost proto-Caucasoid tribe like the Maori's or Australian Aborigines? Did St. Brennan sail to America in the third century a.d.?

Were the American Indians so named mistakenly by Columbus actually a polyethnic group of people accreting people of type O blood over thousands of years from land and sea crossings east and west? The Clovis culture of North America circa 11,500 B.C. was not the first to reach the new continent. Prior culture's with skeletal remains of very diverse ethnic origins dating to 15,000 B.C. and toward the east coast instead of the logical west if the first Americans arrived from Asia across the Bering Sea land bridge were discovered. Albs from Europe using large skin boats were followed by predatory Vikings in a sailing evolution over centuries across the distant western reaches of the Atlantic Ocean to Iceland, Greenland and eventually Newfoundland.

Did Cretans build Neolithic Earth domes across Europe and England and become the first Irish and builders of Stonehenge in England sometime toward the last half of the third millennium B.C.? Did the culture of Summer-Akkad provide via horse courier smelting and writing technology to China. What mystery of the wanderings of human beings caused the disappearance of Neanderthals some 30,000 thousand years before present?

Of the localization of skin color originating generally in response to climatic conditions, and who the actual ancestors of those people in time and geography's isolation were may never be clear. It is known that when civilization began six or seven thousand years ago something fundamentally changed in the spirit of mankind.

Discovering the difference between good and evil, losing the innocence of nakedness, noticing the evolutionary de-selecting the legs of snakes. It is improbable that human understanding will be more than through a glass darkly especially as humanity is artificially broadening its genetic base. Natural selection is a response to evolutionary challenges that nobody would ever entirely present to himself. As the environment was surpassed by human techne personnel, artificial selection became the mode of existence. It was a doom.

The Nation of Tawooth faced too many challenges to be so narrow minded as a purely skin and eye color self-defining Aryan Nation. Residual nuclear, chemical and biological vectors with organizational chaos made a broad-based faction desirable. An odd band of homeless warriors of any race or creed with the common trait of surviving Big Comm assaults wandered the ways of Lewis and Clark, Jim Bridger, Jedadiah Smith, Geronimo, Captain Jack, Gila River Apaches, Eldridge Cleaver and the Eisenhower Interstate System. They formed the core of independent allies for the conquest of Mars. They were thought of by other tribes in the Reamerigos as an insurrection logic of secular inhumanists mired forever in the infinite loop of Nietzian recurrence.

The leader and plenum potentate of the Nation was Prissy Bar-Warp, son of Gustav Hanahar Warp discoverer of the conservido-a missing psychological dialectical match to the libido discovered by Sigmund Freud. A vital balance for individuals, Gustav Warp discovered that all psychological laws have a matching anti-law as do quantum mechanical particles. Gustav Warp also contributed important work in e-going, no-going, super-unleaded and v.d.t's.

Brethren under the benevolent guidance of Big Warp rebuilt and rechristened Shucks-o-Chauvin Bridge across the Golden Gate of Warp Prissycisco Bay as a St. Louis arch with a pilot deck of condos over the top known as hammerhead skyboxes. Each end of the bridge was an R.V. campground for P.W.'s Praetorian Guard; the Jaws of Death. Gel Boot camps at the foot of each shining R.V. camp on a hill contained thousands of potential miners scraped from the Great Basin, Rocky Backbone and Aerie Zona of the Sonora Deadserf. They would be recast into warriors of the Tawoothian Brotherhood and the New Order of Disorder as miners for Corporate Interplanetary projects about the Solar System's areas of mass mineral concentrations.

Corporate scouted south slum projects and arid zone militprep schools for officer recruit material for Excavation leaders and special infiltration e.g. Mars. All people were potential personnel as raw data source thieves aka. special apprehension police, in the post information age.

The Brethren contained an engineer corps of monks instructing a horde of eclectic survivors of Lemmingway/Earth in Wotan-Woo-Shu style drill instruction to prepare personnel to scour the system for blue-prints to assemble artificially intelligent lasing micro-chips able to swarm in space to make stream flowing coherent light as broad as the sun. It would be another ultimate weapon to hold as an ace in a memory circuit.

P.W.'s Chiefs of Staff were Colonel Sancho Bold and Brigadier General Hyrim Thortez. From Mount Popocatepetl looming over Mexico City to Mount Rainier looming over Seactl they executed the will of P.W. with the swiftness of Field Marshal Trotsky in his train during the Russian civil war. Their general orders enforced the Newest and Best for Ever World Order with a thousand-point decree issued on drizzly day from the heliport across top of the stump of the Transamerica building at the sixteenth floor by Emperor Warp. They had a personal cadre of two-hundred thousand hyper-marines...special dregs conditioned to lack all human compassion, with implanted gills, genetic fortification, vision with enhanced artificial optics, cling stealthware, fireproofing, bullet, laser, chemical, biological and explosive resistance who were usual kept on a short chain and a Luftwaffe of reactionary pseudo-saucers with Serbian logic circuits flying interminably above crumbling and rusting city ruins and wilded up areas looking for captives for enlistment, spare body parts, slavery, programmed media coordinated public

assassinations or simply plain old target practice and extirpation as undesirables in economic cleansing.

Corporate paid hard credits for quality miners, and officers received a portion of every purchase made by Corporate from the Tawooth Fund. Miners themselves after training weren't reluctant to leave the insecurity of wild Reamerigo, the prolific Chaos and pervasive unraveling.

Prissy was affectionately called Glorious Leader by the cadres. Early each clear day he deemed an auspicious moment for personal instruction to the votaries of super-conducting jackhammers and blackbody stealth space infiltration suits.

A fog wall one-thousand feet in height rolling like a slow motion tsunami of marshmallow in the sparkling blue sky and azure Pacific below sprang from its indolent crouch and increased its speed at the change of tide to encounter North Reamerigo and Prissy on the Hammerhead deck of the Shucks-o-Chauvin bridge. Emperor Warp Prissy strode out upon the diamond and titanium Corinthian column lined balcony as he was accustomed and spoke to the masses of trainees at attention below standing on a hydrostatic pressure supported polymer sheet protecting the Bay waters from settling beta and gamma radiation and genetically engineered viral and genome segment biohazards sometimes adrift in the jet stream.

"Fish, fish everywhere and not one large enough to eat." The cadres roared approval.

"Men, women, frappe; miners all in a secondary m.o.s... this one goes out to you flying tigers that have freedom to chew, freedom to liberate your conservidos from repressive liberaldos, to labor in my mines far away in the radical underground just for the thrill of it" Prissy paused enough to let the ovation and bellowing accolades subside.

"Don't every write a popular song starting with the words *Well I*". The cadres howled and cheered so wildly that the Praetorian Guard dispersed tranquil mist onto the ultra-marine trainees who hushed a bit.

A new rhythmic drumbeat like syncopated chant of "*Big Dog, Big Dog wang dang bop du rop rup*" rose from the thousands of ultra-marines. Prissy gazed benevolently down upon them, giving them a full turning profile and raised hand wave of acknowledgment.

Prissy continued his speech, lasting several minutes until fog was allowed to approach through the field molecule screen to enshroud the trainees as shades in an orphic underworld of sunless mist. They were marched by D.I.'s of the Jaws of Death with staccato cadences extolling salad nearly off the bay cover and back to gel boot camps All-pine and Borscht.

Brigadier Thortez and Colonel Bold talked head to head behind the sound and projectile screen that Prissy disdained during his discourses to the masses. Prissy approached, his baldhead shining in orange winter sunlight on the hammerhead balcony above the fog and said;

"Hyrim develop it quicker. I'm ready to knock out Corporate know. My bones ache to leap into control of the Solar System. We're losing too many warriors to Corporate mining camps and my sedition can't happen if they're all out in the asteroids, the Jovan System, Nep-tunes or beyond when the rotting door of Corporate Monopoly is ripe to be kicked in. We'll obliterate Bigg Comm simultaneously for unchallengeable control.

We'll lose the element of surprise if we withhold fulfilling orders for miners. I suspect the great basins and backbones store of recruits isn't unlimited so we can't

just get more either. Higher numbers of Asian Big-Comm allegiants brainwashed to loyalty to Imperial Anarchy would lead to an unreliable cadre. I want the reserve shelves of ultra-marines filled and complete with loyal, malleable, gullible captives programmed to serve me before it too is drained off to the outback of the system" the Emperor slammed down a fist on a molecular projection field battle plan for his general staff to regard.

Brigadier Hyrim Thortez said, "Emperor Warp, the decoy planets can only be pre-fabricated as fast as we can pre-judge them. If the Jaws of Death go too far in the sculpt works at Almedia Springs there could be pre-designed disasters equivalent to crashing Phoebus into Mars. Instant planet reconfigurations, shells, Dyson Spheres, and illusory field decoys even with ultrue-computers require a lot of testing."

Colonel Bold contributed "Tawooth will rule the Solar System myne Emperor Warp. It is the inertial will of the Pluralverse! Maoist, nihilist oligarchs of Corporate Interplanetary tyranny can't be allowed to succeed in depopulating Earth, turning it into an arboreal vacation area and deprive us of the ultra-marines we must have to save the twelve planets!

"Thank you Sancho, you're perceptive as usual" Prissy replied enjoying the Colonel's eager and whole-hearted support of his ideas. "We will succeed in terra-forming the twelve planets and all Corporate outposts eventually be assured. The Emperor Warp of Tawooth has made preparations for an Armada of Stealth Space Ultra-Marine transports to be launched from magnetic rail guns in the backbone. They will rendezvous clandestinely at a blackbody sphere beyond Venus and attack en masse the totality of Corporate H.Q.'s and militfacts from one edge of the gravity sink to the other."

"Glorious Leader, we must have patience and wait for the perfection of the inflatable decoy Earths before the assault on Corporate H.Q.s and militfacts proceeds or Corporate forces will have us dead to rights sitting as ducks in the Nation Of Tawooth on Earth should elements of the Corporate live-fire fleet survive to counter-attack" General Thortez exhorted.

"Of course Brigadier, of course; I always trust my special councilors. Yet we shall take the live fire fleet en passant mon amis" Prissy Bar-Warp dismissed munificently.

"Our timing will be flawless, and as simple as was Alexander's unraveling of the Gordian knot which was said to be the key to conquering Asia. So shall I wait and begin no victory before its time?"

Did the Pluralverse recur eternally? That is does a metaphysical time-space field bigger than the one of this Universe exist that contains our Universe to replay it again forever like a recorded hologram opera from end to end? Is the Pluralverse alternately like a self-winding yo-yo that explodes from a singularity of gravitationally compacted space time with anti-gravity expanding it the other direction in turn compacting gravity bordering the space-time pluralverse until compacting to an opposite-space-time singularity to explode with gravitational expansion unit anti-gravity is again compacted with all mass-time to a singularity and so on ad nauseum?

Does it unwind through dozens of billions or trillions of years on each circuit side and restart? Did life, perception, sense data and what is knowable as experience recur as a pre-determined fact with just the self-deluding seemingness of real, free intelligence? If it does recur forever is it all determined by some original, undetermined first cause that set and resets the seemingly infinite loop of the

pluralverse in substance and motion to recur infinitely? Would movements, transports, perception and data be determined in advance as is the redetermination that the evolutionary Universe would recur eternally? How was that determined and so on in the infinite regress of nonsapient determinations? Is it just that the appearance of choices or the need for the determinations is illusory if the pluralverse does recur forever as it were in a possible dumb design?

The Tawoothian brethren estimated the chances to find wiggle room in the redeterminism of the Pluralverse though they were aware of the possibility that the perception of time and being is infinite in all directions, and the apparent infinite *deja vous* recurrence syndrome such as Frederick Nietzsche had kicking a boulder on an evening walk at Lake Lucerne was a compound of the infinite nature of time examined as an instant clump singly by a perceiver trying to be, and naturally somewhat different than the infinite motion of mass in an infinite combination of potential perceivable or describable relativistic abstract relations as a reflective intellect is able to be cognizant of things-for-themselves *per se*. The mynd of the perceiver in other words may have a recursive psychological imaging of the complete complex of compresent percepts and mistake that seemingness for an insight into the fundamental nature of the physical pluralverse.

It was at least clear to the Brethren that the probability of the recurrence of an experience is the content and basis for scientific judgment. And that which can be applied from the lessons of humanity's history is predicated on recurrence in abstract situational form. The masses of free anarchists undragooned into the service of Emperor Warp but living in the Reamerigo Nation of Tawooth lived the Neitchzian error as a patriotic call to survival of the most fit usually unaware of the finer points of the consideration of the deployment of the matter of space-time in their brutish, desperate and short post-Chaos existence. The Ministers of Terror taught that eternal recurrence called for domination of the law abiding by anarchist supermen. The ignorant savages were easily converted to anarchy and terror if they were not naturally indoctrinated.

Yet the Order did what it could to provide ultra-marine trainees with unreflective inhumanism and greed in the cult of Prissy. Warp's espousa the Empress Liprule coached the cadres to focus on business, war and herself instead of the distracting doctrine of Terror.

Emperor Prissy would strive to lead Tawooth in a reconquista of the twelve-planet system until one commensurate with his grandeur could be found.

Chapter 15...Historical deletion

Barton Freewater returned to his History Department chair office with a liberal expanse of one-hundred square feet of room from the brunch meeting at the Slaughterhouse Cafe and sat in a warm gel chair amidst his wall of history memory and ancient texts and turned to look out his broad window vista to the Drake Sea west and a real time hologram of the planet on the image wall. He reflectively considered the volcanic mount Ceraunius Tholus and contentious development of observatories, gardens, dominiums and misner ski slopes. From his vast collection of audio-video historical archival material he was compiling material for a tome of violence and economics, micro-and macro sociological phenomena.

The thirteenth century Mongol Invasion of Russia all the way to Novgorod offered a starting point for unlimited vistas in research from mass catapult batteries to obliterate walled cities to the latter parallel exploration by Yermak the Cossack of Sibir beyond the Urals within twenty years of Cortez' exploration of Mexico. The

four hundred years of Eurasian History he would summarize in four succinct pages to support his thesis.

For now he asked his computational ad hoc box to design a new operating system with an historical language base. Each term was to be an unbound literal that would have increasingly probability-determined value as it constituted part of a larger word paradigm. The operating system would be useful in artificial intelligence surveys of data base words existing in potential illumination of the thesis. Power pragmatists tended to believe that language and truth reflected implicit value systems in the realm of computational logic. The language base that best served the immediate interests or goals of the user directed the way the operating system was designed. Artificial inertial planks had once driven corporations in the era before Corporate Unification to chase an artificial intelligence virtual business reality predicated on an existential operating system objective group solipsism, whereas a heterodox system was desirable.

The E-factor, Barton considered, as an attributable historical agent would be dangerous to track. How, when quantification of mechanics had eliminated data privacy could evil be objectified at all? As a language context evil to one could be defined as good by another. Language base system term variance allowed Universal room for evil to practice. The obvious alternative to bind language variables to one fixed meaning was an absurdity not worthy of consideration. The plastic nature of substance manipulable by a plethora of distance sub quantum-mechanical transmission shaping forces outflowed from P.A.M. Diraq, Wolfgang Pauli, Marconi, television, Internep aka World Wide Weeb, wireless internet...liberator of downtrodden masses but open door to the E-factor, particle beam weapons technology and the reduction of c in a special medium to 0 m.p.h. bore fruit in the transition of fixed material reality into one more like language construed of as terms or variables with bound use values. Evil had virtually unlimited maneuvering space within the context of physical reality as a plastic, variable substance, which only seemed to be what it was. When computation reduced from electrons to quantum mechanical levels, such as began with Josephson Junctions, and continued along with physical research into the use of the primary physical forces of the pluralverse as computational engines the reliability of what is changed into something it was not.

Human biochemical reactions and growth factors were subject to analysis and control in planket grid *test-tubes* able to generate polymorphic persons.

Barton sent his wife Mary and fourteen-year-old daughter Evolake to an ocean interaction seminar of Una Semana on the far western edge of a Chasm that delimited the Drake Sea. He planned their absence to coincide with the time period he believed most likely to experience the start of quantifiable Lemmingway on Mars.

Barton mag-combed his Edwardian electric-afro designed hair and turned the miesner gel-chair to face a four-hundred year old oak desk piled high with historical bric-a-brac from a hundred nations and a half dozen worlds. Beatrice Knoc-Wheatly, a lanky ex-basketball star of Bolter College and present Youne Shop Steward and Department Secretary-in-Chief entered the office and said "Barton I could'na stop lave. Maybe youne should dove call three building Maoz".

A wave of student demonstrators costumed in traditional mode rad-hopflooded in through jumpways, door, and spiral maglev fish ladder stairways to reach the outer office in an audio storm of impatience, conflict and crowd will-to-power.

A tall, lean, intelligent aristocratic youth of Chinese descent with a thin, bony, buxom, brown haired, blue-eyed woman of medium height, marginally eighteen years of age wearing a Mars Guard Desert Red fatigue jacket, camel-pig gel-boots and bloused red-black chameleon trousers with a Mars Colony flag sewn aft presented the demands of the student non-violent steering committee for bike paths. Freewater guessed it would inevitably be like student demands made the last seven hundred years since such activities became popular during the European Renaissance.

The male leader held a sign insolently in one hand written in bloc Chinese *kaishu* slave script; a language Freewater could not read well. Glowering at Barton he spoke commandingly in Mandarin, then condescended to speak in French, switched to Arapaho to talk with his female co-conspirator for a few moments before Barton, fingering a directional mag-particle shaped charge grenade under his desk said "What is it that you want young man, I speak English and German fluently?"

The student leader was obviously agitated; "Your office and yourself. We are going to occupy your office hostage you until all history is taught fair and equally in History 101 at U.T. Extraneous instead of dumped Earth Civilization. The Shang and Islam are still linear in time existing rival civilizations. We demand that the Aryan invasion of India, Sidartha and Buddhism in India, the Hinayanna and Mahayana, Pure Land, Tupaq and the Incas, Nagarajuna, Ramses, Rama, the Bantu journeys, Shakka Zulu's Empire, the ascendancy of the Dorset Eskimos and the role of women in the Mexican Revolution be deleted. We demand that white males be deleted from domination of historical course content so the true picture may emerge of women as the workhorses of Martian civilization! False pseudo-history cannot go unsquashed!"

Barton looked at a hologram of the Omega Galaxy on his desk; "There isn't enough time in the undergraduate career to teach all of history that you ask for my piratical friend. Study in equal portions, in meaningful depth of all persons in history would take more than a lifetime to summarize. Theories of history and methods of teaching the high story usually utilize the role individuals or events/processes have had upon other people, which is the reason why controlled substance dealers and mass murders or serial killers generally face harsher judgments...for their individual deviations.

If you make it so far as Graduate School you may pursue whatever historical courses you prefer. What is your field" Barton asked?

"Astrophysics" the student leader of the non-violent steering committee for bike path expansion replied but got no farther when a Pentrex micro-fusion bomblet expanded its quintessential peace state to one of thermal Inversion-inducing pressure wave release outwardly from the rapid chain reaction. It sought release at a high and expanding rate of speed from confinement in its small round ultra-strength dwarf alloy shell and release from small white walls with a hologram of Mars on one of them to liberation in a purely equalized exteriority in the environment amidst an ocean of neutrons and gamma rads reducing walls, alloy studs, people, desks, historical artifacts, ceilings, floors, structural beams, fixed plasticrete, electron resistanceless tunnel circuits, trees and anything else of substantial size to molten dissipation and vapor joining the wave of leading edge outwardly surfing atoms assaulting the resistance of obstruction.

Chapter 16...The Martian Condition

Nitrist Blarney slurped a Scotch double chased with a Wrangell Dark Ale at the Mil-o-slow Body Shop and toyed with the leftover Mandarin Duck and wild egg fried rice on honeycomb on her hot, oblong dinner plate. The fast service at the Mil-o-slow brought smoked salmon and caviar over to her table by the field screen on the terrace of Canton Towers Building A on Kant-Strollway North with Milton Fripp. Milton simply drank a second Wrangell Dark Ale and considered if Nitrist would command him to overnight again. He was the sixth generation of the account clan of Frips to serve the matriarchic Blarney clan leaders of science and politics on Earth and Mars. Inwardly Frip was drooling hoping he could serve overnight.

"They are getting too close Milton" Nitrist said.

"Both the U.T. Extraneous balance factors and Corporate would enfilade and terminate my project if we allow it. Thanks for your placement Milton. I've got something extra in the sack for you tonight. Tomorrow see if you can find anyone else at home." Nitrist directed.

Chapter 17...Misanthrope Dialectic

In the City of Novo Lundinium Colonel Macarthur felt a wave of ignorance rush over him and discerned that a leading edge of a Lemmingwave field from stooge division of Big-Comm-Psych had broadcast and passed like a tsunami across Mars. Cromwell Macarthur had his brain trained as a social seismograph at Security/Maoz College at Scotchops-Edinburgh in the savage re-iced rocks area of Europe.

Scotchops outward bounce glacial training courses developed by Interplanetary Maoz vectored cadres via enlightenment about the nature of criminal activities versus real organizational power to meet the needs of a Newish World Order's contractual obligations for Interplan Corporate's sprawling business empire and subsidiary freight tensoring division throughout the Solar System and beyond. Flourishing piracy,embezzlement, theft and various force-into- proscribed civil Maoz space-time coordinates provided job security for law enforcement and a need for adjudication.

Britain before the Chaos was a saucy country recolonizing with financial prowess and rugged determinism much of the territory relinquished between 1776 and 1970. From the humble tribe of Brits to Celts, Angles, Jutes, Saxons, Romans, Normans, Indians et.c the land of the Ingles saw as many ethnic accretions during history as had Mars. It acquired social management skill to eventually become the Executive Center of Corporate Interplanetary Business so far as a center of commercial management after the planet rush of free lands and faster than light communication could be said to exist anywhere.

Special Air Services, MI-5, Royal Marines and several branches of the Royal Government atrophying in disuse were sold by titular King Lloyd II to the Newish World Order for two thousand billion pounds, undisclosed future stock choices and the Isle of New California... built in the Pacific ten miles offshore as a screen against unusual political waves. The post-Chaos remnant of Britmilitpower specialops was transformed into an elite training cadre for off-world policemen.

Colonel Macarthur's monitors in U.T. Extraneous Maoz showed disturbances growing in the History tower. He'd sent a squad of hum-riot equipped campus Maoz people. They had just reached the History Department floor as it disintegrated into pseudo-oblivion and recursive overlapping video cams receding at electronic switching speeding of light to continue to provide coverage of the anomalous

motion event which drew the attention of security-Maoz artificial analysis systems that monitored everything in sensory web input.

Sir Macarthur did not need to dispatch emergency reaction forces to the scene as a host of redundant section monitors alerted more personnel than were useful. Medical and rescue personnel would be superfluous for one as there were no survivors in the History Tower.

Cromwell began to reflect on the source of the event and to consider its role in the web of developments shaping the political destiny of Mars Colony.

Mars Colony was under assault from incidental powers asserting organizational control over the finite domain. Because the organizational missions and structures could not coexist conflict resulted along margins of contact and in systems that would need to be corrupted in order for takeover to successfully occur. Deep within the Mars Colony infrastructure the grid of planetary control would be stressed to breaking.

The new facet in the conflict was Ex-Congressman Bernard Cain Mugg-Pshush; a cult leader of the Tawooth Brethren of One-Hundred-Fifty Guitars fine-tuned in special war that were fanatic disciples of violence. The legend and transformation of Congressman Cain into Commander Mugg-Pshush began with his ascension into a darkened sky upon a column of pressurized air to an invisible stealth ship after leaping from the pinnacle of the Capitol State Rotunda crumbling beneath him surrounded by red streaking fifty caliber tracer bullets in the darkness shot from machine guns of the Conservative Communal liberation anarchists of a Newer Chaos and the Republican Guard of Democratic Suffrage who sought to annihilate the life of an anachronistic representative of a non-existent federal government.

Colonel Macarthur searched through his memory and data banks of System UT-EX Maoz for more information on the probable actions of Mugg-Pshush and the Guitars on Mars that were known to have made planetfall personal identification traces on the Northern Front.

Mugg-Pshush was Prissy Warp's fist amidst the darkness...an arm of total corruption and ruthless execution beyond the stylized horror of cruel, amoral methods utilized by the conventional forces of Tawooth Jaws of Death drilled ultra-marines directed by Brigadier Thortez and Colonel Bold in committing crimes and covert militfacts against humanity colonizing Solar System One.

Sir Macarthur reached an arm to the window with outstretched palm, fingers and AI optics recognized the hair color, quantity, size, location and molecular facts that gave it a high probability of belonging to a living Macarthur and motioned forward as an instruction to fade away and let in more afternoon sunlight through its polarizing security Maoz. An apple orchard park outside was empty of people. Bright light heightened the intensity of the room colors and his thoughts.

He interrupted his flow of memory to distill the idea that nineteenth century Freudian psychology was mostly bunk used by pseudo sophisticates outpacing common sense with terminology for populist consumption with a shiny object like attraction to fleece dupes. Labels used by psychologists have a history of camouflaging and lending credibility to specious notions with labels from physical sciences. Even the legendary Sigmund used pseudo-esoteric obscurantism to provide cover for will-o-the-wisp concepts that could have credibility enough to be sold and mass marketed for profit. It was the optimal con of selling nothing but fiction for enormous fees. It eventually became an off-line adjunct to the legal system...which itself became for a time irrelevant as technology largely surpassed law enforcement capabilities and humanity lost its individual independence...and

psychology became a sort of franchise Mafia with extortion power directly and indirectly over most people on Earth.

In pre-Chaos America millions of people professed (p)sych-ology to earn regal incomes selling substanceless sophist bunk to individuals, corporations, and governments like an atheistic priesthood of non-sense, power and profit to the gullible or defenseless. People acquiesced in the encroachment. The conservido, no-go and super no-go were adduced as binary dialectical companions of the libido, e-go and super e-go when these terms became obsolete with the advance of pharmaceutical squashing and deletion of personal social integrity.

Twentieth century America produced a cornucopia of drugs legal and illegal to control the mynd and depersonalize existence. The century also developed an existential empirical phenomenological philosophy of language and logic, which eliminated the idea of mynd as a substance yet, was too complicated to be understood by the pre-chaos masses and unwelcome by lemMaoz-way market forces and purveyors of psychiatry.

The organization dialectical and interactive social reason self-defined and collided with other organizational rationale. On Earth the Chaos had restabilized the masses at an unraveling biologically, radiologically and chemically stasis. In Mars Colony which had left the social simplicity of a frontier eradicated and was transforming into organizational dialectics and intrinsic Lemmingway. Civilization was mankind's greatest achievement and also his worst enemy. Civilization liberated mankind from the brutality of wild nature and biology yet sought to imprison and depersonalize humanity to mass-produced conformity without meaningful self-identity beside Corporate labels and pricing.

The paradox that the true self is a verb as one as the soul and not a mind or body per se as society generally believed which was further depersonalized into a sort of existentially existing no-go epiphenomena of thought-in-subjugation-to-others had not evaded Cromwell's recapitulation of stress forces that produced the smoldering ruin of the History Tower across campus, the death of his Maoz detachment, hundreds of students, faculty staff, his friend of many years Professor Freewater and Midas the mascot camel of the graduate school .

The dynamic explosion and smoldering ruins were the facts that brought Mugg-Pshush to thought. Mugg-Pshush had a flare for the dramatic, the unexpected and often with excessive force. Macarthur considered the issue of sufficient force to delete Mugg-Pshush from action on Mars.

Chapter 18...A Thesis of Faith

In the University cathedral lecture hall shortly before the detonation Pat Woewodski in the audience waited to speak with Reverend Faith delivering a lecture to Martian students of theology. Faith spoke thus;

"This is an overview of some contemporary issues of concern to Christians. These issues breed divisions and dissident beliefs for some Christians and persons without belief in God too. In fact the issues are stumbling blocks for some to either lose faith or not grow in it, and an attractive magnet for a cottage industry of popular theological treatises.

The issues you may have surmised derive from the primary query regarding Genesis, the origin of human life and the Universe. The general schism between many adherents of scientific explanations and a divine creation is usually designated as the Evolution vs. Creation controversy. Let me add that humanity has made analog origin explanations based on observations since the beginning of

the written historical record. A Tlingit myth was that Raven brought mankind out of a clamshell. Complete belief in the Big Bang, inflation theory and derivatives on an absolutely material basis for creation isn't much different as far as being paganism modeled on observations than contemporary cosmological theories and space-time evolution as the alpha and omega cause of human life.

I believe in Jesus Christ as personal savior and human philosophical activity as a way of studying the existence God brought into being. I will not resurrect the Scopes trial or adduce new evidence for an ontological argument or an Usherian math ala 4004 B.C. Consider the actual language of Genesis for-itself, and what the meaning is without reading into it concepts and paradigms that are plainly not in it. Language is a sort of two part code the key for which we have only are words, or abstract variables given a fixed value or meaning. The language of the Bible was written initially for people of the era around 1200 BC; one reading today should not be hasty in assuming that one has correct values and referents for all of the terms in that code. Neither should one obfuscate what is plain.

Creationists may believe evolution is consistent only with atheism and immorality; that is not necessary. God could have started the Universe rolling Himself. With His omniscience even though incremental physical change is the apparent method of physical variation or selection God would know every change, and every mode that would be before the beginning. The wonderful simplicity of grace determinism, indeterminism and salvation through transcendent grace in such a relationship is elegant and plain.

The book of Genesis was written for people in an age before the work of Jesus as man on Earth, yet would be read by people for all time to come. For God's method of creation and later prophecy to be given to mankind without giving away secular information that would deleteriously alter the future yet allow faith and meaningful knowledge of God's plan and the history of the Universe required subtle definition and description. If Genesis contained a complete account of quantum mechanics for instance in 1200 B.C. the Earth might not even exist today because of early inventions of weapons of mass destruction.

God probably did not make the Genesis account of creation in conflict with the actual universe-for-others. The difficulty of reconciling the two is probably in what W. Van Orman Quine called the indeterminacy of language. The words of the Bible and the physical universe need to be interpreted with much caution. Implications and non-strict inferences shouldn't be arbitrarily read in to either. People throughout history tend to interpret Genesis and the pluralverse according to their own word/term/bound variable database of learning or understanding.

The wisdom of man isn't the same as observations about sense data or the paradigm of what is considered the material universe (pluralverse). Regard the gulf between what is and psychological, intentional words and ideas people can make about sense data. One can find consistence in the general notion of change or an evolving Universe and the incremental order of change during creation in the Bible.

The fact that God cast the serpent down to the ground to crawl after the temptation of Eve is significant. The vestigial, useless legs on snakes are possibly the most obvious reference to evolution one could choose to place in Genesis. The book of Genesis may be time-crunched condensed natural history complete to the loss of innocence, or awakening of moral intelligence. The entire natural history of the Universe, even billions of years; could have been created by God, Whom is beyond matter or space-time-matter in an instant or in six days. One can only

speculate about the value one day has to a God who created days, years and space-time itself.

The Apostle Peter said that a day to God is as a thousand years to man. Calculating the birth of Adam from the genealogies of Genesis with that literal value, Adams life began about two and a half billion years before now..within a time era that scientists peg as when multi-cellular or Eukaryotic life evolved on Earth.

The Big Bang, Inflation and other cosmological natural theory paradigms are consistent with the 'Let there be light' and essential order of creation in Genesis One and Two. The primary disagreements are the values given to the time span of each reference system. Incidentally Darwin's father was an English clergyman so he may have read Genesis innumerable times. The order of events in the creation in Genesis and in Darwin's theory of evolution are almost parallel if one includes in Darwin's theory contemporary cosmology and what is known of Universal natural history.

People are not relieved from judgment if God evolved or evolves the world creating it in six days and then resting allowing it to inertially continue. Evolution in space-time determinism makes the natural existence of original sin universally evident. All the infirmities of the flesh...aging and dying are a product of the imperfection of the universe after Adam's (Adam means dirt in Arabic) fall from grace and innocence.

The Fall and physical change of the nature of mankind is also another interpretation of the meaning of Genesis. In this interpretation Adam and Eve literally exist as individuals rather than as a genre or evolutionarily present test couple. As a real first couple Adam and Eve might have been instantly created from dirt or metaphysically placed out of elsewhere onto an evolved Earth. If Adam and Eve were created out of dirt in an evolved Universe/Earth then at Adam's sin physical human nature was changed by God to have childbirth, shorter life spans etc. Alternately if Adam and Eve were a test case amongst 'innocent' savage homo sapiens who demonstrated that they knew the difference between good and evil by eating fruit from a cultivated, domesticated apple tree which perhaps they hybridized themselves the age of humanity in civilization could be said to be shortened from pre-civilized, ignorant savage non-cultured being to more individuals, personalized life awareness in culture with writing, cities, etc.

The snake in the garden is an interesting symbol. Reptiles once ruled the Earth and evolved into oblivion during an ice age perhaps after a comet struck the Earth. In global cooling the large lizards perished and statistically they lost their legs and crawled upon the ground as snakes, as a class thereafter while humanity in the garden perhaps in undemanding perfect obedience to God with a pre-reflective innocence yet not inanimate or insentient began to name objects, events and processes and of course learned to cultivate fruit trees, domesticate animals, practice science and therein learn the difference between good and evil, and perhaps not care. Amoralty is a sort of evil after all; one cannot morally annihilate people opportunistically to attain their property, or alter people with molecular shaping beams against their will. Science beginning with the apple orchard changed the role of humanity to such an extent that the consequences of Genesis were requisite to bring it under control. The apple meant that the Ten Commandments would be needed to restore morality to a humanity living without a moral compass. Later, Jesus would arrive to perfect the reconciling path for humanity to God's will. As 'little gods' without science and no morality human destiny required the shaping of human events by the Creator directly.

God did give a chance to fallen mankind to form a perfect relationship with Him through the Jews as the chosen people while also preparing the way for the only effective method of rescuing some of mankind from the fallen state of being. Offering His Son and Self-Jesus Christ as a sacrifice and substitute Redeemer of the faithful from original sin and fallen existence was the cost of reconciliation.

The problem of time and role of Adam...as Adamas or brown dirt as parallel and confounding clue with similarity to evolution paradigmata are two main aspects of the controversy. Here I'll make a few observations regarding logic structures...

Six days of Creation to God could have been six, sixteen or sixty billion years for God. Time is essentially motion of mass measured by observers at any particular point of reference and its rate of change is fairly constant. From a certain point of view time does not even exist. Time is just motion of mass. Mass in motion is the only measurement of time be it the rotation of the Earth, or a clock, the decay of particles or a water clock.

Time is a seemingly regular progression of matter that can be observed and modeled as space-energy. Time is an expansion of mass or more rightly mass as space in-itself...since space without mass in it doesn't actually exist. People as part of a reference system or field of mass observer clocks or waterfalls, the rotation of the Earth around the Sun or moon around the Earth and call those events things happening in time, or the observation of time, which is actually incorrect. Mass exists in four dimensions...atoms have electrons and protons which spin or travel in motion around a nucleus and such existence implicitly contains what is thought of as time. Motion is time; atoms exist because they are in motions just like the Earth around the Sun in a gravitational field of space/mass and the macro or micro observation of the process is somewhat incorrectly thought of as time. Time may be another spatial dimension. Time of each of the 10 dimensions in an M-Theory complex universe may have it's own relative value, yet their would seemingly be a transcendent time set containing all time that also binds the dimensions to one another.

Motion is an intrinsic aspect of mass, so time is an aspect of mass and energy. To stop all motion would be to stop what is considered time. At absolute zero all motion stops as does time...since the term is more a description of the motion of mass than anything else.

God created all mass/space and its intrinsic property of motion and wasn't ever subject to His own creation of mass-rate-of-change/time except of course when One of the Three of Himself; the Son Jesus Christ, was a man for thirty-three years.

The time criterion may have been a nominal explanation for mankind as a pragmatic and functional way for God to describe the evident to scientifically unsophisticated humanity. A sort of Newtonian explanation within an Einstinian mechanics.

Time is relative. Einstein defined a special and general theory of relativity regarding mass/ motion/space-time. God created photons, or the event process of a seeming massless or very low mass (to try to be consistent with what should logically be the real state of affairs in the paradigm/language criterion of natural cosmology and quantum mechanics), and of course is faster than light of course as He is other than the mass/energy/space/time that He brought/brings into being in what is thought of as the Uni or Plural Verse. God transcends the absolute paradigm of humanly observable or theoretically posited space-time as a metaphysical non-contingent self-defining fact of life.

Whatever parts of what is for which we have made names, our ideas of structural classes and words to a substantive measure God created. Photons, quarks, physical forces and other stuff which things are made of can be said to be made of God created contingents; He did not create our inaccuracies or errors in understanding the physical Uni or Pluralverse or Genesis.

God created mass/energy or whatever really is. God created the waters...whatever that means; hydrogen and oxygen frozen in space-time, comets, oceans, rain, mist etc. God created the heavens whatever that means...His extra dimensional facticity as creator of space/mass/time dimensionality is necessary. Human cognitive faculties comprehend the Universe as He intended regardless of how it is in-itself, for-itself.

Are the Heavens absolute nothingness that we think of as 'space'? Isn't heaven something other than the contiguous mass/space/time Uni or Plural-Verse in which people exist and apperceive? The philosopher Kant noted that human perception is limited to the implicit structure of cognition presumably fairly extended to include data interpreted by scientific instruments. Human atomic/energy being interprets other mass/energy than its own yet not necessarily the only way what is could be. Perhaps Heaven has more than one meaning as the English language has one word for snow while Inuit had dozens of words for different types of snow-substances being more perceptive. In old English hefnor was the word for heaven.

God created Earth-days which did not exist before the Earth-Sun Solar System formed up. I would not put God on a chronograph at this point. God could have used His own time definitions or parameters-for-others and provided mankind with a simple, sufficient description as a sort of parable for what could not perhaps be understood as an aspect of God. That which God creates may at some point be attributable to something of the nature of God. God is non-contingent and His nature may not be comprehensible for human beings.

Personally I haven't a problem in accepting that God can accomplish more in a day than humanity could in a trillion years including packing ten or twenty billion years into a day if He so deemed. God created time, which is mass-in-motion and may in another interpretation of a meaning of Genesis have existed only since the fall of man. In the Universe before the fall God may have created a natural history with a different basis that did not have time/mass/motion or entropy/aging in it. Berdyaev described some of the theory.

Eternal timelessness may be the usual with the present quantum mechanical basis a sort of special correction for original sin. Perhaps mankind with the awakening of intelligence began to perceive time as a thing-in-itself. Could such a simple explanation as that have a part in the book of Genesis and have been one of the factors in the knowledge of good, evil and the fall?

The point about Adam, apes and evolution is somewhat superfluous. The snake or tempter could refer to evolution theory and natural history as the sole cosmology/origin itself via the reference to the legs loss/slithering. Could it be a three and a half thousand-year-old warning against atheistic temptations to mistake the mechanics of the universe/pluralverse as a self-creating phenomenon?

To recapitulate some points. The snake could be a hint that God Created/Evolves the (Uni or Plural) Verse Himself. Genesis was written before 1200 BC and the word/symbols written in a language without vowels had a meaning for the people at that time different for the people now. The understanding of natural history and geography was very different in 1200 BC than presently. To the Yurok Indians of Northern California the term 'world' meant everywhere within

two or three days walk once upon a time. The idea that the world was flat probably wasn't even common in 1200 BC. A roundish world had to wait for popularization until 1492. The four dimensions of mass/motion/space/time wouldn't be named for three thousand years. In the Old Testament book of Daniel the term for world is clearly meant to describe the realm ruled by Nebuchadnezzar or Cyrus instead of the whole of the round sphere. That was sufficient for the readers of the book then and even unto now in fact.

In Job 38 God asked many questions about cosmology. He asked who had taken the edges of the Earth and shaken out the wicked. What better description of plate tectonics and earthquakes could have existed in the era?

It could be that misunderstandings of Genesis are equal to human ignorance and the rate of change that people have in knowledge coincides with their level of understanding in how to interpret the timeless words of Genesis. The word of God has meaning quite for-itself independent of interpretation influenced by the popular social education of any era. The living word of God, the Bible and the book of Genesis in particular does refer to the physical Universe (Plural) Verse in a way that would be meaningful for readers of any matter/motion/space-time. Natural History or Cosmology isn't a primary purpose of the Bible yet it remains true even as physical cosmology like the field of psychology changes completely every now and then. Flat Earth to Ptolemy to Newton to Einstein; science sees everything through a glass darkly like people do of moral philosophy and the understanding of teleology and the will of God.

The name Adam could mean many things. It could mean the idea of man quintessentially in the two million years of development in innocent animal-like ignorance before the awakening of civilization, moral philosophy and science and the fall with the knowledge of good and evil.

The time perhaps two hundred thousand years ago when modern man emerged and began to wear clothes, think of good and evil and such abstract notions and started marching more closely into the pathways leading to civilization some one hundred and ninety-four thousand years later approximately could be the meaning. Adam could refer to the start of the age of Eukaryotic life speculated to have started 2.4 billion years ago.

Perhaps God put an actual couple of *Homo sapiens sapiens* in an actual Garden in Mesopotamia or offshore from Tarsus before the sea level rose at some time in an inundated Eden when a flood broke through a damned up Black Sea basin or even a Mediterranean Sea Basin millions of years before when the entrance at Gibraltar (it meant high hill alter perhaps), was overcome suddenly.

Perhaps four very real Cherubim guard four temporal gates of space-time dimensions. Perhaps then that very couple was tempted; sinned proving the change in knowledge and inability to follow orders and were cast out into temporality and the known natural world.

Alternatively God could have evolved the Universe packing twelve to twenty billion years of work into six days and just created and interpolated Adam and Eve into the naturally evolved *Homo sapiens* who weren't yet *sapiens sapiens* and hadn't knowledge of good or evil as moral philosophy. Cosmologists generally believe the Universe started from an inflaton 13.5 billion years ago.

Adam and Eve failed in the garden and were turned out into the natural world to blend in with the other *sapiens* and create tribes in the world. They gave knowledge of good and evil; apple tree cultivation, moral philosophy whatever to the tribes of 'the world'. That could have happened between two hundred thousand

BC and six thousand BC when civilization began. Neanderthal seems to have disappeared from existence around 100,000 BC that seems a genocide that could be a product of learning the difference between good and evil. It isn't likely that they were extirpated for a natural reason such as happens amongst other animals (e.g. direct food resource). Nor is it likely that not enough cave shelters existed for all and war to extermination was necessary. Unless Neanderthals were habitual predators upon *Homo sapiens sapiens* it is difficult to find a plausible reason for the demise of Neanderthal other than an evil moral motivation. A point I'd like to make is that one can't with certainty accept a popular interpretation of the natural history of the cosmos described in Genesis because of the indeterminacy of translation the Bible as the living word of God and the nature of language as social education to a largely defines variable words/terms with its own values. One should be cautious in accepting a dramaturge's exegesis of the book of Genesis.

Regarding the Flood--who knows--we have had catastrophic floods here on Mars in our history. Some have taken ancient Venus before global warming and the catastrophic end of their atmosphere or Mars of a few hundred thousand years before Christ, and various regions of the Earth for the Garden of Eden and location of Adam and Eve. Olympus Mons and Mount Ararat were thought to be locations for some sort of landing ship with saving samples of life aboard to repopulate depopulated areas...Determining the when and where of the Flood of the Bible is contingent upon where and how one places the terms of Adam and Eve and the other names and meanings of the names and time values in Genesis. There was a flood in the damned at Gibraltar and dry, possibly paradisiacal Mediterranean Basin some five and a half million years ago that definitely would have rated the name world flood to anyone living in the area at the time. It has the convenience of supporting the idea of a boat being floated for 'forty days and forty nights' --a phrase which to the twenty first century in Turkey meant 'a long time from the dry sea floor up to the very pinnacle of the world at the dizzying heights of Turkey on a wave or storm surge.

Forty days and nights might be approximately the time it would take to fill the Mediterranean Sea. Another flood of a similar nature occurred later in the Black Sea Basin from the Hellespont. People living in either of the areas would have been drowned to an extent consistent with Genesis. If it involved the Glacial epochs and God promised not to Flood out humanity again perhaps it is consistent with the fact that the sea level is higher now and no low lying broad areas of a comparable size with the Mediterranean Basin or the Black Sea exist to be flooded as they are already under water.

Alternatively the flood could refer to the Tigris-Euphrates system flooded fairly recently. An eight-foot thick mud deposit was found at the early excavations of the city of Ur circa 4004 BC early in the twentieth century by the Wooley expedition during World War One. Jews in Babylonian captivity transliterated the name of the kingdom of *Urartu* into *Ararat* that had no prior existence as a geographical term of description. Urartu was destroyed by the Assyrians in 722 B.C. The anteceding natural history still is subject to interpretation and speculation. Could a comet crash sixty-five million year BC throwing up debris causing an ice age ending the ascendancy of the dinosaur/reptiles be a reference in a time compacted Creation?

Christians may want to have an open mynd regarding a probably correct interpretation of Genesis as should scientists who actually read and think about anything other than technical works in their field. Some of the names and words might represent eras or ideas different than one might suppose in the present. The

fallibility of one's own analysis and interpretation of the word of God should be considered seriously. Interpreting the earliest written record/references to Creation in Genesis considers a plank of pre-history starting before anyone human existed. No holograms, paintings by observers or diary by anyone human present at Creation exists; it's a matter of trusting the word of God.

Mathematical models of the cosmos at some point must introduce fiction or speculative content to describe the unobservable infinities of the recursively boundless frontiers that are considered accurate only so far as empirical testing confirms predictions believed to confirm the veracity of the model. In effect the knowable is paradigmatically redefined while the unknowable macrocosmic infinities are given temporary fiction values subject to redefinition as further modeling paradigms/requisites deem useful. The infinite and unknowable always contains the known cosmic paradigm that is for math modeling purposes as contingent upon subjective interpretation and delimitation in less than an absolute condition as is an island experienced within a dream.

One final point; people are who they are regardless of their ancestry. People aren't cattle or zligmorphs because they eat them nor are people australopithecines or apes if some genetic composition from common ancestry exists. A dog is not a wolf even if his forepawthers may have been. A man isn't a cream puff and coffee though he might have had them for breakfast.

Until the Fall and the knowledge of good and evil became part of human history mankind was not as he is today. It is difficult to know exactly what Genesis was like or how mankind was at some distant time/matter/motion space array in pre-history especially as time is itself mass/motion/change. That mass/motion/space evolves with some coherence is not too surprising since the Uni or Plural Verse itself must have some order to exist. For mass/motion/space- to exist in anything other than order would be self-contradictory because mass/motion/space would need to be other than what it is. It is what it is because of its intrinsic mass/motion/space spin and location characteristics. 'Mass/motion/space implicitly evolves as a permanent process easily exemplified by radioactive decay. Evolution is not simply a biological phenomenon. Ordered change of mass/motion/space is a basic characteristic of the material that in no way implies that material is all that exists or that the existence of anything necessarily means the non-existence of something else..

Mankind and the material world were different in times past than at present one may assert. It is difficult to know how things were in pre-history to be sure. Juries have a hard time arriving at a verdict based on physical, circumstantial evidence of contemporary crimes. It is known that all material facts may be corrupted technologically or by dissimulation, how much more difficult it is to make an accurate portrayal of the events of Genesis. What is reliable is the existent words uninterrupted---yet words to have meaning must be interpreted. Reading itself happens because one has learned that certain words have certain values/meanings. One cannot reasonably assume that those values are even mostly the same in our culture today as they were in a different language three and a half thousand years ago.

It isn't demeaning to accept the hypothesis as possible that God evolved the Cosmos and it is still changing. People in any case are accountable for their actions and sin. Jesus Christ is the only way to redemption and eternal life with reconciliation to the will of God. I shall continue another day."

The constellation of lights, communication and de trop Maoz systems in the lecture hall wavered at the end of Immanuel's talk with the graduate students.

Sound resistant walls admitted a roaring, deafening blast of sound of the apocalyptic from the History building detonation across campus. The primary ground waves undulated like ocean swells through the Mars to move the Cathedral. Rapid shock waves of air pressure pushed through the vicinity on the way out from ground zero and on the way back setting the building creaking, trembling and straining to resist. Emergency comm system aud-vid surveyed the scene outside and the students watched smoke, light burst dust and debris fly over convoluting, tumbling rubble and twisted building remnants pushed as flying jetsam on a tsunami uprooting the Cherry Orchard and anything living in the zone. A few injured people in other buildings and outside were strewn about akimbo in wreckage various degrees of bloodiness and consciousness. When the Cathedral Lecture hall emergency Maoz lock-down lifted as the immediate danger was deemed manageable by AI local Maoz Patrick, Immanuel and the grad students were free to rush outside to try to help the wounded and collect body parts.

PART FOUR...CUTTING DOWN THE ODDS

"Genetically modified artifacts of human design will probably be of a wilder nature than nature itself. The G.M. artifacts will not have been a result of natural selection, but instead will be produced and compiled in quantity without selection through the stabilizing universal biota matrix. The dichotomy of the natural and the unnatural may transition in a catastrophe eventually in order to reintegrate the matrix into a natural balance".

Chapter 19...Valley of Human Rulers

On the flatlands and to distant Ceraunius Tholus more than six miles high with a slope averaging nine degrees ran a crisscrossing grid of valleys and canals carved by ancient rivers of water deposited on the surface when comets and other astronomical bodies with ice impacted surfaces such as the Halys impact crater. The water flowed north to lower elevations, accumulating as ice in sub-surface streambeds and as a large north polar ice cap. In a deeply etched valley of natural appearance on the slope of C. Tholus some three minutes away from Novo Lundinium through the mag tube was the terraced, rudely legendary Valley of Human Rulers. It was named for the life-like statues of more than one hundred thousand historical rulers of humans from Earth and the rest of the solar system. Tiglath-Pilaser, Fidel Castro, Sargon, Nebuchadnezzar, Ramses, Slobodan Milosevic, Adolf Hitler, Pol Pot, Ghengis Khan, Mao Tse Tung, Henry the Eighth, Louis the Sixteenth, Justinian and Theodora, Edi Amin, Hideoshi, Margaret Cedar, Huvang Rao, Roary Thermolone, watching the passing of mass/motion/phenomena as solar powered quasi-crystal D.N.A.-alloy carved'bots on pedestals. Many of the carved bots if given full artificial sentience would probably demand obeisant kow towing like the originals.

The statues were a shading cemetery ornament forest and a tightly wound pride of lions on the terraces waiting to attack. Toktamesh, Peter the First, Attila, Julius Caesar, Arthur, Agricola, Victoria, Maximilian, Kemal Attaturk, Ho Chi Minh, King George the Third, Slobdrim Miloseverer, Oort bam Landin, Abraham Lincoln, Richard Nixon, Manuel Ortega, Bill Clinton, Augustus, Cyrus, Herod, Wilfred Laurier, Nero, Charlemagne, Saladin, Henry the 6th and others watched a perennial stream of tourists making the ascent to worship recreation and vacation at the summit lodge of C. Tholus; Topskii!-- An artificial enhanced collection of megaslopes with more than 15,000 feet of vertical descent on runs varying in length from ½ to 11 miles.

The Guardian Politicians were an aesthetic query to the skiers that hovered along the aesthetic Mars -palm lined Camel Expressway terminating at the foot of C. Tholus after a lengthy meander from Novo Lundinium. The parking lot had a quick chute airlift to Topski!! Year round constant sub-freezing temperature higher up under a Vose field kept perfect snowflakes piling up until liquidation for cleansing. Far above the cactus and Palm trees were the sparkling snowfields of C. Tholus.

Chapter 20...Pshush planetfalls

Ex-Congressman Darrow Flake Cain now Commander Mugg-Pshush and One Hundred-Fifty Guitars wore ultra-stealth space suits shielded with particle voses and slipped seamlessly through the quiet low-density space-mass in the Martian shadow away from the sun. The rhythm section was aloft in reserve. The Guitars were fine-tuned to snare their prey in a syncopated song of direct fire and could barely be restrained from the hunt when given hot scent.

Silent Guitars motioned into a bounding overwatch stealth infantry formation. Martian appropos ovular def-prep tactics sought the silent non-human enemy as well as the obvious. 2135 had been waiting in the center of the Guitar strumming field to observe the event, but his life signal and physical presence was undetected as Mugg-Pshush moved them out to the Zagrove Niche south of Tharsis Tholus at the Ophis Chasmis on the Drake Sea.

As they'd fallen upward from thin/mass/space in the attraction toward the planetary center of mass from the deep cold of orbit the black body Corporate transport ferry reported that Comm-circuits of Corporate AI bots and darkside monitors indicated the non-presence of unauthorized personnel on the backside of C. Tholus. The sold Guitars were followed/traced to Zagrove Niche. The duplicity Mugg-Pshush had to use in maintaining his relationship protocol with Emperor Prissy and Corporate was as much as Prissy himself had with Corporate, Mugg-Pshush thought. Bots didn't report their own coordinates. Even now they could be closing.

The Guitars shed stealthsuit wings and micro-retros, locked and loaded a cornucopia of weapons from Warp's evil-weapons-of-war mobile think tank-- which never took days off. It stank with the fetid corruption of Thanatos...a pagan demi-urge of death. The people weren't allowed patents in Tawooth of course. But a portion of every weapons sale Warp made to Corporate increased the weapon inventor's food allotment for seven days.

Pshush coordinated the Guitars like Arturo Toscanini with a string section hitting the hard edge of musical euphoria. At the edge of being they deployed para-wings with full micro-retro jets just dozens of feet from the solid lower slopes of C. Tholus a few miles downrange from Topski!!

Emperor Prissy bade them prepare the way for his conquest of Mars Colony and the expansion of Tawooth beyond Reamerigo to everywhere else in the solar system. Prissy didn't know that Cain Mugg-Pshush was an experienced Mars sedition specialist of decades during years as a corrupted Congressman of the Dictatotship of California. Cain had accomplished more to expedite illegal alien entry to Mars on frequent junkets than Corporate could buy with his weight in bribes. Mugg-Pshush continued to collect credits from Corporate.

Mugg-Pshush said to the Guitars "Look out for the leaping spiders, they'll rot your meat too quick to preserve." His Big-Comm link was always active on Guitar override. He believed spiders of mars were a dangerous presence on the Red Planet that would consume the Guitars, yet he was mistaken. Mugg-Pshush had

merely over consumed rations of Draughta Dark Ale for a few nights and confused the Mars mission criteria with some experiences of previous missions.

The slope was part of Corporate Desert turf to the Topskii!! property and was patrolled by AI bots of power dominion. They were proactive, programmatic opfor cleansers that would mass as ants on food if they discerned opfor. Their non-lives were mass produced and very, very cheap which did not mean that the circuit insides and operating system weren't state of the diabolic art.

The primary fear of the Guitars so far as they were able to experience that too human emotion wer illegal M-33 stealth combat robots version 2134...human siz and much faster intellectually and physically, invulnerable to most non-nuclear weapons just some subtle commercial advertising directed incessantly at them had been known to defeat the remorseless foe.

The Red Planet in darkness was a riot of activity in the corrected, enhanced vision Comm-Visors of Pshush and the Guitars. They prowled restlessly waiting for some foe to assault and silence. Pshush was an ethereally inspired genius to the cruel, ruthless cadre of Guitars. Trained beyond reason, fanatical with their balance of total reliance on the Duluth blade of Pshush they listened for his still, firm voice of command.

Pshush was in the center of the moving offense/defense oval of a kilometer in diameter drifting on the lower slope of C. Tholus like a Polynesian man-of-war in the Drake Sea searching with extended tentacles for prey. Pshush was searching for a trace parallax alignment in space/mass/time of two Corporate controllers from Int'l Planet Corporate at Novo Lundinium Center who usually did night skiing and sordid debauchery on Torsdag at Topskii!! Hesiod Hosy and Pless Hindenberg had been Central Intelligence Directors of Cov-ops or CIDCOPS Corporate for the duration of Cain's mission to Mars.

One-Hundred Fifty Guitars in harmonic resonance received Pshush's aud-vid chords from grafted stealth skull-plants and wove a web of fire position and maneuver from rock to bolder, depression to hillock, cover to cover as lithe and fluid desert vipers slithering through the night. They covered virtually all the area of each square kilometer of C. Tholus they wandered in just minutes recurrently in battle offense/defense formation. The Pshush drove his Guitars masterfully beyond to the base that was used for training illegal aliens the art of terror, cover, concealment, propaganda, survival and job skills they need to climb to the top of the Martian ladder.

Pshush was aggrieved and impatient to extirpate the CID'S control of COPS and insolently small mission payments. He knew they simply were disrespecting of the Guitars and it was mass/time for Corporate to pay up. Mugg-Pshush wanted to call the tune of COPS for Interplan Corporate-Mars and would get the chance with the best surviving agent principal for probable promotion once his superiors were made to bite imported topsoil. Then the next phase of placing their underlings in concrete galoshes in the Drake Sea could follow. Mugg-Pshush had the idiomatic logic of a termite. The work of this night would bring curtain fall to Hesiod and Pless.

The Guitars--one, one hundred fifty or a thousand never allowed mission creep without pay. This Torsdag Martian night with Venus and Earth high and bright silenced forever ten illegal recreationists that trespassed into their offense/defense perimeter. Like Caesar's payments of corn and cash Mugg-Pshush's bonuses of drugfood and credits addicted the Guitars to work. Cross-country trekkers and dark side skiers flowing over from Topskii!! would note be missed for days.

Within one hundred units everyone at Topskii!! would be terminated including the bon vivant debauching Corporate establishment CIDCOPS. Flaming Topskii!! would send a message to the Martians of the mass penalty for cooperating with Corporate Interplan. The effect would na be guaranteed of course. It might bring in the preemptive dragoons of a Corporate Militipolice action perhaps with contract forces of the Jaws of Death. It could stimulate rapid increase of Martian support for the Martian secessionist movement or alternatively a reaction in Mars Colony against the course violence catastrophically and liberally applied. At any rate the Martian Secessionist Rebels would be blamed for the obliteration of Topskii!! One day the New Berchesgarden of Dictator Pshush would rise from the ashes atop Ceraunius Tholus. Tonight Corporate believed Commander Mugg-Pshush and the Guitars were enroute to Topskii!! to kidnap, interrogate and permanently disperse prominent Martians for immigration restrictions whom had mentioned a powerful new circuit called the group of five loop.

The base in the Zagrove Niche, Rajneesh County in a hidden, deep and seldom used location in the Ophis Chasm served ulterior purposes well. The Guitars wanted more material than they'd dropped in with to accomplish the mission at Topskii!! Sufficient explosives would help precipitate a civil war. The material in the Zagrove Niche was standard terror-ops trim-kit with the addition of special all-band trans-molecule amplifiers for universal microwave applications.

Through the darkness Pshush and the Guitars raced. The lead Guitar Major Lunaries jogged a few feet to the right of Pshush with transcast-encrypted pre-sets should Pshush need to comm with Emp Prissy or non-Corporate agencies. They neared the base in what appeared to be the old Mars Brewery. It still produced a fine dark ale but served primarily as an arms and training cache.

A stout gate sentry disarmed Comm-fense to let the company pass unhindered upon examination of the coded molecular contents planted in Major Lunaries' eyes. Spin vectors of photons in condensate were set to match a complex Solar System events analog code set in Prissy's comm-facilities.

At Topskii!! thousands of recreationists from the world and beyond were dispersed over a seventy square mile resort. They partied on steep and winding snow slopes, on terraced tropical garden's hillsides, in warm heavy salty phosphorescent pools and mint saunas, on artistically etched mountain slopes within engineered enviro-flow structural criteria superstructured with Bigg-Comm aesthetic shelters beneath clear Vose sky domes and stars shimmering more intensely than from the Earth like an infinity of bright and good citizens forever absent from the Earth Chaos and environmental corruption. Like a benevolent socialism they overlooked the Valley of Human Rulers, the twinkling lights on the Lunae Planum and scattered megatopias in the distance. They partied blissfully.

Much of Mars was subject to advanced ecosystem field planning as an integral design element of human habitats. The Ark principle brought copies of natural Earth life forms to practical solar system locations. Humans were protected by unpassable repellant fields in designed architecture to define areas in which lower life forms could live. Exotic wildlife such as snow leopards and Siberian tigers flourished at Topskii!!

Parties of recreationists mixed libations with business. Special events for wealthy debauchers were held in ultra-secure compounds at remote edges of the resort. The roster of legendary entertainers included everyone in the System. New celebrities had to be invented regularly to meet demand. Old ones were excavated from cemeteries, genome samples taken and facsimile clones built in instant

growth tanks. Electron-scripted memory dump gave them something to think, personality and entertainment instruction.

Some of the most desirable women existing were cloned to make possible the happiness of male recreationists. Disposable service pleasure-droids were available for those with limited expense accounts. Executive women had submissive Mr. Universe droids for their amusement. Synthetic alcohol permitted unlimited drunkenness without damage to brain or liver. Victuals with molecularly enhanced euphorics were ubiquitous.

Topskiii!! was the most accessible of the constellation of Corporate-developed radically plush resort complexes on the twelve planets to Novo Lundinium whence most of the recreationists ventured. Noise and lights of the resort shined far and wide. Ski levs and sculptures, tube depots and spiced meat shops, cafes, restaurants, techno-trash stores and instant smooth-fizz recreation dealers occupied building slabs along densely packed pseudo Angor Wattish style hollow zigguratic row mountain/canyons with Danish theme and hanging gardens configured in vose field isolation from Arctic to tropical motifs.

In one of Cain's flukes of conscience before his total decent into depravity in the Rem States of America as a Dictatorship of California congressman during a Topskiii!! junket with the Leader of the Dictatorship it had reminded him of the complex vegetation zones in Israel through which Jesus and the twelve walked on the way to Jerusalem and the cross.

Moving sidewalks carried parties from portal to portal. Non-permanent facades and streets had quasi-crystal replibrick holograms of seventeenth century Europe. Canals flowed under clear synth-carbon glass on which revelers strolled.

Hosy and Hindenberg left CID headquarters in the Leonardo Zwingli building east side of Novo Lundinium fronting the Post-Pecos river along the United Corporate Interplan Tax building that exceptionally resembled a stealth monolith as inscrutable as the sphinx. They caught the fifteenth street mag-lev tube on a Circling line to breakaway transfer at the fork in Balmorhea Box at three thousand miles an hour direct Topskiii!! Thursday night's skiing under Vose intensified electron auroral lighting emerged.

The CIDCOPS were ordinary decadents in appearance middle-class servants of the Corporate Int'l grid. Hosy was of Bantu-Pygmy Earth ancestry with many artificial features such as a blonde hair scalp implant and epicanthic folds. She wore ordinary Mars-fem leisure clothes; four thousand maller Sapp Street mink underwear, klevlore silk toga, an mmerald eye motif with diamond and a ruby comm visor with special love operating system. Her gel boots had artificial intelligence to regulate insulation value and keep her feet at comfort temperature in shocking pink.

She wore surgically implanted outwardly shaped charge micro-hyper explosive reactive body armor that would sever the fist of an assailant if punched in a mined area. Her mouth harbored a false-tongue packet of biological designer death that she was immunized against that could be broken open and drooled upon a foe in seconds with a kiss. Her love bead necklace was a string of sub-nuclear munitions of high potency. Hosy was na as well armed as Hindenberg

She thought as she slipped through the tube 'Our Corporate media is in perpetual revolution for propaganda victory undermining anyone else's revolutionary efforts against us. Yet these Mars Rebels are tough to squash. They are bringing in decreased Corporate profits sedulously to revolt too often and I can't send them all to Miami for re-education without losing revolutionary credibility in the Colony'.

Hindenberg had Pakastani-Venus care-tank grown parents that were growling engineers. His typical lean body-mass was reset to Mars high insulation normal with extra body fat and silisynth gel. The usual human unraveling syndrome was wilding his cellular and genetic integrity slowly. Hindy had lost an ear to chronic rot and his nose was sporting a new toenail that needed clipping every few hours. He painted it orange when his face took that color on for a few hours each day.

"What time is the table for tonight" Hosy asked?

"Nine" Hindy replied.

They arrived at Topskii!! A tube exit a hundred met franchise observatory experienced a menagerie of celebrity and obscure. They landed feet first exiting the tube onto a moving sidewalk and air-shafted up to the seventh floor of the dome on a cylinder constructed atrium filled with a hologram of the images transmitted by the Deep Space Telescope fleet journeying beyond the Kuiper Belt.

After a stroll through wash and air-dry, recreation and another wash and air-dry they received spray on vita-clothes and went out to the ski slopes they loved. Super-conductor/batteries stored power enough for air layer levitation and prone body skiing for those disdaining artificial slope friction reduction and guidance appendages. H & H thought of themselves as rugged individualists and naturally tackled the extreme Alexsborscht Colossal downhill before dinner and the meeting with their minion Mugg-Pshush. Together they would drag the circuit of five into a pincers to squash resistance.

Chapter 21...Shan Day

No whale is an island

Suzi Shan's traced a Martian rebel circuit to an active Corporate lead. The sleazy, double-dealing independent System brokerage of Chigfield, Bernard and Richfield at Highland Street. The circuit's loop included prominent Martians and a host of middle class entrepreneurs volunteered as party regulars and auxiliary organs. From thousands of probability leads her computer investigation with maple leaf operating system produced the most active web site at Chigfield. Suzie was burned before but the membership in the brokerage of known subversive Thomas (Dark Organ) Frost was confirmation enough to her that she'd found a trace to the core of rebel leadership.

Suzie sat in close come-fort of plush upholstery in an Ayatollah of Orange rental Corse-hoverjet, Corse the leading importer of generic hoverjets for the power circuits on ego-through-ways. The taxi parked across from the Dark Organ's likely portal of egress.

Black fiber optic eyes in the driver for hire's face shown deep yellow glint of activity. Suzi watched him follow a continuum of transaction postings issued by the Mars Colony Exchange. It flowed seemingly forever with commercials as holographic hypertext across the top of the quasi-crystal speed shield. She pre-paid the man aminimum service charge. He was slothfully nibbling another ambrosia euphoria-chew bar.

Suzie looked through image dissimulating one-way taxi windows to get a true view of the street and Chigfield's prime portal for the emergence of the Dark Organ to Highland.

She did not have long to wait. The three hundred pound Dark Organ with Commvisor down over beady- narrow set blue eyes behind which was a mynd set of corruption cast in ferro-concrete, black beard spilling outside enviro-protect

breathmask and a parasite attrition belt to remove designer worms and growths burroughing through his abdomen rumbled onto the street flatulently.

Genome and cell unraveling syndromes were sometimes fought with programmatic preemptory induced cell mutation. The Dark Organ wore a brain bowler packet atop his fat, sweaty head.. He wallowed with arrogantly self-confidence in a cheap off-the-rack black quasi-stealth suit bulging with concealed devices.

Suzi said to the Ayatollah of Orange driver;

"Follow my quarry, the fat man in black across the street, the one painted with neutron light by an invisible stealth floater hovering above his head. Switch your Comm-Visor to code 4003. You could not possibly lose him unless he has a stealth jag-floater to kill my floater or you've eaten too many ambrosia-euphorics. If that happens good citizen you will receive a free Corporate vacation to Pluto ice base instead of a weekend at Topski!! and five thousand maller bonus."

The Dark Organ turned right at the corner onto the Golden Congress Avenue three blocks from the Heraclitus County Courthouse where the trial of the De Novo Seven was being held and uncharacteristically walked a half mile to the quintessential shining diamond crusted big dome of power on a titanium and emerald cylinder at the end/beginning of the Street at the summit of the hill. The columned portico with a magnificently etched entablature, edifice and frieze had feminine, partly unraveled caryatids to shoulder the burden of the Martian capitol with grace in marble happiness to comprise the primary mass/space/time firm ossification of Martian government.

Suzi Shan looked at some of the unraveling people on the street of Novo Lundinium as the Ayatollah of Orange taxi hovered off a line of parked hov-jets. She watched the sores on the back of the driver's neck begin doing ooze. The Dark Organ hailed a Clever Cab from the Belarus Mars Ventures company of Corporate vassals in line in front of the Capitol and accelerated away toward Camel Expressway. Suzi pursued and popped a purple fizzy vitamint in her mouth.

Suzi's Ayatollah of Orange driver followed a discrete distance until it became clear where the Dark Organ's destination was. She instructed the driver to slow to a thousand miles an hour and pull into the Cheops Cafe parking lot as they reached the entrance to the Valley Of Human Rulers.

Chapter 22...Aspects of Unraveling

In the accretion of scientific technical knowledge overcoming pain, suffering, sickness and death was a predominant goal. As the challenges to human health were overcome physical human nature simplified. The diversity of mankind through natural selection was seemingly eradicated. Mankind would have to invent his own evolutionary path, and one necessarily without challenges that have pain. The second condition doomed the first, which was impossible anyway.

While plainly relieving humanity of suffering and misshapenness or abnormal appearances even to the point of erasing ugliness or political incorrectness first through plastic surgery and bio-remediation, then in images with computer regraphics, then in wholesale D.N.A. restructuring. Adult reshaping the compilation of cells and structure comprising an individual human being human inadvertently created a new genre of biological problems that began to compile. They drove a wedge between themselves and nature for the second time. The first of course was in the Garden of Eden after the fall of mankind.

Humanity was one with the fallen Universe as part of a continuum of creation. Original sin of physical degeneration, mortality, suffering and death could not be corrected piecemeal from the continuum of humanity without removing the course of human evolution from the complete-complex-of-compresence of existing as being within the whole field of the natural Universe co-developing in interaction with it. Intelligence while a gift to humanity was able to bring obvious harm as well. One harm done was in the accreting removal by intellect of the physical body from integral natural co-evolution within the natural Universe set into being by God.

The Natural Universe has it's own self-consistent reality. When the intellect alters human form it is consistent with no reality at all. Relating the human form to the natural universe from its altered state requires something like introducing a rider in a hover-jet traveling to the ground speed by stepping out the door. Altering the physical nature of mankind is in no way the same as changing a human spirit through faith in Jesus Christ.

Faith in Jesus can save one from the altered physical condition. He offers salvation and forgiveness of sin through the grace of God and his death on the cross. The system of cause and effect, challenge and response, growth until death, action and reaction to existential mass/motion/time/space forces or vicissitudes and the complex dialectical relationships of simultaneous biological social evolution individually and in concert, clash and adaptation or physical response modification to different factors that predominated for millions of years the physical development of the hulking and streamlining bipeds that eventually became the form for the soul experience of the emergent homo sapiens sapiens was overcome. The physical Universe is ultimately reliant on spirit. Faith transcends temporal ontology seeking reunion with the materially alienated or occluded Spirit.

Humanity in overcoming the challenges of the natural environment except its general preservation first destroyed it and eventually removed all of the infirmities and competition of mortal bodies in co-development with the natural world setting himself up to destroy humankind itself. Scientific accretion of technology occurred with the pooling of information from problem solving on a number of different fronts.

Metallurgy, biology, astronomy, math etc made an increasing rate of change in knowledge of techne, basic physical principals, and depleted of the ecosystem. The ecosystem for millennia was thought of not at all, or as an inexhaustible storehouse of material to exploit. Unfortunately humanity did not apply itself early enough to avoid the Chaos to the discipline of general systems analysis of humanity's own use of technology, ways of combining and applying techne and technological systems, effects of techne and social existential organization inertia on repressing individual liberty to think for-oneself, need to regulate or study the effects of applied technology on society, liberty and the ecosystem without repressing individual liberty, and effects of allowing large human organizations to annihilate individual liberty.

Technology was traditionally invented and applied to the world in a sort of anarchic spontaneity as it was made. The rationale that market forces would decide what is good was a tautology employed to support the chaos or repress study of systems analytical research into specific systems effects of multiple applied technologies. Chaos relied on the ancient assumption that the natural world was an inexhaustible storehouse that couldn't be harmed or extirpated, or that market forces would analyze the social and ecological effects of applied technology before its introduction while the unlimited use of all technology made for the best

way of life. Corporations did not volunteer selfless governing services to keep the environment and humanity healthy.

When the challenges of the world were defeated and humanity became the challenge to itself it faced the challenging new paradox of losing if it defeated itself as a challenge and ended human freedom, and losing if it simply annihilated reason as a principal in being by a plethora of Russian roulette-like opportunities for the destruction or malformation of the Universe itself intentionally through irrationality, indifferent engineering or weapons of cosmic mass destruction.

Yet there was another way. In Matthew it is written that broad is the road to destruction and many there are who take it; and narrow is the gate to salvation and few there that find it. Mankind had made itself alien to the Universe. The immune response of the Universe, anthropomorphically speaking, was to reject humanity's strange molecular and structural schism with the natural flow of mass/space/time/motion.

Chapter 23...Circuit Five Analysis

Patrick Woewodski left the ruins of the History Tower disappointed after searching for survivors. No radiation was present either. It was a clean blast. The scene remained flooded with emergency and forensic personnel until midnight.

"Immanuel" Patrick said to the shorter rotund cleric. "It's simply what is, now. It wasn't in existence yesterday and now with dusk the explosion is gone. In hours flood lamps will be switched off, the crime scene sealed for investigation and anon day will reclaim a non-event; the calm which is history. Ruins of the History Tower will be resume a state of normalcy as the way things are for new days. What power have we to change history Immanuel?"

History and all that we do is nothing'd by time/mass. Time/mass is the silent emptiness of all that is; that which is what it is for-itself. It is a stasis of non-being consuming all that we do and yet is the support of everything. Mass/time/motion is never what it was. As Martin Heidegger wrote, being is becoming.

History is an oblivion that is like an apparition even as it occurs. The present is ever becoming obliterated. Yet how could one travel from one mass/time/space/motion to another if the past moment at another place continued to be? How could anyone be in all times at once without being substantially different physically or psychologically than people presently are? Time is creative destruction in alterity.

I wonder how it matters what choices we make or what we do as the inevitable, insatiable, indifferent ocean of non-being envelops what was even to the shore of now; a smooth obliteration of the present and the persistence of forms in the material from now, the present and the future's past into an ever-new presentness. The physical structures and of course people Immanuel, like Barton, are in existence as the present mass/motion/space/time then suddenly gone even like their own prior self-presentnesses were annihilated until the last complete erasure.

The present has again covered over everything that was with a shape-altering insistence. Our memories don't change as fast as the physically external Immanuel. What we thought, the people we knew, the life we experienced remains nearly as it was until even our remembrances change and are at last cut off from the past presentness of experiencing and submerged into some future present.

Our memories remain mostly as a portrait of much of the life that was as we knew it. That awareness in itself somehow displaces us from immersion in the compresence of now which is itself as fleeting as the meadow frost on grass on a

clear spring morn. We move on from our memories to work that now is and add it to wisdom, a function for memories and experience apart from being an historical archive.

The very isolation of ourselves from other people in experience is underscored by the isolation we have individually from the past in the constant passage of time. Our isolation from the past and private, individual memories compel us to be aware of our limited time in a private world of experience in the Universal mass/motion/time/space. Where is Barton now Immanuel?"

"He died of course, and will be in the otherness of heaven Patrick."

"Existential linguistic paradigms; for us he is dead. That is the fellow whom we knew as Barton Freewater no longer is a substantive probability of our present/futuring experience. He is gone, unavailable." Patrick Woewodski said.

Immanuel replied quietly;

"The future is an existential, linguistic paradigm. Resurrection is outside of mass/motion/time/space/Universe and is as good a non-sensory referent as any. Kant wrote about sense data knowledge, synthetic judgments and *a priori* judgments but left out non-contingent knowledge originating from God such as the Bible. Synthetic judgments are similar to W.V.O. Quine's extensional knowledge, or those scientific judgments made upon empirically sensed data.

A priori referents such as pure geometry are similar to intentional knowledge or knowledge that is essentially psychological or made with out just empirical referants. Kant questioned the validity of inferences not made about strict sense data referants. Quine did the same. Hume said to burn every book that isn't strictly sense data observations as metaphysical rubbish. Paradoxically he denied cause and effect, as they would be intentional or psychological judgments. In that regard he was somewhat of an existentialist, which in turn is something like the idea-ism of Bishop Berkley or a non-reductionist unified field theory able to include itself.

The nature of sense data is rather for-itself. Intentional psychological inferences about it are our own paradigms about our own experience of the phenomenon of Existence. Cause and effect are two of those synthetic *a priori* judgments about sense data that have no ultimate foundation beyond our own human invention of them. Sartre was a rationalist Patrick, in the tradition of Rene' Descartes he observed his own mynd, his own thoughts, what he thought about his own thoughts, and how and what he thought about the world. J.P. Sartre tried to use rational first principles in describing epistemological experience...that is what he knew, how he knew it, and the nature of first person certainty about anything.

The first principle, which Descartes wrote about in the meditations, was the fact that he had to rely on his own mynd as the foundation of the perception of anything. We can make dead reckoning judgments about matters we don't immediately experience in the present. We can trust the Word of God.

Barton lived in history. History was his life. His work made it practical to outline organizations involved in *The Crucible* for Mars Colony. Humanity experiences the ordinary world of Being and remembers parts of it sensed makeing for individual isolated and different personal assembly of memory. The world of experience and passage of time/mass is just the temporal world made, I believe as a Christian, by eternal God and shaped because of the fall of Adam and the learning of the knowledge of good and evil into an evolving, flowing course of mass/time and being.

We are challenged in life to transcend problems of existence that dominate existence and have faith in the Creator of Heaven and Earth, Mars and everything

else to redeem us from the bondage of original sin and implicit problems of the temporality. Barton accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Savior and continued to work in the world as a vocation to help support himself and others; to try to contribute stability, peace and preservation of liberty for citizens in a mass-organization quasi-democratic governmental paradigm.

Barton realized as people of faith may that Christians are fundamentally not of this world. They have been reborn in the Spirit of Faith in Jesus Christ. The world is a temporal stage as William Shakespeare wrote in Hamlet, and we are players on it. In a sense it IS 'a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing' to the unsaved without the redeeming power and grace of God.

We Christians, in the world yet not of it realize the phenomenal nature of the world that Albert Camus acknowledged in 'The Stranger', and yet unlike the unsaved and nauseous being phenomenally (in existence for-itself) we know that the world of appearance is contingent being subject to the will of God.

Barton was not a walking shadow to slip into the oblivion of the past with the History Tower but was a redeemed Christian alive to eternal life with an immortal soul in the temporal Universe imperishable and independent of the decay, evolution and eventual oblivion of the fallen cosmos."

They walked for around the campus of UTM Extraneous and Greens Commons surveying the damage and prospecting for a course of action to implement socially dynamic altering changes to bring stability in Mars Colony amidst the growing threat of Lemmingway in Novo Lundinium and Mars.

Patrick stopped walking and said;

"Immanuel, they probably have the group isolated and identified from Mars Colony possibilities. Whoever it was they easily took out Barton. We are assuming he actually was the target. Whoever took out Barton used quite a bit of force. That much power will encourage others into supporting escalation of Lemmingway along spontaneous psychological associations of social immersants in N.L.. People can't be indifferent to terminal force even if they are fatalists when the proximity and scale of events are sufficiently and the probability of recurrence near personal space is high."

The sky over Novo Lundinium was littered with Corporate media surveillance airfloats shining like little planets among distant points of starry light in the deep space vault beyond vose domes. Ships moved around like bright maggots in another world.

"Immanuel", Patrick resumed walking "It could be Corporate; wait a minute, is your Comm-Shield area scrambler is registering anything?"

"No" Immanuel replied.

"Good; alright, corporate CIDCOPS might have issued the order as well as Martian Rebel power for illegal aliens, Warp Prissy or his man Mugg-Pshush or Nitrist Blarney. It could have been someone else just blasting on whim or killing to thrill but the probability decreases sharply outside the likelies with the Mises-Richenbach frequency theory, Ocam's Razor and the inertia phenomenon of surviving life continuity. Cromwell will have more on that. There is the rival legal structure to look into...seditiousphenomenalities of covert transmission assaults and control of human targets as an anti-democratic underground dishing out injustice.

When we resume actions for intervention we can correlate anything he has. Now the flame in our direction indicates our mission is drawing the attention of some primary organizations, which is good in the sense of indicating that Opfor is

worried. If any of us live through increasing Lemmingway that in itself could be a victory for stability.

I believe I'll look for Professor Blarney. She is one person able to do this sort of thing with precise, scientific blow-up skill locally and independently without need for organizational approval. Mission interaction with hierarchies of this stature should have leaked to Cromwell. Even Mugg-Pshush and CIDCOPS have others in their circuits leaking."

Immanuel Faith's expression seemed to change, and became more determined, he said;

"Patrick, I will visit Earth and Tawooth to learn more of Emperor Prissy's purpose. It could be that his ambitions lie beyond Norte Reamerigo and Earth and reach to Mars."

"You surprise me Immanuel. The Nation of Tawooth isn't especially Christian these days and ultra-marines are poor prospects for conversion. You may be right though about Warp. It's worth looking into. Have a good journey" Patrick said, waved and walked into the night.

Chapter 24...Social Mass/Space/Motion Tensor

Evening winds from the sunny side blew into the hills over the Drake Sea, Zagrove Niche and the Old Mars Brewery beyond into valleys and highlands, the pinnacle crests of craters and over the planet through the darkness and Valley of Human Rulers up C. Tholus to Topsis!!!. Thermal pressure differences in the revolving world drove the wind onward in darkness. Mugg-Pshush and One-Hundred Fifty Guitars checked crashed in the Keggerly/Armory, checked their war equipment and stowed additional microwave amplifying imploder-components in gel-tech penetration resistant rucksacks.

Awakening, the Guitars fixed new disposable barrels on their hyper-velocity super-conducting airless assault weapons. They packed six thousand rounds each of armor penetrating cartridgeless darts followed with the leisure of a half-hour to quaff flagons of Old Mars Dark Grog in green half-light of the Armory/Keggerly. The Fanatical Warriors believed Mugg-Pshush's total Assassin/Dervish-like political spin becoming a superior superman was in traditional Syriac mold of the Fortress. Saladin had conquered the Krac and bloodied the Crusader city of Acre; they knew Mugg-Pshush would smash Topsis!!! with a similar ruthless efficiency.

None of the Guitars were Syrian, Kurdish or of the Lebanon but it made no difference to them in their indoctrinated state. They would believe that political beliefs are a product of geography instead of social environment. Legion of Death doctrine taught that mountains, alps and Norway made nazis, broad rivers made communists and drones to slavishly serve dictators, jungles made treacherous, slithering amoral career guerrillas, and deserts made independent nomadic warriors; the mountain/desert Fortress of the Assassins made for the best of all warrior traditions, better even than that of Nitzche Munchen and the Munchkin.

Mugg-Pshush edged closer to the fine edge of the aetemporal Superman than any leader they knew. Mugg-Pshush was the only field officer the nurtured-from-youth by the Jaws of Death training cadre would ever have.

Evident cruelty of an eternally recurring life as a tortoise or hare in an Eleatic race of temporal infinite divisibles trying to gain a second of change toward superiority never occurred to them perhaps because life itself was cruel. The Guitars played a role as runners frozen in temporal place-recurrence forever motionless without

possibility of movement. Pshush and the beer production team brought out attire suitable for the Guitars to infiltrate and blend in with recreation crowds at Topskii!!

The Old Mars training facility was vast and its tunnels shielded the brewery against remote sensing equipment with a variety of composition simulators. It was a cache for thousands of tons of stolen Corporate infiltration, sabotage, war and job heisting equipment. State of the art Bigg-Comm network counterfeiting measures were active on the System Web. Pshush's AI counterfeit operating system would interpolate bogus identity to any system even to thousands of Kuiper Belt objects, cover the trail, and recursively re-counterfeit further verifications until outlasting opfor security Maoz scans.

The equipment was some of the most sensitive in existence and was a Corporately proscribed technology. The Black Box AI counterfeit identification super-operating system was one of Emperor Warp Prissy's most valuable tools for reconquista. It was used to insinuate illegal aliens into the legitimate Corporate Plantation work force on Mars, or into service and industry until advancing to their highest level of competence. It was used to apprehend funds from the Nepwork Exchange. It was used to pass Maoz checkpoints for wrench and demolition missions. It made Maoz enforcement unreliable. It was an element of E-Factor that gave Cromwell Macarthur thought to countering with N-Factor.

Chapter 25

Suzi Shan had a carrot juice at Cheops Cafe and hired a minion to file surveillance reports on the Dark Organ at Toskii!!. She rode with the Ayatollah of Orange cabby south on Camel Expressway to Novo Lundinium. The taxi took the express route over the top of the crater instead of the tunnel. It did a nice low speed five hundred mile an hour ramp up into the air over the crest for a gravity breaking loop the loop view of the Drake Sea and plunged gracefully down to land on a steep minor street in the Corporate Second Quarter running parallel to Torrie's Sales Avenue.

When the hover-jet taxi arrived at the Schiltz building an ornate intelligent neo-gothic quasi-crystal facade winked at Suzi. Two UT Extraneous at Mars Maoz-tech vehicles impounded her craft as it came to a halt with blasts of eigen-value radical gluon. The hoverjet was immovably fixed to the street. She looked about and drew a canister of jeer gas from her gel-bra.

A gaunt, tall, lean, muscled Sir Cromwell Macarthur wearing pale red transparent battle dweebs and pink comm-visor walked up to Suzi's cab from a white limo hoverjet opened her door, removed a pipe from his mouth and informed;

"Good evening Ms. Shan, or Suzi if I may be so bold. I haven't had the pleasure of meeting you before. My name is Cromwell Macarthur, and we must talk."

Chapter 26

The Dark Organ left his cab at Topskii!!'s Miersnuck reception area and wandered into the tasty Von Paulus' Kitchen for a fast scotch and plate of sizzling space/tank shrimp. The *Band of Jorningsgrungenloggon* furiously strumpt tone bars in a heavy isotope version of *Fruity Fab!* with pulsating hallucidrum rhythms and chord strings of war.

An enthusiastic crowd of recreationists bombed with synchdrug hor d'ouvres and synthcohol syncopated slow and fast dance gyrations in the nookie hook and lemmingway scuffle. Wild abandon, puke, sweat and urgent feminine undulations in melt-welded groupthink dance competed with the stench of diverse types of

unraveling phenomena to sym first prize. They added their own predicates to standard broadcast propositions and Newish World ideas were spontaneously expressed in adducing sing along lyrics to *Fruit Fab!*. Some dancers sang the world is a dream. Others cleverly reversed the meaning and sang 'Life is not a dream!' thereby cleverly negating the lyrics of a venerable Amerigon classic.

The Dark Organ enjoyed all this with an unsuppressed mirth, belched loudly and farted to go over the top. The sound though deafening blended silently into the cacophony of the wall of music and conversation that kicked the crowd's brain housing units like Mexican jumping beans at Launch Pad Montezuma One.

Quaffing his whiskey and crunchin savory shrimp the Dark Organ waited for rendezvous with CIDCOPS Hosy and Hindenberg in Von Paulus'. A UT Extraneous undergraduate waitress approached to guide the Dark Organ to a secluded spot in the corner with a view window for a thousand maller tip placed in her ample cleavage. He liked to see the moon rise from atop C. Tholus and watch the experts leap off to slide head first down Sudden Satori Run.

He sat loudly farting settling in. Several thousand skiers were using the upper slopes in the auroral light of vose circuits seeming to be in flight as stealth suited wraiths on a layer of high pressure air slicing crisply through mountainous waves of moguls and precipices. The Dark Organ ordered another scotch and watched the table-comm close-ups of dance floor and slopes. Many servants in food stores and restaurants had been replaced by scanner-circuits...no one to intimidate he thought wistfully..in the good old days of history having a drink meant having proper serving wenches. Now only the most highly paid would grovel for the amusement of the middle-class. It was one the main reasons Thomas Frost worked with one-hundred ten percent effort to bring in female illegal aliens to Mars Colony. It beat just consuming nutrients and leisurments alone in cold food and drink fillups of middle-class Novo Lundinium.

Chapter 27

Martians at Novo Lundinium as modern urban troglodytes lived in the City and suburbs mixing condominium and partment existence with office sprawl infrastructure and recreational businesses. Over the decades of the twenty-first century especially on Mars urban architecture evolved to a lower, terraced naturalist style resembling hollow winding mountains and natural contours within which artificial rivers flowed.

Towers extruded as juxtapositions of different architectural styles to accomplish shading, wind modifications or civic preference. Natural landscapes allowed many lighting, heating/cooling privacy and public purposes to coexist with zones of traditional anachronistic Reamerigon designs. Variegated natural terrains within which lived millions of people allowed biologists to transplant multiple life forms in a rather evolutionary, survival of the adaptable way giving wildlife the opportunity to seek out their own niches.

Some winding, sloping mountain buildings contained parallel river bottomland for human and animal use. Some rivers were covered over with ultra-strong plasti-glass. It was unfortunate that humanity never understood the problems inherent in self-design of one's own biology, though they had finally learned to reproduce the main elements of the natural world in their own building structures.

In the City Martians brought in what Maoz was possible to the dwellings. The technology of physicals, biology and engineering broadly distributed made the concept of hardened resistant physical structures de trop. Irresistible force had won the day over immovable objects. The final era of immovable fortresses occurred

while Napoleon was in Egypt defeating the Mamlukes and the genius Field Marshall Suvurov was reducing the last European redoubts, armies and escaping an Austrian trap in Switzerland at the start of the 19th century.

Time/matter/motion/space became a security-Maoz parameter of deferment via decoy, delay and digression instead of materially as an exclusive, hardened coordinate. Force delivery packages or projections surpassed the cohesiveness of any mass to non-structuralization; it was a significant and bad turning point. One could anticipate development of technology to annihilate theoretically any or all structures or assemblies of mass/space/motion/time of order.

Time/Space defense measures utilized intelligence and response to detectable potential force delivery agents. Defense is a four dimensional shell game with offender/defenders moving and concealing force capability and personnel while searching for opposing forces and tactics, methods, stratagems.

Intelligence or what passed for it was ubiquitous and automated in artificial intelligence and interactive surveillance/security-Maoz systems with abundant opportunity for the E factor to intervene surreptitiously. Citizens delegated complex personnel security-Maoz and intelligence functions to computers and mass systems that necessarily made the citizens subjects of abstract group theory calculations and treatment as a herd of dots or point objects hived in conformity with the will of the E-progenitor. E gained an advantage of ruling the mass abstract will as a shadow with the opportunity to designate religious or civil individuals resisting as threats to group theorem structuring with minimal contributions to probabilistic tensor calculation/operations of timed conflict in the futuring. E didn't control mass will but was a primary influence upon it.

Some Martins lived in cubist quasi-crystal neo-living quarters that reshaped and reappeared with holographic appearances according to occupant commands. They lounged in leisure lairs seeking peaceful stasis for-itself. People worked hard but with machines to think and labor as improved substitutes for people human labor was superfluous, though no one wanted to admit it. Name recognition system microchips with fiber optic cameras and ear implants was the foot in the door of humanity to let remote systems take over.

In return for a small loss of self-reliance a man could have perfect recall of the name of any stranger he ever met with the name recognition system. It sold for three mallers and took seconds to install, permanently. Most people introduced to three hundred people couldn't recall the names of ten of them after thirty days absence naturally. The name rec. system could store the names and faces of three hundred million people for the life of the host.

Illegal aliens keeping physical labor an active part of the Martian economy brought an inextricable corruption of the Martian standard economy of accountability, logic and inertial non-growth. Corporate wanted a stock of ignorant, underprivileged alienated people who would be compelled to seek working-for-others as a way to gain credits for the purchase of necessities. Corporate growth depended on the expansion of consumption and consumers and of course production. Growth kicked back prosperity to Corporate.

Debatably Martians tolerated the social and political chaos and conflicts of aggressive illegal immigrants perpetuating an obsolete human workforce/economy as a way to ignore the fact of the superfluousness of human labor in the Martian economy. So long as Martians were pre-occupied with the intrinsic social issues of an invasion of Mars by illegal alien workers the implicit boredom of life as

superfluous, sated beings and submission to Corporate Interplanetary they feared to recognize in an unclouded social environment would be avoided.

The *Circuit of Five* had speculated that the evolutionary superfluousness of human labor to exist in the natural environment through technological advance was a contributing precipitant of the dysfunctional Lemmingway response of Earth society. Boredom was a threat Martian AI Maoz calculated in addition to conventional factors. Boredom was a fertile ground for Lemmingway; one of E's favorite forms.

Into the Novo Lundinium night Cromwell Macarthur and Suzi Shan rode in the back-seat of a presently green limo hover-jet slowly along canals, avenues, small shops, through the hill country and highland plateau, to the massive Coronation Summit and through the Dreg quarter densely peopled and a continuum of licit and illicit transactions that never stopped. Comm-visors down, everyone had a masked anonymousness so far as identification scanners were screened out.

"Well Suzi, I've been waiting for the pleasure of your company for ages" Macarthur said.

"Hurricanes in the Venus atmosphere restructuring project haven't as much interest to me as your work in the City. What do you think my dear, where shall we go for an intimate little chat?"

Suzi decided to put her cards on the table with Macarthur. Her work in Mars Colony was monitored for months at UTM Maoz she'd read in their reports. Corporate Interplanetary monitored virtually everything in Mars Colony and she received most Intel surveillance data she asked for. The counterfeit Intel circuit bits were nearly the only unrecognized primary meaning data that wasn't in designed protocol architecture circuits of Corporate Interplan. Cleared protocol circuits contained gaps in which rebels and the *Circuit of Five* could conceal their proprietary concepts. Comm-Screens and Maoz measures provided prima facie security, however there were no blank spaces in sovereign Corporate territorial surveillance coverage on a permanent basis.

Beating Macarthur to the punch with a strong preemptory counter-punch was her best bet since she was already in his custody. Campus Maoz wasn't known to torture or disappear anyone even in this post-Chaos mass/time. But her conscience was entertaining doubts about the role Corporate Interplan was playing with the future of Mars Colony. Shouldn't the Martians have a right to choose for themselves what they want to do she thought? Should everyone in the Solar System be decided by the two oligarchic zillionaire proconsuls Cloud McSky and Lund Lud Tsud? Beside that she contemplated the fact that Macarthur could hold her without trial indefinitely under the Organic Martian Alien Security Act.

"Cromwell, I've read so many of your security-Maoz reports over the last three years it would be difficult for me to conceal from you what you want. If you'd have let me know of your intention to arrest me perhaps I might have had other plans" Suzi said.

"Arrest is such a harsh word Suzi, let's just call it mutual custody" Macarthur directed.

"I suggest we go to your favorite club at the Cove at NASA Point for our chat and the Cloudberry and Gin you seem to enjoy for your regular night dining. Salmon baked fresh out of the Drake Sea ought to be fine don't you think, or is salmon two nights running too much for you" Suzi asked?

"Your proposal is quite agreeable to me Suzi" Cromwell said. "I could eat salmon every day in season as I did years ago at the Scots Maoz training academy at

Edinburgh. Did you learn the differences among salmonids? King, coho, chum, silver, chinook, pink are some Suzi. At NASA Point we'll have fresh Drake Sea chinook from the Midas River Run briefly baked with just a mist of lemon grown in the Camel River Basin Orchards. I believe you'll enjoy it as much as I."

Chapter 28...Drossvechya

The lethal jellyfish of *Mugg-Pshush and One-Hundred Fifty Guitars* pulsed and danced as gossamer shadows across rocks and crevices of talus volcanism and ravines on slope topology of lower Asdraeus Mons at Tharsis Montes northwest to Ceraunius Tholus from the Zagrove Niche and Old Mars Brewery. They advanced quickly toward higher slopes on C. Tholus and Topsisii!! up areas in rugged natural Mars Pseudo State undeveloped into ski runs slipping unnoticed through counterfeit neutralized Maoz beams and Vose fields rotating weapons barrels to closer range multi-darts and safe to full auto. Like Ali Baba a Hundred and Fifty Thieves they approached prey grazing in the micro-ecosystem of pleasure, sound, warmth and beautiful auroral light. The hoarfrost dust on so many recreationists gave them an appearance of a royal cadre of partiers. The weapons went beneath the folds of robes.

'*Such a pleasure dome would Kublai Khan decree, or at least Nero*' thought ex-congressman Cain advancing with his Guitars to the apex of the shaping V line of Guitars closing in to just a two meter spacing apart. As Mugg-Pshush and each Guitar strummed the resort's inner Vose-Maoz fields they activated a counterfeit pass ID circuit until emerging onto individual assigned vectors to tensors of mass/time/purpose. Immersed in activity wearing casual maintenance tunics the Guitars harmonized well with the variegated crowds at Topsisii!!

Chapter 29

CIDCOPS Hosy and Hindenberg reached the Dark Organ's table;

"Look at what we have here, the brains of Mars Corporate spookiness together on one place, what a deal. I'm so fortunate to be a part of this marvelous arrangement. Did you find the data burst I released useful? I'd like to be able to have an early retirement on one of the pleasure moons of Saturn and an unraveling reversal biosthesis emplaced on my trimming flesh before too many years elapse."

The Corporate Interplan CIDCOPS dissolved their spray on insulation with a touch of lapel tech disintegrators and put on new dinner trinksuits from the complimentary Von Paulus's Kitchen Cloakroom before sitting down.

Pless Hosy said; "I agree you need a total body reversal if you're going to crawl out of that slime muck body you wallow in and into the real world. Corporate owns the real world and wouldn't mind you being a sort of apprentice servant in it if you were not such a pig. You're only fifty. You're just a lad with unlimited potential before you.

It's ever unlikely to happen though with Chaos in the way, the extent of rebel alliances and unknown counterfeit communications. Communication is the key to sedition and we will own everything anyone anywhere thinks, does, hears or says eventually. The establishment of terrorist sedition can only happen if people are at liberty to communicate without Corporate's protective direction.

When you emerge as a traitor to the Mars Colony Rebels you'll be dead putrefaction anywhere in the inner system. But don't worry we'll take care of you. We'll arrange some business opportunities for you off world so you can be far removed from the troubles when this thing blows up. If you make a total

commitment to Corporate service you'll always be taken care of. For now though you'll just have to keep on keeping on spying and thriving with Hesiod and I in this cozy threesome of Corporate heroes. What are you drinking, scotch? Let's make it another round with more shrimp!"

CID Hosity gestured to the student/waitress who appeared full bodied and compliantly willing in a spray-vitamin coating appropriate for Von Paulus's Kitchen to take an order.

CID Hindenberg dressed in an après ski Texas Tornado Tuxedo of platinum phoil and gel-lizard cowboy boots fiddled with the latch on his purple comm-visor and waited for a mid-size glass of Old Mars distillery scotch from the Phossilgarden plant to arrive. The order arrived on a floating-in-the air servo-tray directed by a grid of particle beams invisibly placed about the V.P.K. The tray negotiated an optimal course through the moving obstacle course of people in its path with an AI servant operating system.

Hindenberg clutched a scotch double with the Alaska Sooner class ring on the second from the right of five fingers and two thumbs on his right neo-webbed hand with an IPAA final four hockey diamond ring on his pinky and raised it evenly to take a slurpish draught of heating fluid. A near genius-the Dark Organ-ignored the hint of a tilt of acknowledgement as Hindenberg finished off the beverage thinking that it was a brain rotter but necessary for convincing socializing with the decadent stooges.

Hindenberg said in perfect Martian; "Our compatriot in arms the famous Mugg-Pshush will be here soon Mr. Frost. His scheduled appearance in another twenty minutes is ample time for you to apprise us of recent data on rebel activities in Novo Lundinium that might have eluded our surveillance scans."

The Dark Organ; finishing off one scotch chased with an Old Mars Dark Ale and took another from a tray stacked up in a line of hovering servo trays ordered by an air traffic control operating system raised the glass of amber liquid in a meaty paw quaffed it and said;

"You must know almost everything I know about the rebels already; probably more Hindy, if you've read the eyes only comm-burst I transmitted, but I'll recapitulate what I have for your edification since I realize you are scholars and genteelpeople as well as the best in business."

"Enough glopshh, Organ, just get on with it and from the beginning. I want the entire record in voice on our comm-visors. We've got the area vocal wave structure AI parameters active. Not a tickle of a particle beam will touch the hairs of your cochlea or measure your larynx vibrations so go ahead, just lower your comm-visor to cover your mouth from lip readers. Talk and keep it brief " CID Hosity ordered.

"The rebels are probably the most powerful and extensive covert political organization in Mars Colony" the Dark Organ said "one named Stukkha Bosch has lunch and covert planning meetings with Conrad Mensch and his underlings every second Tuesday of the month at the Westclint Hotel ballroom at noon sharp. Leo Yip of Fast Lip Ships is running emigration kits numbered purchasers. Rebels number about twenty-five percent of the adult population and their resources and connections are correspondingly pervasive.

It makes me wonder how corporate Interplan can hope to retain control of the system on Mars without eradication and replanting. The rebels could go overt before next election and probably receive a landslide of votes from the electorate. The Prime Minister is a covert rebel as are many of the other ministers and the majority of the government bureaucracy. Local business is more than ninety-

percent rebel in sympathy. It is only some of the service workers, union rank and file and Corporate Interplanetary operations that have substantive allegiance toward continuing Corporate hegemony through the Privy Council of Mars Colony political power. Like Guy Fawkes would have had it I'd say Corporate is sitting on a cobalt bomb with a short fuse here."

"Enough about us, Organ" Hindenberg interrupted "more about them."

"I won't provide you with an oxymoronic listing of rebel CEO's virtually identical to the Mars Exchange listing of Independent Martian Companies and their Chief Executive Officers. Buy a Martian Daily Observer from your comm-circuit. I'll tell you something about the planning they've done to tensor forward toward control should the right conditions emerge.

The rebel ad hoc coordinating circuit has flooded structural business, government and general building developments at their own initiative and contracted for Corporate with ossifications of intent, concretions of shape and purpose to funnel toward an interlocking future emergence of rebel power. They've salted everything from Network Comm to newscast City structures and rural developments with elements of rebel support. Townscape topology of condominiums would actually get increased Maoz after designed collapse and reconfiguration by nuclear attack. Some conventional force assaults en masse would simply add power to the electron banks. The order of destruction of various rebel enhanced Mars Colony structures will actually increase the battle readiness of the rebels and disperse obstacles to Corporate Battle Forces such as contract labor Ultra-Marines. Incoming offensive force provides the power source in some weapons systems for return direct fire weapons.

For all the micro-surveillance chiplets Corporate has sewn sprinkled like grains of sand on the beach the rebels have sewn equal quantities of field recognition and counter-surveillance grains emplacing dissymmetry in sense data, dissimulation in images sound and idea deactivation of Corporate surveillance sensors.

The beauty of all this rebel work building a system of rebellious structure pervasively in the fabric of Mars Colony with more than fifty percent financing from Corporate Interplanetary opposition forces in the aesthetic of allegiance is the cost efficiency. Some political engineers like hills more than valleys and would eliminate all the valleys. Obviously the hills wouldn't be magnified without the valleys, nor even possible without a broad level terrain around a few isolated hills ..."

"Alright Organ, we stipulate you are knowledgeable about hills and valleys" interrupted CID Hosey "continue with rebel details."

"Sure and lets order more food like some of that in-season Drake Chinook salmon that looks so splendid and stuffed L-5 crab and caviar, chips, ketchup and salsa" the Dark Organ rejoined.

Hindenberg complied with and gestured to a waitress in Corporate sign language.

"You'd like to flot" continued Thomas Frost the Dark slurping off another scotch and reaching for more shrimp and hot lemon sauce with meringue "That the blast in the past of the History Tower was the work of our rogue rebel Professor Nitrist Blarney who is so far as I know still beyond surveillance of rebel, Corporate or my intelligence assets although I'm doing my best to tap into Cromwell Macarthur's UT Extraneous Maoz system to learn what he's got on her."

Another floating service tray approached to a respectful distance with it's request to approach lighton until Hosity nodded assent and it reached her. Hosity took an elegant and sweetly scented Von Paulus' Kitchen service printout from the tray and

read a message from Mugg-Pshush "My regrets that I am detained and will be late for dinner; emergent call to business details will arrive in forty five minutes...your devoted servant Mugg-Pshush.

Chapter 30

"You know Hosy, I don't like Dweeb's standing us up again" Hindenberg remarked trying to sit up strait in the thermal-adjusting body contour gel chair. "He isn't streaming along with us like he ought to be on this. I'm seriously considering writing him off as ex-stream from our special ops circuit. Pshush is a useful asset on Mars when he is compliantly in-stream. But his history of collateral rupture of our circuit coordination with his no-shows is a pollutant to CIDCOPS. Twenty-One Thirty-Five, that odd freelance with the incredible resume may be worth a test run. Maybe we should buy the Guitars from Warp Prissy and let him lead."

Chapter 31

A transmission to Immanuel Faith aboard Winston Mandela shuttle to Moon City, Rotterdam and Warp Prissyisco torsdag nacht arrived at twenty hundred hours Martian Revised Mass/motion/ticker;

"God created Uni(Plural)Verse in six days and rested per Genesis One. God created world/mass/motion yet wasn't part of it (until Jesus Christ visited). Entire future of the Uni(Plural)Verse was made by God in pre-determined form and sent to evolve into fruition (hypothetically) when explosive biggest bang happened and there was light. Entirety of mass/motion phenomena of being must exist within an aspect of God. His absoluteness must surround and penetrate the whole locality of the historical Uni(Pluralverse) yet be non-observable of course as He is non-contingent being observable only to himself or those aspects of what he Creates that he prefers to have the opportunity or ability to be cognizant of Him. The entirety of the historical universe may be a very small part of the physical, dimensional, or structural nature of God's beingness. In fact the size of the Uni(Plural)Verse may have no relevance or meaning to the nature of God, but just to people (or a theoretical equivalent class of sentient life) experiencing His Creation. Anthropic principles in holographic dimensional analogies permit formulation of maths of theoretic value in describing reality that is something like Bishop Berkley's ideait notions.

God existed outside of His idea of mass/motion. Infinitely compact without form and void without spatial dimension perhaps until he said so. With the various theories of cosmology that change so often relating the cosmos as it is thought to be to what the Bible provides about it's nature requires a cosmos as a variable on one side of the equation with a Genesis adaptation and theoretical structure on the other side that must be filterd through human interpretation of descriptive paradigms of processes/time-space parameters of acts of God. Thus a variable with some bound constant yet variable parameters is on the other side of the equation.

It is difficult to speculate about at what point in the expansive Universe of mass/motion He was finished and rested while inertially expanding, evolving matter and Uni (Plural)Verse He was finished and rested while inertial forces went on. In Genesis it is nominally written six days. What can that mass/motion concept have to an absolute Being for whom mass/motion is a subjective creation of His nature?

Because of relativistic effects even one second of time to a cosmic ray in Galactic acceleration can equal ten thousand of our days, and of course six cosmic

ray days given our day values would be more than the age of the Uni(Plural)Verse by a factor of ten at least. Motion/mass/space was subject to him at all points of motion/mass/space.

Genesis was written for people for understanding of people in the second millennium BC to start. It was written in such a way as not to interfere with the planned future evolution of human events or those of mass/motion/space understanding (physics) as well. What is known is what should be known at presentness in the evolving of God's design. How do you interpret this line of thought with the presence of the E-factor and the experience of motion/mass as well? Is the E-factor entirely deterministic? What are decisions and actions we make in the context of free will and determinism if everything is pre-determined? Can our choices to affect or not the E-factor, good and evil toward good be effective if everything is in a deterministic context? What if the E-factor is not deterministic...would our choices of influencing it then be non-deterministic. Is it necessary that everything is deterministic or nothing deterministic? In either case would it make it difference how it seemed to be? Is anything good beside God, or faith in God?

You're going to visit the cult of Nietzian error's capitol at Warp Prissyisco Immanuel.. Were Emperor Warp's forces inclined toward belief instead of the seeming infinity of mass/motion...which if compared to an *a priori* math system would have to be pre-defined as to the character of its members comprising the class of admissible quantifiers that make it up deterministically and would thus be finite...instead of belief in the apparent recurrence of mass/motion Uni (Plural) Verse in all directions you might be better off. Good luck Immanuel, watch the comparative duration of motion/mass"

The transmission ended; it was voiced-"Patrick Woewodski".

Chapter 32...Assault

Into the broad confines of Topski!! Cain Mugg-Pshush and the Guitars dispersed unnoticed into the main streams of recreationist activities during the pleasantly frosty night beneath several Vose layers that might opportunistically be disengaged to remove the comfortable atmospheric security blanket from Topski!!.

Mugg-Pshush planned to destroy Topski!!, CIDCOPS Hosity and Hindenberg et al based on simple principles of surprise, ambush and force. One was to disengage and destroy the Vose Maoz dome after using it to shape and amplify a charge detonation in initial expansion. Two was to cover the area with a fast acting chemical biological synthetic that would disassemble human biological components into primary, basic chemical elements. Three was the conversion of the brilliantly effective but obsolete microwave toilet network into a weapon of mass/motion destruction able to explode outward until cleansing Ceraunius Tholus of all trace of polluting Martians. The crowds in multi-colored stealth-suits body skied, bathed, lounged, partied, shopped, entertained and enjoyed the fabulous ambience of aesthetic auroral displays reflecting in the Vose field and crystalline Martian night sky.

One Hundred-Fifty Guitars from the smelter of the Jaws of Death had experienced covert sorties and missions throughout the twelve-planet system. The hardened technical war fact mechanics like Caesars tenth legion were growing old, most were in their early thirties. Some had lost a step in absolute top sprint speed yet gained in experience of stamina and saving steps over a long distance. The Guitars played the same song of silencing opposition forces, Mugg-Pshush

targeted methodically. With virtual genius in arranging transition movements from assault, sabotage and impact parameters forces one, two and three Mugg-Pshush's Ceraunius Tholus Purification Mission should culminate in the swift execution of mission objectives in under thirty minutes. Rising like a Neitzian Omega force from the Chaos era seeming like an eternal recurrence to total, irreversible annihilation of Topsis!!! The guitars were funded.

The Guitars visited every toilet at Topsis!!! in appropriate male or female recreationist costume and inflatable contours, sat and deposited their terminal loads of charge/amplifier/accelerant. The hundreds of deluxe latrine areas with glass, mirrors, blow dryers, metal, water, tiles, had access to the complete Topsis!!! Grid. Electron confinement circuit and electronic super-conducting mini-microwave tokamak combustion-chamber personal waste disposal pots were readily converted from orderly mass/motion sanitary waste disposal and fertilizer production/packaging into lethal unified microwave broadcast explosive catalysts with subtle additives previously smuggled into place in doctored toilet paper supply placed by a covert crew of undocumented workers building for weeks in on-site latrine recycling. Water of course recycled for hand washing and showers in a closed loop.

The Guitars broke open the toilet paper recycler/dispensers to reach the extremely explosive paper and placed it with their special loads of technical material into each microwave toilet unit, relieved themselves and simultaneously flushed the snap-lock lids into place beginning the sewage treatment sequence that doomed the amplified microwave burst countdown to fulfillment.

Being inoculated with formula one prophylaxis the Guitar's body packs aft apertures emitted fine broadcast vapors of special anti-human concoction made by the laboratory slaves of Brigadier Thortez and Colonel Bold. The formula one mix would drift to contact enemy through eyes, lungs, skin throughout Topsis!!! while the Hundred Fifty Guitars exited. It would build internal bio-structure destruction catastrophe that would be transitioned with the addition of microwaves. Before the blast to the past the recreationists and service dregs would be more than ten percent decomposed and evolving.

Mugg-Pshush himself dressed as a Corporate Interplanetary Inspector of Surreal Aesthetic Designs making his way down slope from highpoint at C. Tholus bodyskiing in a fashionable expensive stealthsuit through deep powder and steep slope faces in monstrous mogul fields through runs strewn with slower body skiers into the alpine tree line of Martian Scotch Pines. He turned into a crowd of people at an airlift at base and rose to the highest level of Topsis!!!

He made his way past numerous automatic Maoz-points with impeccable counterfeit sense data interactive responses. He mingled with friendly clusters of recreationists and athletes sharing transgenic-partly-hominid euphoria-drug food hor d'ouvres. He munched cherry/armadillo blaze chunklets sloshing off a measured apricot-gin flume with a toss. Pshush moved casually from a Corporate couple to share a laugh with Corporate officers out on the evening before drifting through dozens of floors, terraces, garden shops, narrow winding strollways encountering people from five planets/moons/stations substantially represented in the slow flowing river of pleasure fashionable, ugly and powerful Novo Lundinians actualized. Pshush sought the source of power. A textual gunnite dome cast within a mountain of ultra titanium reinforced polycrystalline added elevation to level prime.

Genuine counterfeit authorization let Sergeant Wolfram and lead Guitars arrive on schedule burst through the opening cold-phusion power puzzle door behind burst

grenades and chem-bio-synthetic tracer bullets that wouldn't show up on a motion sensors or radar at cyclical rate of fire twenty-five hundred rounds per minute in composite stealth arm-tubes with caseless body-pack magazines.

A team of building maintenance people with majority normal non-transgenetic alteration known as 'slow ones' clustered in the Topsis!!! power control chamber for all systems playing vigorous holographic super-reality games amidst a detritus of pizza boards and empty glowing glacier fizz bottles and did not actually observe initial leaping, bursting, running, flying commando assault force until darts, mini-sabots, shrapnel and formula one in grenades began shredding and dissolving them in biosynth meltdown. The mostly dead servants in knee-jerk reaction totally danced to a tune of death no longer deferred.

Mugg-Shush and a Half Dozen Guitars finished firing in mid-air slammed through judo roles into upright crouching positions muzzles alert, searching and quickly disabled the superfluous electron circuits and concentrated power into the sewage system of microwave toilet transmitters patented ash any meat left intact from chem-biosynth formula one dissolution when Mugg-Pshush's exclusive motion-mass acid-explosive annihilated the molecule- concentrating field unit.

The Guitars filed out of the dome right and left like a two current tide stream in fast forward to disable mortally specific personnel point targets of high Corporate standing who would be inconveniences to Pshush if perchance they survived or could be reassembled or cloned and rebrainwashed with stored memories from Bigg-Comm if enough residue goo be intact to cold start Corporate woomie do-ooze dishes. They would optimally be personally erased rather than probabilistically erased with everyone else en mass. Pshush completed his mission in the sound resistant stillness of the dome and went to signal dispersed yet coagulating Guitars in the field that the mission skipping phase assembly was nearing culmination.

The exit strategy was for a sub-nuclear munition to send a pressure wave from the wasted Topsis!!! downhill through the Valley of Human Rulers to register on sensors and citizens senses across Mars as another plain yet devastating blast in order to cover up the actual method of concluding the resort. More simultaneous diversion blasts would be scattered in meaningful patterns throughout Mars on signal. Phases one, two and three and the cover up blasts would occur in a five-second time span sufficiently close to take Bigg-Comm two or more hours to differentiate. The effect in increasing panic and substantiating ongoing general Lemmingway sales-thought-rave premises would be a salutary benefit furthered with delayed sequential events continuing until Pshush and the Guitars were safely off the planet in the black body ship.

The Dark Organ had heard enough from Hosy and Hindenberg and via the restroom exited Von Paulus' Kitchen to take a vacant Ayatollah of Orange taxi sitting first in a line of cabs waiting outside. It was odd he thought that the microwave toilet in the men's room didn't flush. He did not recall it ever failing to produce fine ash and mist emitting the pre-recorded sound of a tidal wave. It could have happened an infinite number of mass/motions before in eternal recurrence he thought somewhat heretically as he wallowed into the taxi.

Thomas Frost saw an obsessive/compulsive vulture nosed, arrogantly bald, cruel, black-eyed terrorist wearing an energy absorbing head covering and a very expensive, fashionable, monogrammed panther stealth suit walking toward the door of Von Paulus' Kitchen. It was Mugg-Pshush down to the gold, gothic letters MP. Psush finally kept the appointment with H & H at the table he'd just rightly left.

Unusually attired tonight the Organ thought; Pshush was wearing the uniform of the dangerous and leisurely Corporate Surreal Aesthetic Design Inspector stealthsuit. The Corporation was becoming too treacherous for a dishonest trader like himself he believed and leaving permanently was best firing explanations in his wake. It was his lost thought as the Guitar in the Ayatollah of Orange driver's seat recognized a priority target, darted and dissolved the Dark Organ reflexively.

Chapter 33...In the City

Cromwell Macarthur decided that Suzi Shan as a cooperative dinner companion was a better intelligence prospect than as an emergency UT Extraneous Maoz detainee in adverse interrogation. From the Dreg Quarter they'd travelled through the chthonic subterranean tunnels, subterranean streamways and garden/fields/living structures in the slope of the crater to the lowlands and rural shoreline avienda along the Drake Sea.

The Sea was named in honor of one of the independent British Privateers Francis Drake, employed by Queen Elizabeth in the early 17th century to wrest away from the Spanish some of the golden doubloons minted from the metal taken from the Aztecs, Incas and other empires of the land.

Restorationists during the time of troubles had renamed the two continents of the western hemisphere. One was named South Amerigo for the Captain, discoverer and explorer of the Amazon River; and the northern continent after the explorer' first name: the States of Vespucci.

The first colonialists of Novo Lundinium hoped to wrest away from Corporate Ownership the Martian Colony and were thus inspired by the example of freebooters of the nascent British Admiralty led by men such as Lincoln and Clinton descendants of whom rose to lead the largest of ex-British Colonies of the pre-Chaos Earth, the States of Amerigo. Rogue sailors like Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake, occasionally with government approval, in their ships as floating arsenals brought in boatloads of captured treasure from Spanish galleons on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and making effective raids on fortified cities of Hispaniola.

Corporate executives would have preferred a name such as the Eqarth Mare if their historical competence weren't deficient. History of course wasn't a main area of MBA research and Bigg-Comm mirthfully would not always inform Corporate of symbolic meanings as it has a somewhat divergent agenda for-itself.

Suzi and Cromwell driving along to the Cove at NASA Point below the canopy of the bright stars in the clear Martian night were clinched in thoughtful conversation in the richly appointed back seat. Each was sparring for intelligence points...Suzi anticipated her advantage upon release.

A few vehicles were moored to posts in the parking lot. Macarthur ordered the hov to park at the top of the NASA Point promontory near the entrance to the airlift. A tall bluff with a rocky promontory at the base of which nestled a quintessential smugglers-type cove behind a natural quasi-giant's bridge jetty and sandspit reaching across to enclose three-quarters of the bight in the cliff from the turbulent yet beautiful sea waves one hundred feet beneath the summit above and clouds in the night sky wind-gnarled snarling scrub pines and reddish-brown peat-like muskeg turf resting floppishly like a cheap toupee on subdued red rock.s Yearning for rain was a long crystal Quonset hut shaped building on the jetty on which large swelling Drake Sea waves occasionally rolled like bloated belly-up hippopotami somersaulting insolent extrusions of the impact crater protruding into the sea.

The Crystal roof of the gemish structure was awash for seconds in the deep blue sea and its powerful foam. Lights radiant like a diamond illuminated in opulent multi-band width laser light burst out into the realm of fish and phytoplankton and deep night. A green-blue-gray luminescence translucently swirling in millions of micro-currents changed to pastel blue and froth in the salty sea. Combined effects were brief as the jetty reclaimed domination of cool night sky and the sea rushed back into its somber vastness. The crystal long house stood alone with the distant horizon to the west and Martia firma emerging to support the prodigal restaurant.

"This is a beautiful place Cromwell" Suzi ventured as they sat close together in the limo. "I've enjoyed the Cove also having followed you sometimes."

"I've realized that" Cromwell chuckled. "This place was named for the NASA ship that landed a mile out on the dry Valles floor after the Earth Chaos occurred while it was enroute decades ago with a hold full of colonists. Unfortunately it wasn't able to return to that Earth without command-control support services from the Kennedy Center at Cape Canaveral.

A second ship from Reamerigo rescue the crew seven years later. NewFunky NASA began sending five resupply drones every seven years, yek by then colonists of the firstship had built a greenhouse, industry and brewery right over there at the..."

The white hover-jet limo parked edge of the cliff by that historical marker. Sometimes I've wondered what it would be like to be a pioneer Suzi. To live beyond the corruption of civil authorities with someone I cared about. Do you really like the view Suzi" Macarthur asked?

Looking into his eyes as though she was looking at two-fixed kaleidoscope images she said, "yes". They embraced and kissed with something resembling passion.

They were sensitive to appearance and inflections. Concealing motive ingenuously and striving to exude warmth, trust and candor with confidence while coldly estimating opportunities for the other to gain information and power from their inward poker faces they danced the baud rate dance of the scorpion's tunnel of love. They were obviously enjoying the moment, though Cromwell had been troubled by the beginning perception of a new idea that might stabilize the crisis at Mars Colony: if the illegal aliens were rapidly made legal workers for three or four years on passes they would pay taxes and be unable to work for lower wages that undermined the Colony pay scale for cheap Corporate profits off-world to the oligarchs, perhaps a fifty-thousand maller fine could then be imposed for each illegal an employer had working for her and the illegal alien problem would halt putting a dent in lemmingway and the underworld crime aura following the beast of illegal alien workers...

Suzi and Cromwell believed they would profit through most intense personal cooperation. The cooperation grew into the beginning stages of sexual activity. It was an odd circumstance for a liaison with the romantic context of espionage love or romance yet the subdued passion built like water behind a dam which would be unsatisfied with controlled release.

There was simply too much danger and work for a relaxed and usual approach to the game of Venus and Mars when the material facts of the Crucible were paramount. Yet the planets had orbited before the Chaos and had continued too through the passing mass/motion.

"Crom, the rebels cannot survive a direct assault from Corporate ultra-legions if they are massed together or identified individually by Bigg-Comm" Suzi whispered soothingly into one of Cromwell's large ears.

"Correct Suzi my dear. Those military considerations are rather basic you know. I am not ambivalent about the well being of Martians. It seems that you and I may be two of very few Martians, and you are a Martian now Suzi since you've been here for several years, we are two Martians spared somewhat from some of the Lemmingway changes taking place because of the awareness we have of the real nature of the events here.

You probably wonder what my interest is and speculate that it's in enfilading a branch of UTM-Extraneous cooperating with Corporate Maoz Mars without your knowledge, or with the rebels or others unknown. It is none of my links. My work generally is in executing special concerns for UTM-Extraneous affiliates. It is an umbrella of protection that you should grow to trust and appreciate for sheltering some of the brightest free thinkers of the Colony from immersive unit pricing and homogenizing dissolution into loyal Corporate pseudo-unionism. The owner-unions are the flip side of Corporate monopoly; each stomp individuality into non-existence.

The concern is generic and works for peace and stability on this pinkish planet. I have noticed your obvious disaffection with Corporate rulership on Mars Colony. Though you are a special agent the concern would like to become your new friend and protector."

Suzi added more to the intercourse of words "How would you speculate that I've become disaffected with Corporate? They've nurtured my career like a loving mother panda in the Big Bamboo country of Shangna. They've been my wise mentors, guides, ruler and protector since my girlhood as a young pioneer of the future matriculating to the integrated one-stop Corporate Big School."

"My special chicklet, like a pterodactyl you must spread your wings and take flight." Cromwell responded gently squeezing her hand, which was resting on his left forearm with his right.

"I've had your igloo under my personal surveillance and protection recording all activities and words, even your thoughts so far as technology allows the extrapolation through continuous observation, since you arrived on Mars as a very probable subversive covert attaché' of Corporate BlackOP and crossed the perimeter Maoz of UT-Extraneous motion/mass interests. Only recently did I take charge from subordinates of the real-mass/motion present management of your case after being advised of the extent of the compilation of your covertops dossier in Novo Lundinium."

Suzi said, "Somehow I feel naked Crom".

"Don't we all Suzi" Macarthur replied, "don't we all."

2135 detached his adhesion grips from the trunk lid. He activated his stealth suit airflow and body-slid away from the rear window onto the pavement as the hover jet slowed turning into the parking lot. His stealth invisibility, surveillance technology and genuine Corporate espionage clearance allowed 2135 to be Suzi's frequent observer. He filed the past few minutes of mass/motion into his ocean of present past memories.

Chapter 34

Mugg-Pshush removed his Comm-visor and stealthsuit at the door of Von Paulus's kitchen stepping inside to the raucous noise and savoring again the swirling recombinant aromas of Martian and otherworld drug-foods administered to

all. The smell of decadence was always deep pleasure. Pulsating, good sounds immersed his ears and brain-housing unit. These people will not be missed he thought.

Tawooth was a militarized society interpolated and growing from the wilded up post-Chaos Amerigo west. Pshush's life as a frontier marine conducting consolidating territorial campaigns against disorganizing rival guerrilla armies scattered west of the backbone Rockies to the edge of Tawooth's principal Heartland west of the Sierra Nevada had left too little time for pleasure.

Cain Mugg-Pshush compared himself to the line of fabulous Roman field generals such as Marcus Quintius who ended Macedonian resistance with the defeat of Phillip the Second by conclusively crossing a mountain range and skidding his war elephants down on pallets into the heart of Macedonia with his legion flanking the opposition force and defenses. Livy wrote the Republic was saved even with the dedication of one to sacrifice himself to the enemy in single assault. The Sabines were defeated with such leadership. Pshush would use the examples and sacrifice as many of the enemy as he could to advance the interests of *The Nation of Tawooth*.

Fort Tahoe was an elemental paradox; a high tech defense configuration with a lot of spare mass/motion control structures and OPFOR deletion equipment far superior to that of surviving North Amerigon rabble militia of the forests and plains it was an unneeded and expensive way to present a high tech military face to the savages. Mugg-Pshush's apprenticeship like that of Ulysses S. Grant who was posted north of Warp Prissyisco at Eureka California before the civil war taught a complex logistics of rewilded mountains with a potential adverse native force in the region. What more could one learn as a Goon cadre instructor for the Jaws of Death when the real war was in the field?

The guerrilla rabble had a reduced and subtle appearance and technology of cover and concealment like a hunted band should. They were sometimes clumsily dangerous because of arms recovered from pre-chaos weapons caches both government and private. Until gross censorship prevailed just before *The Chaos* unlimited home innovation weapons cookbooks were hard-copied throughout the Earth confines. Some weapons were fabricated by re-educated technologists with human memory or even re-invented, sometimes ancient compact disk textbooks were recovered. Before the Chaos public schools purchased one master copy of a textbook electronically over the www that was downloaded to disposable ten-trilobyte student visual display weatherproof bags. Some at the college level contained weapons recipes. Other data from the www era was excavated and uploaded into a master copy that could be broadcast by pirate blip to any configured notebook receiver. Pshush became expert at hunting the surviving independent, trespassing armies in Tawooth. His service skill brought him to command of the Guitars and the mission.

Mugg-Pshush walked through a cloud of smoke to the usual table in the corner. He had time for a final chat, a synth drink and a word with a waitress before conflagration.

Hosy saw Pshush approaching with difficulty but said;
"Hindy, our dupe Cain is here at last. Now we shall get back to the slopes before closing."

Pshush approached directly arriving to stand at the CIDCOPS table he said;

"My dear CIDCOPS" to the immediate outrage of Hosy and Hindenberg. "No matter, don't blow out your gaskets about the Maoz breach...its of no concern and I'll tell you why..."

Mugg-Shush's voice continued to have a persuasive tone implying inevitability of his purposes that voters heard during his congressional term in The Dictatorship of California "Not since the pre-chaos when the same Corporations made aircraft and air defenses has the concept of competition been so ludicrous as now. When advanced stealth fighter jets were made by companies that produced avionics for both each division new exactly what the relative capabilities of the other were hence the battles were pre-determined by Corporate planners whom pre-determined what level of advantage and ability to attack the other each side would have. Aircraft have always had the most vulnerable of military positions with zero cover against air defenses yet for economic, political and military reasons the domination of air defense or air assault never happened. Actual economic competition is as unlikely to develop on Mars as was military technology unlikely to develop on Earth outside of Corporate script. I loathe your monopolistic tyranny and have finally done something about it."

A directed microwave beam from the restroom activated locally at a net signal device in the maintenance power dome hyper-activated ambient formula one motion/moving everyone in Von Paulus's Kitchen into putrid, bubbling, sizzling agony for several seconds. Hosy and Hindenberg watched the motion/movement seconds happen as four-dimensional chess pieces outlasting some deceased chess pieces but themselves dissolving into vaporous muck. The CIDCOPS watched the local conflagration with as much detachment as quasi-humanly possible. Years of intelligence discipline made them slow to react emotionally to the unusual.

Mugg-Pshush said, "You must realize that I cannot serve two masters, needing to betray both, or three for that matter. I have no limit in my ability to betray tyrants. Obviously you shall not leave here alive, but it might interest you to know that neither Corporate nor Warp Prissy the mangy cur will continue as my employers. I once-Congressman of the Dictatorship of California Commander Cain-Mugg Pshush true descendant of Adam, Julius Caesar and Rufus Warwick will be the Glorious Majesty of the Imperial Domain of New and Improved Tawooth!"

-He was wrong. An error by the microcircuit manufacturer of Mugg-Pshush's off the shelf conflagration controller omitted a few timer bytes causing it to skip ahead ten minutes in mass/motion. The conflagration occurred presently. Mugg-Pshush, his dinner companions, the Guitars and every living thing within the primary Vose field lines of Topskii!! were in the process of becoming incinerated. Microwave casualties disassembled into component molecular compounds as the detonated composite explosion imploded sound and pressure to react with the shaped field and explode expanding waves of mass/motion into the night and growing consciousness of the colonists of Mars.

Chapter 35...Priority Kitch

Priority Maoz-comm circuits interpolated onto the limo quasi-crystal windscreen images of the blindingly bright explosion at Topskii!! It expanded like a white-orange cauliflower instantly to the edge of the Vose dome to quickly implode and re-blast out. The first Vose dome re-enforced with the micro-wave power lock contained and shaped the initial explosion to release the energy of a critical mass/field at Von Paulus' Kitchen blasting through all the remaining vose domes.

The Suzi and Cromwell reluctantly broke off their kiss to watch the replayed events version of Topsis!!! annihilated.

"Goodness, Suzi!! Look at that! "Macarthur said removing a hand from Suzi's chest and replacing his comm-visor to read the holotext and interrogate Maoz visuals from nearest remaining observation monitors.

"They've toasted Topsis!!!, Suzi, They've vaporized the victims! There won't be a living soul or structure standing intact."

"I must join forces with you Cromwell, its plainly an age of terror, an omen of the uncivilized, a portent of the impossible" Suzi said. "I don't know who did this, it could be the rebels, a drone or Multi Corporate Nympoons. I've been their woman here but I'm not committed to evil politically or otherwise. Stabilizing Mara Colony is best regardless of who one takes pay from. Can it still be done?"

"There are just a few of us significant others now Suzi. We would be pleased to welcome you to replace our Professor Freewater killed in the blast of the History Tower this morning. Lemmingway is going to increase . Spontaneous, sporadic and increasing issues of violence, paranoia, competitor aggression against competitors in business and real estate will happen with Lemmingway violence disguised as political violence.

The media will sensationalize The Crucible for market share and Corporate will move for martial law to pre-empt Lemmingway. Yet with absolute power I suspect Corporate shall use influence to promote Lemmingway until public suppression of it is imperative and all independent businesses will be locked out to provide a supremacy for Corporate they will not relinquish.

You can be our fifth to share your knowledge of Corporate ops and trends with us Suzi. Any assignments pertaining to the rebels or the circuit of five from Corporate we can monitor and return counterfeit data for defense. We can try to moderate principals or delete catastrophic factors if practica, maybe shape developments beyond collision vectors and total Lemmingway during crisis, Mars Colony could slide into Chaos like Earth did otherwise. The attacks upon Mars in every guise we have termed The Crucible.

There is an unknown force we have named the E-Factor for Evil-Factor which is a shadow behind the malign events of human activity. It may not be possible to obtain direct proof of its being. The Circuit of Five believes it is the unattributable cause for the recurrent evil and seemingly unreasoned sin perpetrated by human beings. We believe it is an active, causative force and will thus act as metastructural coordinator and promoter of seemingly unrelated outbreaks of evil that would appear to have no obvious structural tie to other evil-facts. We do not know what to do to neutralize the evil-factor. Possibly prayer may be our best weapon.

Immanuel, Patrick, Kelkall and I will be happy to receive you. You already have met the Profs presently investigating mass/motion leads concerning Prof. Nitrist Blarney of Remjagsbjorg and Emperor Warp Prissy in Tawooth. You and I shall just have dinner and mass/motion to think about this together."

Suzi and Cromwell exited the hover-jet limo, walked arm in arm to the airlift at the edge of the cliff and descended to the Cove at NASA Point.

Chapter 36...Remjagsbjorg Ranch

Patrick Woewodski's first thought as the Topsis!!! blast at Ceraunius Tholus filled the night sky with a semblance of day for a few moments was that he'd reached Nitrist Blarney too late. For an instant he went into a dream remembering Cherry at

Woewodski Castle pinned to the Oaken door. The physics department chairwoman in her brilliant lunacy had repeated her morning's work obliterating the History Tower at the campus he thought. Patrick had pulled together the most probable indications of Nitrist's presence from a variety of intelligence sources and wandered through an afternoon and evening of data networks, frozen Martian landscapes as desolate as parts of Wyoming seeking artifacts of covert ops training, a hundred vacant rooms in dozens of structures and countless trace locations for sensory data analysis.

He felt as he grew closer to Dr. Blarney the arrangement in the responsive environment of her mass/motion transiting. Previously Patrick made judgments in trace ops in a sequence amenable to recombination with field information weaving a trialectical assembly about a subject over a mass/motion tensor field. A reductio of personal phenomena increased the probability of the inference of Nitrist in a continuum of world-line transition.

With Blarney as the subject the system of adducing judgments toward a go was difficult. She did not leave much trace in the presenting world of motion. Life moved like a mass/motion hologram and he with it inseparable from the motion of the entirety and its course except for the liberty of his mynd with which he attempted to cross the holographic mass/motion presenting like a stroller through a theme park in his imagination.

Someone with Nitrist's social power should have left a much larger ripple in the fabric of social being. Patrick thought of some ordinary and even lonely women who might have passed with almost no personal trace configurations in their wake with only broad band class position and infinitesimal role parameters painted onto crowds and material. In fact the common woman of humble means was traveling in a pre-altered field. Nitrist should na been able to accomplish such a concealment of social persona. In the course of the day Patrick began to discern the spectrum and method of her travel.

Nitrist's transit was along a course through Mars's topology where her waves coincided to interfere and cancel out her own waves.

Patrick followed a trail of neutral froth into the evening from the Mil-o-slo Body Shop. In mass/motion he reached the edge of one of the Santa Nicolas de Los Ranchos subdivisions on the plain of the Pillars of Mars where Corporate Interplan oligarchs and upwardly mobile grafters had vacation parcels of a few hundred acres.

It was the old Remjagsbjorg place; four thousand acres of red rock, cactus and rain plastered dust forced into an infinite sculpture of fan-like playa slopes, alluvial fans, buttes, spaced talus terraces fractal forming a geometry without self-definition for five million imported Mars hardened creosote shrubs, sagebrush and wildflowers growing under a Vose maze permitting micro-management of atmospheric condition with tropical plants of lavish proportions residing next to vitamin-enhanced Mars Gila monsters, desert plants and Martianized insects. A road wound ahead over hills into a broad turning riverbed crossing a narrow stone bridge with low railing. The transit path continued over rolling hills to disappear as a narrow lane into the night beneath the stars.

Patrick followed Nitrist's trace beyond the empty sentry Maoz post at the main gate and onto the dark land, over the bridge illuminated only with the pale light of the starry abyss. The glare from the Topskiii! blast which had filled the sky and his eyes had faded into memory and a dull glow upon the distant horizon.

An infrasound penetrator assaulted Patrick's cochlea as he reached the crest of a hill a mile in from the gate. His Comm-Visor uncharacteristically wasn't effective. He was compelled to stop, cover both ears futilely with his hands to try reduce the agony. He opened his mouth to equalize the air pressure as if he was in the pressure wave field of an explosion. He could not make a move before spray on holdfast glop covered the hover-jet in an intractable sticky, binding bulk.

An squad of ten combat stealth clad Woo-Shoe trained whirling orange-dervish gardeners gingerly traced forward along individual kata world-lines in the half-light three-quarters crouched with slung swiveling sling shoulder strapped pulse rifles to Patrick's imprisoned platform.

Releasing the window's latch gravity brought it open and Patrick said;

"You're taking me to Dr. Blarney I presume, or is this a terminal introduction?"

"We have not come to kill you Dr. Woewodski"; an anonymously comm-visored gardener muttered.

The team of ten gardeners spirited Patrick off the road into an underground labyrinth of tunnels beneath the rugged Martian topology of the Remjagsbjorg Ranch. Blinding visors were placed on his head and he experienced a tour of Washington D.C. ancient America circa 2020 in the spring amidst hordes of prosperous tourists, which nearly put him to sleep. The gardening squad brought him through the private tube system to a room somewhere on the estate with smells of industrial lubricants, spices and ocean spray pervading with servomechanism sounds.

Nitrist said, "I'm so glad we have you Patrick. You are beginning to become a crimp on my plans to conquer the world."

"You too?" Patrick asked.

"Public comm-casting on Mars Colony is my personal trained chimp cluster of stooges programmed to delude the masses with spin favorable to me. They are prepping the electorate for a leader with my inimitable qualifications. Public comm-casting is the only effective subversion of Corporate and Bigg-Comm and I wouldn't want you interpolating your meddling drivializations into it. When you are sequestered from government-rebel seditionists whom have lost control of Public comm-cast it will remain that way. My work must not be impaired! Mass/motion is oozing in my general direction" Nitrist related. She took off his comm-blinders and he again perceived with aesthetic pleasure the magnificently beautiful Latin woman with blond-frosted raven black hair, blue-brown eyes, flowing swelling curves rounding into the fullness of awesome breasts. Her hips had the beauty of a women perfected for motherhood. Her legs were strong and athletic. She was six feet tall with skin glowing ingolden-brown health. Nitrist was an awesome woman Patrick thought. One with whom he had difficulty in not being immediately immersed in love; much as a meteor under the influence of gravity falls burning to the surface of a planet. She wore a white laboratory net smock unbuttoned revealing the sculpted chest wonting d-cup support and a pair of unfastened stealth gel cold-water boots.

Nitrist stood in front of a salt-water filled grotto with some odd style super-conducting components and zero-resistance wires strewn about seemingly without purpose leading to an apparatus in the chamber which had spark or scintillations of particles from a micro-accelerator, a magnetic confinement torus and quantum mechanically trapping field lines magnified with an analogue hologram. She said to Patrick, who could barely take his eyes away from her to observe the contents of

the chamber or the squad of gardeners still on guard weapons ready at the entrance/exit;

"I'd like to include you in this experiment to use a cold fusion primer to detonate the water of the Drake Sea as explosive if it was possible without imbalancing the fine-tuned calculations of my formulae. Unfortunately it would and even the pleasure of giving you a front row seat pales in comparison to the likely need to give Corporate another rude awakening somewhere, sometime when they least expect it." Nitrist finished and Patrick noticed a will-o-the-wisp computer designed three-dimensional protuberous sphere four inches in diameter appear in the air between them for the minimal time required for human observation, then disappear. Nitrist chuckled mirthfully to herself and Patrick regarded her rock hard abdomen and virtually surreal glowing skin and perfect figure again. She was entirely without blemishes or signs of unraveling yet she was more than thirty years of age. He speculated that she might be using a new generation of Trans-genome corrections or have synthetic spare parts. How much and what of this beautiful scientist was natural? What seemed to be is not necessarily what is he reflected.

"Nitrist, we've been acquaintances, or possibly even friends for some time now though your extra-curricular work was brought to my attention only recently. Wouldn't you like to make love or something? It is not in my interest to interfere with your liberation movement or eventual Martian Independence. I would only like to be of service to a woman such as you. If I can help to stabilize Mars Colony in a fashion of your preference and avoid Lemmingway as a collateral achievement it would be swell. Mars colony with you in charge probably doesn't need a Chaos like Earth." Dr. Woewodski proposed disingenuously.

"You are such a simpleton Patrick. The Chaos on Earth was engineered by Corporate and media operatives of recurrence and dialectical anti-thesis to perfection. Overpopulation and environmental destruction were halted and after that fop Warp Prissy is dispensed with along with Corporate Interplan and Jhengez Terrible Fong Dwell of Cola-Asia no one but the Chosen Women will live on Earth or Mars with their myrmidons the warriors of Zarathustra; people led by me, incidentally."

"Really Nitrist, you're such a genius" Diego said realizing she was beyond persuasion. "May I join in some humble capacity to serve you or follow?"

"If you're sure you aren't simply trying to save your craven neck from being cained and smote by the gardeners I'll be glad to take you aboard. I need a philosopher to mynd some of my letters of minor importance and script write for the masses of the System and the planet Nitrist after The Improvement occurs. In the meantime you can be my apprentice learning how to blow things up with care and precision. Now cow-tow and kiss my feet" Dr. Blarney ordered then said; "Wait a minute while I take my boots off, and don't think of moving until I say to grovel."

She wasn't bluffing and understood that Patrick understood some of the esoteric areas of thought that some of the unscientific literati dabbled in and who would be useful bureaucrats in a new administration. She was in total support of Lemmingway plainly, believing it would hasten the transition to the new order of Nitrist and the end of Corporate empire.

Patrick hoped to survive long enough to dampen Nitrist's desire for Lemmingway and conquest. There wasn't much motion/mass before actualizing.

Chapter 37...Public-Comm

The Rebel's Branch was a government trying to become a covert conspiracy. The rebel's motion/mass shared their conspiracy plans. All organizations are by nature a conspiracy to accomplish particular goals. The main difference is the comparative effectiveness they have in choosing and accomplishing goals in competition with rival organizational conspiracies.

Conspiratorial organizations were thought to be radical to the extent that their work was done outside of the general safe, objective parameters of the main stream of allied conspiracies so far as they were done with stealth, unknown and finessed to motion/mass survival in society.

Conspiracies that were known to attack other organizational conspiracies were publicly denounced as being conspiratorial and criminal. Propaganda labels were liberally applied by the primary and dominant conspiracies to conspirators undermining the status quo. First grade conspiracies making the CIDCOPS counter-intelligence list of the Top Ten Most Wanted Conspiracies where those so deeply submerged as to be virtually unknown, with unknown objectives and success. To Corporate Interplan CIDCOPS the unknown is the enemy.

Uncovering organizations with a conspiratorial foundation is like discovering the existence of an unknown celestial body through its effects upon other known (observable organizations) objects. People and language is more about relationships, events and processes of an intangible nature than about objects-in-the-world. Conspiracies are difficult to trace.

The Mars Colony government public-comm was a seditious rebel stronghold being suborned by Dr. Blarney to her own purposes without their knowledge. As Chair of U.T. Extraneous Physics she was given Directorship of the wavelength Mars media in the cost-efficient domain of Corporate Interplan. The rebels were looking for journalists who were double agents within their conspiracy within Corporate ownership who were leaking rebel details to CIDCOPS and other unknown organizations suspected to be in existence because of counter-propaganda and anti-Lemmingway concepts introduced into broadcast points of data acquisition that made it on air in live broadcast which anticipated rebel media agit-prop yet was not in plain Corporate Interplanetary interest.

Dr. Blarney would introduce a new Lemming talk algorithm to reverse-engineer/analyze relationships between motion/mass arrays of anti-prop and personnel in rebel media with access to state agit-prop algorithms and mass. Drawing a connect the dots pattern after placing anti-points and personnel would sketch the players. In the while anti-prop response phrases for broadcasters; anti-anti-agit prop genre rejoinders would be made and distributed each new day as night spare key codes for encrypted transmission. Dr. Blarney's purpose was to render Martian consumers thoughtlessly stupid and vulnerable to LemmingSshe thought there were too many people on Mars.

Chapter 38...Faith to Warp Prissycisco

Immanuel Faith left a shuttle from Mars accelerated in an electro-magnetic field to the Earth gratefully feeling somewhat queasy from the five hours of flight. Earth Main Station at Rotterdam had an intercontinental electro-mag shuttle railgun with multi-directional tube launchers aimed on permanent vectors to all regions of the world. They were kept as busy as machine guns on cyclical rate of fire. Passenger tubes with extendable wings exited up to orbital escape velocity of twenty-four thousand five hundred miles an hour.

Immanuel's tube would land at the Warp Prissyisco Imperial pad. In the fifteen-minute flight a back blast Trans-sonic silencer broke up the bang to a bust behind the gleaming glider to a silver needle passing through the blue sky over the icecap of Greenland and to an approach at the Pacific littoral just outside the Nation Of Tawooth's airspace. Glaciers were again in growth atop the mountains of the coast range and cascades as the Earth had cooled considerably since the chaos. Earth was still natural without a Vose field and had more of a diurnal heating degree-day that was absent from much of the dry Martian field-screened atmospheres. Besides the Redwood forest of three-foot diameter trees more than a hundred years old covering most of the ruins of old San Francisco in peaceful silence, Prissyisco was only by the sounds of Jaws of Death cadre training ultra-marines and squirrels verbally chastising intruders into their realm of nutrition and fun, rats, birds and people with authorized entry permits from Emperor Prissy.

Immanuel Faith got surface transport from a line of A.I. rentals hovering out front. He had driven no more than fifteen feet when a filthy bearded, bloody, bruised giant of a man in an ill-fitting ultra-marine lieutenant's stealth suit leapt at a dead run crashing into Professor Faith bringing him to halt with a 'this is bad' sensation.

Faith grimaced in pain from the assault and rolled out of the open vehicle onto the parking lot with Frank Studhaus's large, strong hands gripping his throat choking him as he was kneed in the stomach and punched in the groin. Writhing Faith heard Studhaus say "Where is Suzi Shan, Faith, I know the Circuit of Four has taken here. Tell me where she is so I can toss you into the body pit and finish the rest of you rebels."

Immanuel Faith, dizzy, in agony was trying to get a breath to comply when the grip of Frank Studhaus loosened as he pitched forward with a plethora of skull penetrating darts removing much of the bony portion of his brain housing unit with the Corporate trained contents. Faith was shaken. He could not rest long. A military policeman of the Jaws of Death cadre walked up, holstered his weapon and said, "May I see your entry pass?" He removed it from Faith's Comm-Visor index.

"We don't allow our officers to treat guests that way in Tawooth sir" he returned Faith's Comm-Visor. "That officer was out of uniform and hasn't identification...no matter, would you help me toss him into the garbage bin, he's a big one."

The Pantheon of Supermen constructed in quarried Alaska marble barged to the ruins of Olympia, through the Warp canal to Porttown, down the free flowing Halfdan the Black River to Prissyistoria and left down the Pacific Coast to the Prissyisco Bay a decade ago by the sculptor Dignitas Phidias were dozens of mini-tower steel and glass buildings with pink pre-Cambrian Mayan roof pyramids and sixty foot statues of Warp Prissy's heroes, including himself, at the pinnacles. The blown off upper half of the Trans-America building hung limply upside down like a Klu Klux Klansman's pointed hat at a forty-five degree angle glued at an edge to a bald-headed man. It was a perennial monument to the Chaos. If the constitution could have restrained people like super-glue from Lemmingway what might have been, Immanuel considered.

From the Port of Prissyisco Imperial pad the Rue de Warp ran through the Pantheon, past the Circus Maximus at Candlestick Flats, the Geary Prospekt landing zone, woman's quarters thatched roof huts with mud streets, oxcarts, bullocks, beautiful unshod ponies with bridals and wooden/leather saddles, a corpse pit, the D.B. Cooper Center for the Study of Chaos and innumerable densely wooded wilded up areas unto Fisherman's wharf in back of The Throne of Warp. Several hundred bruisingly muscled, stout Brethren stood guard amidst the

fluted Corinthian columns concentrated in the paranous and porticos de warp on both sides of the Rue de Warp in charming little Temples amidst the Pantheon mini-towers in each of which was a different, seated sculpture of the Emperor in Vermont marble to inspire the people. Immanuel's meisner force platform was slowly moving with other pilgrims in a procession making way to pay homage to the Living Emperor of Tawooth Warp Prissy. Faith wanted to get a feeling for what the phenomena of Tawooth was up to. Perhaps Warp Prissyisco was not the most representative place in Tawooth, but it was the seat of government.

All roads in Tawooth, it is said, lead to Prissyisco. Warp replica robots ubiquitously littered Warp Prissyisco and groveling kow towing was required on pain of death at their request as if they were the Emperor themselves on penalty. Tardiness in prostration brought three years of audio-torture in a wind cage with i.v. tube with sadistic mix drug-food. Replete with PSIC personality artificial intelligence operating systems and WARP-Comm intermind with Prissy they were the eyes, ears, hands and repression organs upon which the Emperor could most rely. Each bore Warp's personal identification authorization to power in the be-ist circuit of the material domain. Immanuel reflected upon the half-wild mildly classic transformation of the Rue de Warp into a woodsy Valhalla south and shuddered inwardly that a recrudescence such as this neo-nazi architectural revival in a city of surviving anarchist supermen could await Mars Colony if *The Crucible* wasn't stabilized.

At the end of the Rue de Warp five miles northwest Emperor Warp was receiving afternoon audience in the Throne encrusted with emerald, ruby, sapphire and diamonds with gold and platinum, ivory and onyx sculpted raptors claw arm rests and fiber quasi-crystal neo-intelligent fabric super-real visual dissimulation components and more frills than a hundred chimps in a hundred lifetimes given the chance to have human intelligence could possibly use. It glittered, shown with the glory of the sun, seemed to be what it was not and was exceeded in effulgence in Prissyisco only by the Emperor's rhetoric which boomed from a constellation of tubular field sound amplifiers with super-bass millions of micro-subliminal turbulent bytes forming delayed reaction messages around and within every overt word that Prissy uttered.

The disparity between speed of light and very slow speed of sound normally allows a virtual infinity of time to reshape and place more effective corruption into Warps words below the level of plain perception with AI corruption intension-on-ityfers to enhance Lemmingway effects. Millions of subliminal ideas per minute were stuffed by the Superman operating system into the skull housing units of the ears lent to Warp's oratory. Warp was about to commence his oratory when a Centurion of Goons arrived.

Flinging himself immediately into an appropriate groveling prostration at the Emperor's feet a centurion said, "Mein Emperor, five goons of 500 Marines each have goon on strike demanding dimple transplants as perks for the med-benefits package!"

Warp-Prissy replied "Run them through the Jurgasia procedure and transfer the goons to the Empress's ha-rem guards legion, delete the leaders."

Emperor Prissy began his speech...

"We receive our new pilgrims to our bosom with the welcome we offer again to all humanity per se, knowing that each shall become a hive insect of the most fine quality with many, many years of use in effective life applications. Drones, workers, warriors, schmucks lend me your lives and each of you will be better for me than

anything you could every have done for your pathetic selves. The perfect rule of Warp awaits you, embraces you with open arms. Since I calculated solutions for Diophantine equations in my mynd at the age of five I have calculated ways to bring the masses into my beneficial bondage.

Seven or eight score and a few decades ago Emperor Clinton and his Prophet Dr. Venter announced in the Big Room of the White Castle of the Amerigos the receiving of a new book of life from Oort. This is the Day of the Ascension of Man from the bog of self-determination and natural design to Perfection!

There is no turning back; I have a body pit for that. We have subdued Chaos and disorder while increasing it, aftermath's of the destruction of mass man, mass society, mass values all other organization complacence we have formed into a Newest Order of World for Prissy! It is my commitment to you to bring decay, disorder and nimwits to administration in our time! You are the fulfillment of the genius philologist Frederick Nietzsche's metopian vision of the triumph of red meat in the diet and anarchy in the rule of me!

I am *Top* sitting in The Throne at the center of history, mass/motion, aesthetics and eternal recurrence of the deserving leader. I am the reason for being, the one in all and all in one, the rock rolling and not rolling, the most true perfect being amongst adepts trying to be like me. You, my newest servants and guests may aspire to quasi-superman status, and take home a Jaws of Death study guide in easy to understand comm-script for Six thousand Corporate Mallers per lesson. You must sign a three-year contract or become consigned to the ashheap of history.

Let the ultra-marines audit your spirit! Bask in the radiance of my persona as anarchists in your own place own day. Should you ever really learn the shining paths of the moons of other worlds without my leadership? Could you avoid the pitfalls awaiting you at every turn in an uncompassionate Solar System? In the concrete Warp auto-consciousness cult you will understand that I am the source of your power.

Some have trusted politicians, journalist-governors or military juntas; I am the culmination of the best of all possible rulers totally unfazed by Bigg-Comm propaganda. When you were content with a mere proto-anarchist political philosophy shoring up domination of some privileged percentage of society providing prosperous mass consumerism and comfort instead of looking forward to fascism, chaos, conflict, war, death, disease, authoritarian subjugation, mindless drone communism and troubles you had no hope of an emerging brilliant Superman such as myself dialectically revolving to rescue you from the oppression of the mundane.

Now I am here to save you from yourselves. We have not forgot how. You will live a Spartan life here except for necessary libations from routine as emergent mass/motion possibles deem. We have anticipated the decline and fall of the Corporate Empire on Earth, Mars and the remainder of the Solar System. In fact we have made definite plan to hasten the process and elevate Warp order sparing the pathetic teeming masses yearning to be enslaved wallowing in middle-class indolence and moral lethargy the drowning, dooming fruitless misery of being pages to role-model supermen this very day!

Cheer my brethren. The August, all-wise, all-knowing Emperor Prissy has already seized the assertiveness high-ground and is tensoring to battle with the doomed Corporate Interplan Forces.

I will update you soon. In the meantime enjoy the pleasures of Prissyisco. It takes a village of women for men to be the best they can be. My breeding village at Thatchhutville is open for your service at no cost until oh four hundred. This was a pre-recorded hologram." Immanuel immediate up-linked a hyper-compact mobilization of Tawooth message to the *Circuit of Five* loop then sought to find transport out of Tawooth leaving Warp Prissyisco through a connection in the village of women.

Chapter 39...Corporate Restructuring

Cloud McSky and Luck Lund Sud zillionaire Corporate Pro-Consuls at Europa Bear H.Q. in orbit kilometers above the moon reviewed the ongoing Solar System status monitors themselves eschewing AI Comm management loop profiles. Even with speed of light Bigg-Comm data was slow in reaching H.Q. from the innermost and distal points sometimes taking three to six months. Anticipatory probabilistic orders were often issued months before activation. The Corporate zillionaires wished to review the timeline for Corporate absolute monopoly on Mars. Wild explosions in Novo Lundinium and at Topskill were a concern. The top three field agents; CIDCOPS and Cain Mugg-Pshush were deactivated. Reports on mass/time geodesics had only just reached them.

The Europa Bear Station was an immense structure one thousandth of the mass of Europa processing chemicals and information mined from the system. It was the production and transshipping hub of the Solar System. Cold packs arrived from Pluto; the twelve planet, Kuiper Belt and rogue settlements in deep space within three light-years travel tensoring Artell. operating system piloted cold pack ion engine powered drones with odds and ends for trade in return packaged goods tensored home.

The Pro-Consuls choose to promote a resourceful expeditor agent 2135 to fill the leadership gap left by the CIDCOPS absence. They hadn't discovered that 2135 was alien with unusual powers quite bemused with Corporate Interplan's assignment of Agent Suzi Shan and search for rebels. McSky and Sud released the promotion order, opened bottles of Tsaravich pilsner and Tovarich ale just as Prissy's Special Weapons And Nuclear Kick team led by Commodore Yermolov in a stealth Triomphe ship arrived to kick in the rotten door brushing through their defenses as effortlessly as a fly going to a full dinner plate on a picnic table.

Chapter 40...Good and Evil

Shan and Macarthur enjoyed Chinook salmon and each other's company at the Cove at NASA Point. Suzi and Cromwell sat intimately close in carved mahogany chairs facing the Drake Sea. The salmon meat was pink and hot. Cromwell engaged it delicately with chopsticks savoring chunk after chunk moved carefully into his mouth as the skeleton of the large fish became bared. Suzi attacked the same fish with similar relish. When the fish was sufficiently subdued Macarthur said, "Suzi, I have had to study some of these philosophers of western civilization and the University of Texas Extraneous at Mars to make sense out of security/Maoz and social issues. Philosophical works of Eastern Civilizations turned out to be neo-religious pagan cosmologies, misunderstandings of Sakyamuni's practical precepts for avoiding suffering, or plans for bureaucracy. If perpetrators with misunderstanding of philosophical concepts develop plans based on their errors it is helpful to understand what they will tend to think based on their mistakes.

Too many people have claimed to exercise some philosophical rationale or authority in their security violations as requisites to action. Usually they should have just read more and have become life-long students of philosophy. It seems that so far as people genuinely try to comprehend western philosophy from the pre-Socratics to Plato, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, Philo of Alexander, Plotinus, Augustine, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Kierkegaard, Wittgenstein, Heidegger, Husserl, Sartre, Quine, Strawson, Davies, Sophio, and Woewodski they make an basic error of trying to interpret philosophy as politics applying to the political world. The Critique of Dialectical Reason by Sartre would best approach that...and then simply as an objective description of the phenomena of interacting existential mynds in organizations. They may alternatively think that philosophy is grounded in metaphysics without relation to the external sense data and force there own beliefs in ignorant dismissal of contemplation of the actual world for-itself. So almost anyone can develop a synthetic compote of a non-rationale political philosophy with excerpts and ignorance and call it philosophy.

Most philosophers practice philosophy as an effort to learn about the actual and that's about it. They would have knowledge of what is and what is a good way to live. That means that traditional philosophy in branches like metaphysics, epistemology, moral philosophy and language analysis should be studied and considered as interrelating constructions supporting and critical of each other rather than as isolated esoterica by mystics. It isn't just political activists unaware of the amount of western philosophy that has considered the what is of the world, thought and the phenomenon of the cosmos who have wrong ideas about what philosophy is.

Even and especially some comm-casters and dogmatic fundamentalists classify philosophers exclusive into history as secular role agents leading mass political changes. The comm-casters are frequently atheists that cannot interpret human activities outside of a secular context unable to imagine that there is anything else or that any human activity could be non-political. Atheist comm-casters tend to totalize everything.

The the leading socialist Karl Marx was commissioned by the first International to write the Communist Manifesto; the smaller of his famous works, the other being the clever analysis of nineteenth century English urbanization and industrialization phenomena from an economics history point of view named Das Capital, was a leading edge socio-economic technical tour de force but Marx was not the inventor of socialism or atheism. Marx learned atheism from Ludwig Feurbach, and socialism pre-dates Marx by at least two hundred fifty years.

Levelers during the era of the English civil war are an example of socialist movements and orders; rebellion has been present throughout human civilization. People often want to revolt yet don't know how to have a perfect society after they do. It is an easier matter to describe civil strife than to know how to change it, much less what to change it into. People want to revolt to relieve oppression, then don't have a clue about how to make a better society or improve human nature. Communism is such a case; it provided an excellent esprit d' corps for oppressed revolutionary masses to organize, revolt and sacrifice to conquer the assets of the rich or rich and stuffed middle-class servo-units, yet was entirely brain dead when it came to economics and political philosophy if victorious. It utilized the one skill that humans of all social classes tend to naturally develop: war. Sometimes people don't have a good political philosophy to justify conquering a rival or oppressor and so must shop around for one. With mass/motion substance deploying on its own it's not likely that a perfectly designed human social organization will ever exist.

The Second Coming of Christ will usher in the first perfect society the world will have. A good human society for now is one that allows people to stay out of each other's private affairs the most, including economic self-determination; then people

and society can sort of ride the bubble of natural expansion going about their own concerns or just worshipping God. To say that Karl Marx who was a political philosopher or sociologist/economist decided the course of events for Earth in the twentieth century is simply wrong. The course of the twentieth century might more meaningfully have been said to have been determined by Albert Einstein, P.A.M. Dirac, Watson/Crick, Thomas Edison, the Wright Brothers, Henry Ford, Robert Oppenheimer, Werner Von Braun and Steven Jobs.

The developments on the Earth historically were a continuum and culmination circumstantially as concatenated history. What people did politically was determined more by the physical facts of population and space plus technology and human nature rather than a sudden and pervasive philosophical indoctrination. An aspect of human culture is power Suzi. People get power at different rates and mass/motions in life. Some are born to power and privilege, some get it for themselves forcibly or in accretion, some are drafted or groomed into it.

The problem with power is in how it is used. Having power gives one the chance to interfere with people without as much. People develop mentally, physically and socially at different paces. They don't even have the same goals. When people use power to oppress the self-determination of others they corrupt the civil rights isotropically necessary to a free society. As in the prisoner's dilemma too many people opt for the easy, cheating way to power and wealth hoping others will be the square, natural cows of the pillars of free society whom they can plunder and the security of the class is annihilated into Chaos.

I would suggest Suzi that even though people begin a lot of actions presently with attributions to various philosophical references as a first cause for themselves that individual human needs and requisites are the actual cause for people in politics even if they ascribe some ossified thought of someone else as the irresistible truth.

It would never be possible for people to agree one hundred percent on a total stasis without being rendered to a political vegetable condition. Words and ideas even meanings are of meaning first to the person making and using them. They have a sort of phenomenal character. Ideas and words simply don't exist in a Platonic Universal form outside of actual human use as if there were real objects in a metaphysical realm. Words are labels for sense phenomena and relationships about it. The accuracy of words to the sense-phenomena for-itself is not in any way necessary. An apple tree may be called a ship. A toilet may be mistaken for an object of art.

Unfortunately one of the intrinsic properties of language is a strength and weakness...it must be self-consistent and consistent with other words and context references for meaningfulness. There is not even an ideal form for a single particle or mass/motion phenomenon. The phenomena are inspirations for our language definitions of what we perceive and how we understand what we perceive and delineate particular aspects of mass/motion as individual event/objects. No hydrogen atom receives its blueprint from an ideal hydrogen atom.

The entire arrangement of particles would seem to be pure coincident chance development in a deterministic field with mass/motion fitting forms presently apropos given the original parameters of creation. The only possible ideal structure would be in the thoughts of God existing outside of mass/motion. And Suzi, it isn't likely that any delay or staging area exists for God. He simply speaks and it is.

Without Platonic forms, ideas cannot ever be Universal in the meaning that nineteenth century idealist German philosophical systems posited. Some people assumed those systems were representative of all philosophical systems.

Philosophy does have work and activity outside of making universal, self-inclusive, self-referencing definitions of reality. Actually it would seem that some can system support judgments and limit judgments made by human beings who are not omniscient *a priori*.

With this use of a branch of philosophy, empiricism, I can disregard philosophical meta-physics referencing with language things that don't exist as if they did in political philosophy as non-sense-able and concentrate on more substance flow and greed speculations of a political disposition" Cromwell paused.

Suzi finished the last of a *Bunked Alaska* consuming the chocolate chip mint icecream and spitting out a few watermelon seeds to slurp a mouthful of Chardonnay.

She said; "People used to kill each other on Earth either to save hundreds from extinction in environmental destruction, or to have the right to destroy the environment confident in science-fiction salvation; indifferent to the future of humanity ignorant of The Crucible in the belief that there could be no problem. Landimal was a prototypical Lemmingway term-label for the nimwitization of masses that could accept installed software beliefs without question in ignorance of ecological issues.

Yet it was finally the social issues which brought Chaos and ecological reset."

Macarthur read a hyper-blip message from Immanuel Faith alerting to mobilization of Tawooth. To Suzi;

"Let's finish here and get to the UTE Maoz bunker across from Corporate H.Q.-Lemmingway is breaking out."

Broadband comm-casts were affecting everyone on Mars. Martians were feeling squirrely, prone to violence and disoriented.

Chapter 41...Warp Speeds

With Lemmingway pervasively bringing Martians to riot on and assault themselves, anyone and anything synergizing Prissy's attack on Mars fortuitously assisted. Warp's plan was sufficient brilliant for itself and executed flawlessly. All Planetary Corporate H.Q.s and Comm-Cast buildups were isolated, plundered, conquered or annihilated under full human guidance of impulse training; substantive military facts were obliterated.

Warp's illegal alien guest-workers were a fifth column of forward observers everywhere Corporate did business in the Solar System able to direct launches of precise attacking tensors from nuclear void depth charges and provide accelerated hyper-kinetic rail gun plinkers, particle beams, formula one contacts to ultra-marine assaults for point-of impact delivery of weapons packages on substantive OPFOR occupied motion-mass.

Miniaturization into Planck length machines permitted totally concealed infiltration of OPFOR mass/motion. Assault robots too were as small as the components of matter...almost, reduced to the Planck length. Reality could be a camouflaged composite cluster of latent malign forces awaiting transformation. Extra-dimensional forces below Planck length known as mini-muggers could be concentrated in potential tensors to be activated per intelligent orders placed to fifth dimension or balloon dimension containing four dimensions of space-time to emerge as force snares appearing suddenly as virtual mugger media.

Planckets in quantity could consume and transform Corporate assets without limitation. A building might be a war machine, a highway could become biomass grinder. An ocean could transform itself into a gelatin ultra-explosive, a forest could

become a medical facility with unlimited malleability for emergency medical biological replacement parts.

Entire data acquisition phenomena available to human and subjective sensory systems could be radically interfered with by duplicitous quantum mechanical arrays. Warp's special projects had made much of reality not what it seemed with potential mass-motion coordinates meaningful to conquest. Warp's forces were everywhere winning battles without setbacks. He planned to celebrate victory in Prissyisco before the adoring horde.

As Warp approached Mars Colony at fastest possible speed the tide of battle was reaching the finish line throughout the Solar System he would rename Prissyville.

Chapter 42...Sunrise

Nitrist Blarney was impatient with the gridwork of humanity on Mars. It was binding, restrictive and maladaptive like a titanium nimbus cloud that oppressed the land. Suzi Shan's alien shadow learned of her work during surveillance of Shan's movements around the pink-red world Mars and moved through his memories to better understand her effect on Mars Colony.

Agent 2135's Corporate employment served his own data-gathering mission. Blarney was a factor with a Corporate profile low enough to be considered rogue. With inference by inductive logic he anticipated that her next demolition target would be Corporate H.Q. Mars Colony. It was evident that the Colony was dissipating its order at an increasing rate. Thus he left the Cove and took the Circle line mag-lev to the business quarter.

2135 reached the Kant-Strollway Cafe and took up a good position at a sidewalk table to keep watch on Corporate H.Q. and two field-grade officers of the Nation of Tawooth who were passing the early dawn hour with a table full of professional-pleasure women and flagons of Old Martian Red Ale.

General Thortez and Colonel Bold were immersed in revelry shooting passers by with amusing unraveling symptoms and excessive Lemmingway behavior. Each wore peacock and ostrichanarchist plumes in their battle comm-visors.

2135 observed orderding a new personal taste datum; cloudberry chilled frappe and tangerine gin. He increased his mass/motion slippage shell. The spinning Martian wind was blowing from the East heralding another day-time; thermal differentials evictedthe atomospherem from indifference.

Acrid smoke of vague fires and uncivil action subdued the usual fragrance of flowers in the park. Distant sounds of battle struck many chords of memory. He traveled far away into the past as he saw...Nitrist Blarney's limo hover-jet pull up to Corporate H.Q. and park followed moments later by Cromwell and Suzi.

Without posting advance notice at Corporate's Mar's-wa Diplomacy Branch Warp Prissy and Seventy-Thousand Ultra-Marines plummeted through the sky up to the surface of Novo Lundinium in a blaze of rainbow-orange stealth suits bearing the universal sign of selfishness skull and crossbones unit insignia. Anti-human atmospheric detonators were silenced by sabotage.

Nitrist was leaving her limousine with a counting-down packet of parallel phusion warheads on the front seat as war raged in the streets. Ultra-marines in a mad-minute firing every weapon they had for overwhelming tech-conquest of even theoretical standard resistance in structures and streets and below ground... The phusion packet would self-destruct nine minutes after her exit of the craft.

Patrick Woewodski was gagged and tied up on the back seat looking uncomfortable. Blarney planned to dash into maglev and leave the City before

flaming sky-warriors complicated coordinates. She self-sprawled to the greenstreet and began low-crawling toward Kant-Strollway's immediate maglev portal.

Brigadier Thortez and Colonel Bold sprang up from their table picking it to use as a battering ram clearing way amidst thickening numbers of Martians confused in Lemmingway and Ultra-Marines harvesting them with BCorporate retainers. The Staff Officers reached a drop-ballet in the center of Kant-Strollway, blew the box fasteners and urgently began reassembling contents.

Thortez and Bold in seconds put up a spring-loaded speaker's platform and Field Throne. Warp Prissy blasted stealth suit retros and arrived standing up on the throne from the plummet up from the deep black body object miles down in interplanetary thin motion/mass.

Cromwell and Suzi Shan remained for the present in their Maoz limo hovering trepiditously on the Kant-Strollway observing the Chaos. A variety of Maoz and comm systems were issuing channel imperatives until Agent 2135 nulled all Bigg-Comm transmission. Prissy's ultra-marines sought out and deleted from life resistant Corporate elements. Emperor Prissy sat resplendent upon his throne euphorically waiting the mopping up of Corporate H.Q. hermit crabs. He signed an execution order transferring operations of the Martian diamond pipes neath Olympus Mons to his nephew the First Coordinator of Extraneous Evil Empires.

Then the unthinkable happened. Warp's face sloughed into melt down with inhuman panic and shock failing to have time to mature as he quickly unraveled. Some strange combination of ordinary body cosmetics or medicines past expiration date, unusual atmospheric conditions, something he ate in thin mass/motion; the cause of his breakdown no one except 2135 would ever realize.

With the dissipation of Warp Prissy into vapor and chemical dust the Supermen trained by the Jaws of Death lost the will to win. They had no power to rule themselves and as solitary, unguided anarchists trained to kow-tow only to the late Emperor demoralized ultra marines joined as one with dazed and confused Martians wandering in Lemmingway worlds of their own.

Thus Mars colony rebel forces became inheritors of the void of power bequeathed by Warp Prissy's annihilation of Corporate Rule and sudden, intestate death. When the binge of Lemmingway and deficit spending was over what remained of Mars Colony would at last be ruled by Martians.

2135 got up from his cafe table to walk over and arrest still low-crawling Nitrist Blarney with stay-fasteners in place. Then he went to her limo to reconstitute the phusion selector countdown switch from boom to wait and released Patrick Woewodski from his bonds. The alien walked to Dr. Blarney, took her by the hand down the street to a quiet spot and enveloped her in the folds of his motion/mass deflection robe to non-contact the motion/mass between Mars, the Sun and the seeming place of itself it would have been outside of the non-relational exit to his own star system. Macarthur, Suzi and Patrick met in the street amidst chaos.

Patrick said "My friends, Mars Colony is free at last. We'll need to organize senior Martian military personnel to arrest high-ranking Tawoothian war criminals for the malefaction and death they perpetrated. When the worst of the Lemmingway subsides, and we haven't seen the crest yet, we must have lunch at the Slaughterhouse with the MP and Joint Chief."

Macarthur looked about; "Patrick in five days we can restart. Only ultra marines of centurion rank and up will require special counseling. The legionnaires can be retrained as gardeners and ecological systems actualization specialists. I'll draw up a top ten most wanted war crimes list as soon as we can get Mars-comm up and

running. It will have different parameters than Big-Comm did. We must be careful about how we set up the beginning since it often serves as a blueprint for what follows. I believe Faith can establish the advisory Privy Council for Earth in the vacuum left by Prissy, as is in the general contingency plan.

"Suzi said" No Corporate, no Warp, no Blarney just liberty. Was the Crucible resolved?"

Woewodski answered, " The E-Factor may be always incalculable. Perhaps we must be content with what peace the Lord provides, and be ever vigilant against the enemy."

Cromwell and Shan said good-morning to Woewodski, who walked away up Kant-Strollway into the spectacular dawn rising over the highest reaches of the crater bathing the City and Drake Sea within the caldera in brilliant light.

"Just when you thought it was all over, I have returned to take the victory" a gloating Emperor Warp's booming voice declared from atop the statue of the Ma'are's demi-urge Id with a definite tone of gloating.

" I have returned from time before dissolution through my secret weapon- The Fifth Dimension Attacks Rebate. It has reassembled me from history. Though always in the vanguard leading edge of everything that is brilliant and clever in the Universe, I always was a step behind the present in case such a loss to humanity such as my unforeseen death ever occurred.

The Universe has one large fifth dimension that encloses the other three dimensions of space and the one of time. That fifth dimension is malleable and shaped as mathematicians require it to be in order to account for the physical forces of the universe that they cannot account for, as well as the unexplained dimensions and observations that physicists or astronomers cannot explain.

Gravity particles travel at the speed of light in the standard theory yet in the eleven dimensional world of the non-standard model gravitons pass through interdimensional space at speeds faster and slower than light. At speeds slower than light they are simply traveling through other dimensions farther than the apparent distance and the speed required thus seems slower.

The three dimensions of space and one of time expand on the wall of the one-dimensional fifth dimension. Before the expansion of the present Universe 1, two absolutely perfect three-dimensional walls of micro-dimensional stuff drifted along the line of the fifth dimension for a seeming eternity in perfect peace. Then, one soon to be catastrophic moment, they crashed into each other creating a gigantic crash and expansive explosion of energy and particles outward in the form of the standard expansionary universe. The singularity was only of three dimensions of space compacted as a large loop around the cylinder/wall of the fifth dimension; time was not compacted into a singularity, as it could not be in order for the walls to move.

Six micro-dimensions produced during the crash of the two three dimensional walls along the cylinder-line axis of good of the fifth dimension appear in the three dimensions of space and one of time as mass-energy because they are bound so tightly that they seem to have substance. Matter seems to exist, and I could be reconstructed or retrieved by disassembly into the six micro-dimensional particles components and quick retrieval by a fifth dimensional surveillance of my space-time coordinates and cut-splice-fast/forward artificial intelligence swarm.

The Universe in fact is now within the power of my mathematicians and physicists who will invent however many dimensions and shapes it needs in order to account for the unexplained. The technique, borrowed from an inventive economic genius

of the second millennium, is called voodoo economics. I have deemed the fifth dimension's optimal shape as that of a balloon, and it has brought me up, up and away!"

Warp Prissy stood alone and confident upon the rubbleized Statue of Id. A gathering storm cloud was looming across the Martian plains as the terminator line was approaching in the distance.

"Corporal Napoleon" Cromwell uttered *sotto voce*, "We must stall for time; appeal to his ego, ask him something intelligent about his secret weapon."

Corporal Napoleon shucked off upper-body magnetic-field armor with an imperceptible adjustment, and stepped from behind a broken Corinthian marble column. He said in a loud voice,

"Hail Emperor Prissy, all powerful, all seeing and all knowing ruler of the fifth dimension! This is your humble admirer Corporal Napoleon of the Martian Police. I beg your magnificence to enlighten my awe-struck mind about La Cosa Vostra control of the unseen and unknown powers of space and time. I have a couple questions..."

In an eleven dimensional M-Theory universe, is the fifth dimension that contains the standard three dimensions actually a one-dimensional cylinder of infinite size or an inflationary balloon?

How is the fifth dimension that ostensibly contains the standard three dimensions just a millimeter or so in size; doesn't it need to be bigger than the entire Universe?

What constraints would exist on future cosmological theories that just throw in extra dimensions and shapes of the Universe as well as pre-histories of the Universe before a big bang that exist just to explain the otherwise unexplainable or non-conformities of observable evidence to theoretical structures?

If the two perfect walls that traveled along the fifth dimension to collide and create an expansionary three dimensional Universe stuck on it were in a singularity status except for time/motion and were in the shape of a wave front with no back, or a clump of potential dimensions without form, were those potential three dimensions all made up of the other six dimensions that later would seem to appear in the deployed three dimensions as the particles and quantum elements of the Universe?

Is the ultimate condition of the fifth dimensional wall that of a line segment of unknown size with two clumps or walls that are singularities that attack one another through an infinite inertial recursion transferring six miniature dimensions that are particles to one another, back and forth in an expansive and retracking phenomenal four dimensional universe forever?"

Emperor Warp seemed strangely contented to listen to the Corporal's palaver. He adjusted his uniform's collar, then motioned to several centurions of odd goons that began materializing about The City to approach, which they did at double-time to sprawl headfirst fifteen yards distant from Warp into the requisite groveling prostrate kow-tow.

Two elite members of Prissy's Special Groveling Corps prostrated near the Emperor in the blood and dirt pleaded together;

"Speech your highest majesty, give us a speech, or direct us to kill the impudent one!"

"Oh well, alright; this one goes out to the one's I rule." Warp warmed to the moment.

"Here and now I promise to build a vast, lasting industrial slum and fetid sewer on Mars. I will assure a recurrent future of miserable servitude, ignorance and despair

for all. The people of this world hereafter named Warp's Planet will exist in filthy, dirty, dank, gloomy and occasionally infernal hot and humid polluted cities sprawling in decrepitude to an invisible horizon in all directions patrolled by android compservants. They will toil without profit in pain, agony and humiliation relieved only by teledreaming within high-rent niches in the putrid squalor. The art of the people shall be crude. It will reflect the world they deserve with drab colors and short, sharp sentences..." Warp's speech was like music to the ears of goons and groveling forces. His rave flowed toward secret weapons.

Macarthur, observing the events transpiring, said quietly to Suzi;

"This is no problem Suzi, I anticipated that Warp Prissy might have a Phoenix Factor in his planning. Even that initial dissolution may have been an ordinary decoy death in order to lower Martian defense forces into standing-down. Julius Caesar once defeated a much larger German army on their own turf by insulting the drunk opposition forces with curses and imprecations from within a small fortified position that they rashly attacked with complete loss of military composition to the fifth-size and sober Roman legion.

Warp believes his secret weapon of fifth dimension tie-rods to step outside of the four dimensions of space-time is the final verdict on the day. He is of course wrong about that. The alien 2135 offered his services navigating through folds of fifth dimensional space and has created quite a few subtle distortions and illusions that allowed Warp Prissy to construct his work within an ersatz simulverse that is contained within the parameters of a macro-verse; a Macroarena that is malleable and a Chinese puzzle box-step size larger than that in which Emperor Warp designed his time traveling. The Alien 2135 placed a few phenomenal space-time myne fields that will recall anything in their coordinates to a splendid waveform impound cell awaiting the Day of Judgment at my request as well. I believe we have at least several moments before Emperor Warp shows us what he's got now.

"

Suzi Shan drew even closer to Cromwell. Arm in arm in the early twilight the surreal character of the wrecked section of Novo Lundinium did not strike her noticeably. She replied to Macarthur as the centurions concluded receiving instructions from Emperor Prissy and ran off in many directions transfer plate armor gleaming gold in pervasive emergency vose float lighting;

"Long ago I was mostly destroyed in a dinothar accident on Ig Expressway when passing a double-decker S.U.V. that rolled over on me in a high-speed turn. Corporate rebuilt me from the ground up. So in effect I owe my bottom to the Corporate Store. What I am trying to tell you Macarthur is that this experiencing life when not limited to a mortal body, when not constrained by a one-shot life nature, may become detached from the meaning that it has in the primitive normal circumstance of mynd and body integrity. I have thought about this on many evenings off in the drift floats that I was stationed on. With enough mortal life perpetuations maybe the phenomenology of mynd would become hallucinatory. Mmmm, I don't mean Crommy that mynd would experience things that are not existent or things that are somehow inappropriate for the existential content of being vis the non-mynd properties of the material other; I mean that the relation of mynd to body would be so disconnected in importance that mynd would have no cause to limit or control what it thought to material or survival concerns. In a succession of material bodies that could replace injured or decayed ones through part by part replacement and particle beam restructuring of the quantum content of the body to a condition such as it had in the optimal health condition, the mind

would be on permanent vacation from concern about the safety of the body, or limitations caused by aging. The particle beam rearrangement of the mass of the body at the instructions of the life bio-data thank does not displace the memories nor erase the thought continuum that is the experience of mynd. The mind also is restored as it was before the restructuring. In fact the mynd experience no disrupt in the ongoing biomechanical service.

What happens to the concern for the Spirit in this process of never ending mortal life that could continue until some macro-physical disaster from the Universe, from extra-dimensions, from Warp Prissy or some other unforeseen power suddenly disrupts life beyond the capability of bio-servo unit reconstruction? In the life after life would the human mynd in its detachment from normal concern about death in a few hours, days, years or decades forget about the Spirit too? What would happen to the secular Christian Church in a few centuries of very long-lived humans? Would anyone become saved for the immortal eternal life in heaven through The Savior Jesus Christ when they are immersed in hundreds or thousands of secular lifetimes on earth in repaired bodies? Life is always a temporal process and therefore mortal. Life continues until it ends in the three dimensions of space and one direction of time being subject at all moments to termination.

Evidently the Alien 2135 has been utilizing a method of folding space to arrest time's normal limitation to one direction in three dimensional space, though in theory I do not know of any reason why time should be limited to one direction that is in a sense a dimension with one direction analogous to a mono-pole magnetic or a field with one direction. Most particles have anti-particles, why shouldn't time have anti-directions or multiple directions too? If time has other real directions beside forward what will become of all the changes that you and the Alien 2135 not to mention Warp Prissy have made to the regular continuum of time in the one direction? Will the changes have had any corresponding reaction in other time directions?

If gravitons or other particles travel directly across fifth dimensional space folds back into the three dimensions of the universe that humanity lives in on its surface, what will happen to the space-fold time transits that have not provisioned for an appropriate quantity of gravitons to exist in the process that would balance out the gravity equations in the regions of space-time they materialize in or transfer to. Could a tremendous amount of mass that has gone through an encoding process for transfer as gravitons that are then moved to a place forward or backward in space-time through the shortcuts of folded fifth dimensional space time emerge without enough gravitons remaining after reassembly in the new space-time to have the usual power over distance greater than a fraction of a millimeter of mass diminishing at the square of the distance? Would mass appear that had no gravitational effects at all in our universe? Does ever transfer of mass require the fuel of extra mass for gravitons if energy is used for encoding the information in transfer or if fifth dimensional space-fold journeying loses many gravitons to entropy. What keeps the information in the gravitons transfer structure coherent as it leaves space-time to travel through the empty spaces between folds? Are some of the gravitons lost to non-space or other universes forever?"

Cromwell Macarthur looked at Suzi's beautiful, almost black eyes. He reflected upon the wonderful smile, and said;

"Suzi, you can't possibly take this stuff seriously can you? I don't. I have an excellent computer and Alien that advises me on such matters so I am free to spend time with someone like you or in taking down perpetrators like Warp.

Suzi was led several yards by Cromwell to a gentle depression created by a sonic bomb crater, she stumbled and lost a hoverslipper ripping an epaulet from Cromwell's shoulder in her effort to retain balance, while the Emperor was preoccupied with continuing organization and deployment of the troops that were rapidly appearing. Cromwell and Suzi sat down, then reclined in the shallow yet sufficiently concealing position to be concealed from at least the direct gaze of the forces of Prissy.

Cromwell removed a small flask from an inside coat pocket and took off the metallic cap. As he encouraged Suzi to lie down in order to be further concealed from danger he offered her a drink of a fine two hundred year old cognac. Then Macarthur explained;

"At this juncture we must just stay alive and let the battle of superposition at Novo Lundinium proceed according to the script that I have written for it. My script versus the script of Warp Prissy's ghost writers. The battle essentially is a concatenation of time and space scripted positions, contents and the way they have been written into this particular reality we are experiencing. My time management battle screenplay should be better than that of Warp."

Throughout the City of Novo Lundinium the battle raged. Warriors appeared and disappeared from space-time completely winking out of being or into being as if light switches were being activated. Binary coordinate conflicts of life and death were being played out silently and faster-than-light.

Size and shape of the blocks of space-time varied. A conflict of the physical transposition could add or remove time as well as space and its matter content to Universe I. Black holes are examples of the reduction of space-time in four dimensions at least to a single point of paradox. Transposed blocks can redistribute gravitons, mass and information distortions changing time's content that is manifest in mass and perhaps changing the direction of time. The direction of time when not limited to just one-dimensional direction may be changed in the superpositioned block of Universe I. The war of time, space and mass interdimensional reallocation of resources along the fifth dimensional axis raged as Macarthur and Shan pondered a fine cognac and the battle.

"Around the City it seems as if battle surf is happening" Suzi softly said. "A battle for the three planets is resolving as a collage' of space-time transfers fighting for most stable macro-quantum state. If it isn't just luck as in gaming, then I believe your skill will defeat the script of Warp, Crommy."

Suzi and Cromwell exchanged theories of quantum entanglement through the night in their gentle cope that afforded refuge from the war around them. Macarthur said, toward dawn's early light;

"We discovered an underground channel from Pyramid Lake through the Sierra Nevada Mountains that exits at the bottom of Lake Tahoe within a quarter of a mile of a stronghold of Warp he frequents for warm season frolics with femservos. The location was exceedingly useful for data acquisition about his plans to invade Mars and build an obsidian victory wall in Novo Lundinium around the core of his New Capital to separate the drones from the Party of Prissy. I've scheduled the end of the third act for dawn. He will become an extradimensional excerpt"

The sun lingering just below the horizon a rose red snapped it's restraining tether of darkness bringing a new day and the emotional hope it brings. Quantum entanglement and superposition scripting borrowed directions of time from the alternatives implicit on the fifth dimension.

In four-dimensional space of Universe 1 time has a particular direction. As Universe 1 expands from the big bang or inflation time is occurring. Time is coincident with space from time 1 to time omega. It is a moving dimension traveling in one direction fulfilling dimensional potential. Relativistic principals apply as mass and it's motion by rate of change are the yardstick to measure time. Gravity diminishes at the square of the distance because the area covered increases at the square of the distance and the amount of gravity in a given space is reduced or diluted with increased area of nothingness. Photons traveling at the fastest possible speed have no mass, or an infinitesimal weight/mass and are the particles most remote from the effects of gravity. Time cannot surpass the speed of photons or light in its proliferation to the boundary potential of Universe 1.

At the fifth dimension however, time is a potential spatial dimension that could be traveling in any direction along the fifth dimensional axis without effecting Universe 1. Like the trade and counter-trade winds that flow next to one another over the oceans of the Earth the directions of space may flow in opposing and even tangential directions in alternate Universes 2 through * that also may exist on a common fifth dimension axis. Macarthur's technical cosmology screenwriting staff utilized that principal to transfer a final weapon to a grassy knoll upon which Warp Prissy was making his last stand in anticipation of final victory.

"I will connect all of the planets of this solar system physically together with vast hollow tubes assembled with magnetic field scaffolding forms and charged particles fused into place with the features of the vacuum on certain metals. Composite reinforcement materials will be inertially flung in field tensors to become stuck like flies on flypaper building up my solid planetary grid of genius. The entire energy output of the sun will be converted into electrons in a vaster superconductor field that will also sponge up all of the interstellar light arriving in this sector. Energy will surge to the outer planets reaching even Lila. Saturn, Jupiter and Neptune and Neptune will be changed in an instant into computational rotational abacus' with information interaction of the electromagnetic spectrum as the computational mechanism." Warp confided to the listening 'masses'...

"Now Suzi, is the time" Cromwell said to Suzi. "Keep your head down yet thoughts looking up. This part of the region is in our shaped space-time solar system defense shields acting as concentric sphere scuppers located beyond the Oort Cloud sending invading alien spacecraft into disorienting distant space-time discontinuities. 'Normal' space-time paths through the 'discontinuities' fields allow safe transit to Mars and Earth except for this local wormhole. I've excerpted Warp Prissy from now until then"

Circuit Notes on Phase-Time Discontinuity

A phase transition in the fabric of space-time within the discontinuities transfer zones may permit the barrier to become active or inactive lying in stealth concealment until aggressive opposition alien forces approach.

The field is tapped into the underlying 'Higgs Field' on borrowed time for power in order to create the virtual space needed for the architecture.

Barrier compliant reception universes for retraining hostile alien D.N.A.A. toward non-aggressive, unviolent intellects able to comprehend the immaterial universes and their relation to the Intellect and the realm of forms will be appreciated. Intellect

Alterwall Objectives...stories

considers forms, content, relations, structures, networks closer unto The One through the grace of Jesus Christ.

2)Warp Prissy suspects that the Universe has an underlying graph that connects all the dots of space-time the knowledge of which would allow better commuting routes that could be monopolized for power.

If time is a contingent function of space/mass/energy, the time of all created Universes is phenomenal and subsequent to purpose/teleology.

A one-hundred seventy-foot high octahedron crystal appeared from a superpositioned quantum field on the Warp Mars Victory Hill, compressing Warp to non-being with the virtually completed wall of victory scores of goons labored upon. The loss of life was unfortunate, Macarthur believed, yet a terrible consequence of war.

The famous artifact of the Krem culture of Venus contained holograms of the people that had died in the global warming and biota apocalypse. The formula of each person's D.N.A. was written, as were comprehensive cultural data, in a binary assembler language of zero's and dots. A translator table for the Venusian alphabet was prominently featured. It occupied a section throughout the entire crystal, and was composed of zeros and dots for many common universal symbols such as the hydrogen atom, the periodic table of the elements with the molecular structures, and of course male and female Venusians.

Suzy and Cromwell walked to the crystal as the morning light reached through to its depth and a rectangular rainbow appeared beyond amidst dark clouds gathering over the Drake Sea.

The Alien smiled from a fifth dimension window above Proxima Centauri, for a time the Kopernigckt System would retain a pluralistic governance capability letting the growth of human intellect continue without bugs.

Plus Dimension

In the rushing dawn
a waveform is yours
quiet, it is so
each time moments flow
about a sphere of time

Fields, flowers grown now
voters buy the green
spaces with new crowds
planted deep draft dreams
in a brief world align

On this present day
of abstract shapes, forms
maths of spin vectors
values give quick rows
for harvest life's sold.

Variations on N-Dimensional Ideas

A boat glides upon the waters
as distant from time is from permanence
beauty flies beneath it
cool,clear,vital,free
clouds in the sky in the water
a day away, a decade ago

The boat pursues impermanence
sunset afterglow above an island
the freedom of a virgin world
a twilight transfer
luminescent phytoplankton emerge like stars
waveforms in the darkness
existing until they reach silence

Quantum uncertainty
indeterminate superpositions of particles
in all possible theoretical worldlines
3D plus N dimensions more
all energy with no space
calculations exist only for substance
a unified field experienced
intelligence encountering
the appearances of energy

Gravity may not exist, yet it seems
a concatenated phenomenon
of indeterminate particles virtually existing
shapes of energy currents in a field
time appears concatenated from infinite particles
localities, self-standing energy, places
subjectively interpreted dimensions unto themselves
directions of motion as form
a Universal composition
of energy as a complex field
the contiguous form and idea
for itself; being for others

Dimensions of various sizes together
compartments in a composition
pervaded by forces screened in some
filtered in others like particles
rushing free force in larger channels/dimensions

Considered as an N-dimensional Univwerse
what was its' origin
why were the forces unto themselves
interactive elements of one unified field
was one intelligence ordering
sections into structures
appearances as energy
waveforms for sight,sound and substance
seeming in flesh to have dimensions
within life human will and volition
seperate from that of God's
in the orignial sin
why did the infinite have limits
N dimensional Universe branes
in infinite space recurrently
or in a beginning of all
a finitude formed at the edges of all
what is unknown was without
form and being
containing the energy, the field;
a Universe within.



Aftershockwaves 2D-11D

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For the advancing civilization detached from consuming the Universe(1) and displacing its life as a prime objective, minimal disturbance of evolving biota with sparsely located, optimally placed human habitations receive priority. Sentients consider the conservation of all life to be of the highest order of values.

A voice of an anachronistic spin blogger digitally rescued from scrap broke the silence in the orange room on the hill.

"The Indus Civilization preceded the Mesopotamian by 200 years more or less. By 2300 BC Aryan warriors from what today is the city of Heart in S.W. Afghanistan invaded India via the Khyber Pass to create a syncretism with Indian theology. They promulgated a caste system lasting five millennia so far.

The Aryan invasion followed by 8000 years the annihilation of native European languages by an Indo-European language family from the Ukraine. A Mycenaean Culture was formed in upper Greece by invasion of people perhaps from the Balkans into the extreme outposts of the Minoan civilization. Arnold Toynbee theorized that the warriors had followed up their early conquests proceeding through Greece to sack and destroy Knossos and the center of Minoan Civilization on the isle of Crete.

Bored with victory, they sailed to invade Canaan and attack Egypt eventually. Most of the Jews at the time were held in bondage in Egypt. The attack by one of the sea peoples, the ones that became known as Philistines, prompted Pharaoh circa 1500 BC to let the Jews go. Keeping an internal proletariat in slavery while external assaults occurred might have required too much military power. God it is written in the Old Testament, also motivated Pharaoh to emancipate the Jews.

The Philistines were defeated by Pharaoh and fled to the Gaza soon meeting the Jews returning from 40 years of wandering in the desert. The Jews defeated the Philistines too. A David slung a stone at a giant named Goliath. The terrorist Yassir Arafat resembles the Beatle Ringo Starr. Coincidence? Or evidence of a shared etho-history from the Balkans somewhere in the distant past about the start of the 2nd millennium BC?

The Aryans that Adolph Hitler formed his misguided ideal ethnic ideals upon never in fact existed. Of the original thousands of European languages Basque is the only one remaining that predates the Indo-European language group. Scandinavia was mostly unpopulated in the 4th millennium BC. Arian, the historian of Alexander the Great from the 3rd century a.d., mentioned a great migration of peoples east and west in the distant past. It is believed he was referring to the Aryan volkerwanderrungs that reached India in 2300 BC and an opposite migration west. The original Aryans may have been a Persian people. Alexandria Arian, a city founded at the ancient center of the Aryan nation, was located in the area of what is present-day Afghanistan. Their ethnic heritage is a subject for the second part of this talk.

For now let me say that the Germanic peoples took over from the Celtic peoples in dominating Europe before the rise of the Roman Empire. The languages of Europe were destroyed as early as 7000 to 10,000 BC and replaced by a group of languages that entered Europe perhaps through Turkey. The ancient Aryan Culture that still survived in 2400 BC was in the midst of a heavily traveled crossroads of the ancient world. It was between two founding civilizations: India and Mesopotamia and within a reasonable travel distance of the Shang civilization in China. It is difficult to posit that that particular group of people had notable characteristics much like the Celts and Germans of the European lowlands, or distant Slavs in the northern forest."

Movin Saytrap loved his job. As a Global Corporate extortionist/analyst/enforcer he beat the stuffings out of non-rationalists defined by corporate criteria. Those people that disagree with the coherence network of Corporate Truth were disposable shelved items beyond expiration date. Native trash disposal was big business in Corportopia. Molecular ossuary seeps were full of bones processing into aetherial suburbias beyond.

A news field snapped and crackled with hypertext ion letters written in a temporary transparent thin field. Saytrap, called *Big* by his acquaintances, glanced at a headline news story about Drone Day's history.

The Global Corporate Holiday of an hour at half-rest to compensate sterilized loyal workers for the termination of Mother and Father's Day from the drone calendar was a concession to a swag bag of lazy and undeserving charities allowed to serve Corporate at thievishly at exorbitant wages of fifteen cents a day.

A News Video sang the pop hit 'Mussolini's Moment' with a touch to a vapor paragraph..."*Against individualism, the fascist conception is for the Corporation, and it is for the individual in so far as he coincides with the Corporation.*

Corporation is for liberty.

The liberty that can be a real thing, the Liberty of the Corporation and of the drone within the Corporation".

Movin's eyes moistened and a costly pure drop of precious bodily fluid escaped uselessly down his face as he reflected upon the sacrifice Corporate made in employing drones. The music was performed without drums, which were known to agitate vestigial procreative tendencies ruthlessly suppressed by omnipresent Corporate Media Governing Authority. Malnutrition carefully administered blimped drone bodies with fat, carbohydrates, artificial sugar and drugs.

Saytrap had happily hummed 'Mussolini's Moment' since his commission in the Boot Hill Battalion, First Company. At Boot Hill the Corporate Hymn was second nature.

Limited self-awareness is an attribute of lower forms of mynd. It is lucky that little spiders, ants and the myriad insect life haven't consciousness; theirs is a world quite merciless in nature. Consuming life and being consumed is their way of existing.

An ethics, a morality, an ability to think about life and death or one's self as a part of nature would present a knowledge of evil and horror in lower forms of life without the ability to abstract and detach its cultural experience that would be too much to bear. Even organisms such as mammals with carnivorous characters would experience much self-awareness or philosophical thought as very painful. The lion would be aware of his mean, nasty, predacious and tasteless existence.

Only mankind has achieved the level of consciousness with reflective self-awareness leading into inquiries about the nature of mynd, ethics and social morality. Pitiful blinders have placed corrupting false explorations into the social moral sphere to conceal moral savagery and vestigial predatory natures or practices coldly organismic even as herd members acting en masses that would seem morally evil if recognized for what they are.

The moral structure and social self-awareness of humanity in the 3rd millennium occasionally sought to become reconciled to provisioning of the organismic requirements of all in a just and non-predatory way, though the war to eliminate predation upon life and the environment through a conservative approach to using the minimum of harm as a normative value failed to make a substantial advance.

Humanity opted to eliminate moral considerations of other than human life forms from political philosophy in an accelerating process to dehumanize humanity itself. Consumption became the ultimate good for-itself with a Global Corporate oligarchic power de jure. Big Saytrap consumed with the true belief from Young Executive doctrine. Morality was for the weak mynded and simply stupid he often thought unless it merged in fortune-pabla aphorisms from Chairman Taomao. Big tossed a half-eaten turkey leg into the pit below his pedestal aerostool.

He felt sickened by the surreal orange sunrise over Riva Ridge and felt a rising pulse to flow to the Bimclone Ranch to ride with Mustang Suzi. Why couldn't the Reich's General Von Stenger have anticipated that the American Army's 10th Mountain Division with that impecunious freeloader Bob Dole, who'd cost the taxpayers 40 months of Hospital recovery time when not killed as had thousands of others, would climb the unclimbable heights in the night through minefields, concertina wire, snow, rock and mud up to have a sustained battle to begin liberating the Po Valley and the way through the Alps to reach the heart of darkness?

Saytrap picked his nose with detachment thinking, 'The Reich was friendlier to business. The Fuhrer mentored the drones-in-charge. If only they'd expedited victory where would Corporate be now?'

Suzi liked the extended wear Permadick™ appliance with vibration, size and temperature adjustments. She had perfect brown skin and superlife chest melons with a purse awaiting deposit. Bimclone supplied clients to her with high potential for termination. Suzi was the only quasi-human in Italy that could dupe Saytrap.

Food, sex and power are the ultimate good for an organism Big considered. It was heady, exhilarating and dangerous philosophic thought content for an enforcer one grade above drone-unit to have. His ratiocination should have had a zero intellectualcontent flat-line especially in the philosophic thought wavelength/synapse centers.

Monitors could eventually notice the change in brain activity, and perhaps AI would order his termination. Saytrap left the villa and Meisner-effect levitation flowed up the Valley fields toward Bimclone. Consumers must consume.

Mustang Suzi was specially designed. A breed of Global Corporate politically correct sex machines with enhanced corporate servo-logic ambitions to act to rule the world. She preferred immersion in a hyper-sensory nutrient pleasure tank to the emptiness and cold of atmosphere. A bit of a streak of laziness had somehow merged into her design yet the contributions of still-capable optidick males to her pleasure required her to climb out of the liquid and into the role of a Bimclone operator.

Bimclone females formed a continuing coop in the executive suites of *The Ranch* utilizing share-wear and ad hoc think tanks of pleasure to attract volunteers for brainstorming new marketing strategies. The Ranch retained some aspects of the Monastery structurally, that it had been a century before. Suzi was a top corporate ad feminem argument for victory, one man at a time.

Movin Saytrap slithered over the plains charged particle field effortlessly repulsed a meter into the sky with the photon collecting monopole fabric he wore.

"They discovered a first century bone box in Jerusalem that had the words 'James, son of Joseph, brother of Jesus' inscribed on a side, in Aramaic language of course" Ebenezer said, carefully adjusting the focus of a tracking sight.

"Of course" Atargatis Brahe agreed.

"The odds of it belonging to someone other than the brother of Jesus Christ were deduced from various factual data to be less than five hundredths of one percent minus orders of magnitude because only one other ossuary ever found had the name of a brother of the deceased written on it as well as the father. The Israeli Ministry of National Infrastructures examined the box and found nothing to distract from its authenticity. Scanning Electron microscope, Electron Dispersive Spectrometer, chalks verified to be from the Menuhu formation of the Mount Scopus Group. It seemed solid scientific evidence of the existence of the brother of Jesus the Messiah. Even the letters are of a kind used in the last decades preceding the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman Army in 70 AD. Belatedly an Israeli Government authority released a report that the patina that guaranteed the integrity of the carving had been disturbed. Perhaps the inscribing was of a post-period origin; a forgery then or the real thing?

This Saytrap fellow has had too many reflective ideas lately, it could contaminate deleteriously the drones. We can't allow the drones or terminator-shepherds to get philosophical tendencies or even religion...The Savior of Lost Souls. It's bad for business.

Saytrap's path leads across the Valley to Mustang Suzi each day. The prey will appear on schedule."

"Exactly Ebenezer, that's just what I was thinking" Atargis responded.

Ebenezer grunted, then gently squeezed the trigger on a Mark Welk IV electronic rifle.

Three miles away on the plain a small red entry wound blossomed into a red vapor cloud detaching solid meat from the target. The bullet in completing its transverse intra-chest journey exited slightly lower than it had entered and hit the ground at last, as did Saytrap. With his heart obliterated the fine monopole photon collector suit detected no intrinsic sparks of life in the wearer and switched off.

"Good shot Ebby, He's a trophy!"

"We're beyond good and evil, Atargis. Scientific pluralism means that morality is subjective to my definition. What is right for Global Corporate is right. The drone ethos is an inferior moral structure. Tested in the Democratic Pluralist melting pot of competition it fails, voila.

Let's collect Saytrap while he's still warm and best for the taxi-squad" Ebenezer said as kicked their levicle into motion.

"Sure, of course boss. Tell me though, do you think of me as a woman of mass destruction?" Atargis queried.

The exit wound left a gaping hole with part of two ribs exploded out and shards of flesh splattered with entrails littering the land. Saytrap's slithering sojourn to Mustang Suzi had ended abruptly. In the midst of the Valley he seemed from afar a lazy shirker unconcerned about proper work lying indignantly upon the meadow grass.

"Dig it a shallow grave Atargis, he won't do for a trophy after all" Ebenezer directed.

Tossing aside her clothing and flinging herself energetically into the task with an entrenching tool/field chair she had a seven-foot by four by three grave hole dug into the rich dark soil in no time. The sun reaching higher into it's azure vault basked her leg and arm muscles with warmth and a glistening sheen emerged upon her sweaty nakedness.

Atargis then drug the corpse of Movin Saytrap into the hole by the boots. The head fell finally into place with a fair crack and bounce on the dirt. She walked over the late Saytrap, stepping on his face to up and out. With recovery of her attire she holocaust a minute last rite, then began the malodorous task of filling in the grave. It left a new scar upon the gentle valley landscape. Ebenezer produced a bottled of chilled Corporate mint julep for her relief.

Every action in the Universe must have a preceding action or cause sufficient to continue and create the new action. The Universe itself is thought to have originated by some physical theorists as a cluster of dimensions coinciding from what appears to us to be a point in time perhaps fifteen billion years ago. The rising of the Universe(1) might be likened unto a rising wind of which no one can be certain of the specific original source though many theories might be consistent with the consequent. Faith in the Creator- perhaps direct faith without necessity of a concise cosmological account of the physical and technical methods involved, that could encounter etiology difficulties with God as non-contingent Being at some point anyway, may obviate the need for temporal, non-Biblical structural explanations.

In its primary phase of arrival in full strength at a particular place it has simply become a fact. Stars born in formative coalescent clusters when clouds of particles condense in gravity fields or when Galaxies collide may give rise to quasars or large galactic objects producing more light than thousands of suns.

Star formation has a higher order analogue in black hole formation. The gravitational power that brings micro particle clouds to a point to form a fusion of condensed mass also draws stars together to form a sphere of mass/gravity so intense that it cannot emit radiation, except for Hawking radiation produced by quantum uncertainty/leaking beyond the event horizon. Within the event horizon space-time does not exist, it is limited to the sphere of the event horizon that contains its entire mass. As mass increases the sphere of the black hole increases. The Alien 2134 is the only one certain of the topology of quantum categories of black holes.

With the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle one may infer that indeterminate or free events and will can exist. Virtual particles may create themselves from nothing without prior cause in the Universe(1). Yet a recursion of interUniversal, interdimensional causality seemingly must exist. Kant's Critique of Pure Reason and the laws of physics make it seem so.

In the 18th century Immanuel Kant was a busy philosopher. He also speculated that the nebulae astronomers observed through telescopes were Island Universes.

The Alpha planet of the Marie system 165 million light years from Earth is a micro-Dyson Spherical object with a liquid center and a constant fusion central heating source to maintain a comfortable human climate temperature range. Alpha-Marie is at the inner edge of the Galactic habitation zone of Galaxy NGC 4650 in the constellation Centaurus from an Earth point of view. A pair of interwoven galaxies replete with heavy aggregations of exceedingly bright objects emitting intense radiation as stellar matter is broken-up and drawn toward zero-emission gravitational event horizons. They are the local home lights for 2134's wanderings.

"Zil must have a test subject".

"From the usual source?"

"No, from Earth this time."

"It's no problem Boss. Everything's looking up."

Movin Saytrap's last thoughts were of Mustang Suzi's soft brown, wet skin. She often waited in a sensory dip tank. His mynd seemed jolted out of body by an insult to his chest. The heat was gone and would have had pain if it were possible to feel it. His body lay bent in the grass.

Sally, then some stranger called Atargis pulled him by the heels into a grave and walked on his face. Shovel fulls of dark moist dirt he couldn't feel were flying through the sky and closed his vision. A blanket of the Earth piled to cover his corpse against the vicitudes of the mortal coil.

"That's the one I want Mbugdweeb"

"A dead Saytrapper?"

"Yek, a Cain and Able; Bright potential in rebuild. Physically robust and amoral. If the Global Corporation hadn't terminated drone reflective thought capability, he might have developed a mid-level moral pattern."

When the body dies the spirit pattern detaches from the superstring branes that comprised it's physical form. The spirit itself was of course beyond 2134's ability to capture, yet the configuration of the Saytrap body superstring/loop mass-energy could be sketched. Mdugdweeb violated the last life Saytrap data through the extra-dimensional ground control field between Riva Ridge and Mt. Belvedere.

Sometimes reanimated human patterns seem to have a spirit. 2134 couldn't really know if they did-superstrings were thought to be reliant on Spirit for substance, yet the relationship is entirely opaque. Scientific inference may theorize about the uncertainty and true nature of things. Spirit is of a different nature than contingent fabrications in the usual dimensions. Perhaps Bishop Berkley described it best.

2134's Three Heavens Corporation did its trade in just two; that of the sky and of Universal space-time. The remaining heaven is the one requiring entry assistance by God. Laissez fare in the non-locality of quantum cosmology requires a self-center for probability functions. One might be at some place some time yet one could not know with complete certainty where and when all life space-time appearances would be in advance. A priori knowledge of macro-clumps of space-time mass energy seem the most probable things that humanity can predict, simply

because their time duration is so enormous, or because their energy structures are so contingent on refueling. Stars, Galaxies and even short-lived mortal beings are predictable more for their time limitations than for their space locations. Space of the Universe(1) is hypothesized with various configurations of time-limited contents, yet a rational intuition is that space of however many dimensions is absolutely unbounded at many points, and that dimensional strictures are energy structures too that simply delimit the sort of material attached to them. 2134 brought things sentient wanted to them in trade for non-interference guarantees in his personal world-lines of travel.

"I got Movin's field statistics Boss. Look at the thought contents; a substantial percent is carnal or charnel. A frictive primitive. Will you send the rehyrn to monk classes?"

Unneeded, M'Bu, hymn must nav a complete rebuild. The personality mynd/brain material structure must be proto-tweaked. More and effective IQ memories appropriate to this side. Nothing Earthy and only dim Milky Way recall. It will be implanted with the toroid galactic name of Nuraghe Genna Marie at a forth magnitude of recollection."

M'bugdweed though adept at keying orders into a molecular transition through the six fingers of his right hand, kept a grip upon the onyx ornamented field disrupter club half as tall as his short, thick, muscular body. He had downloaded Saytrap through the Earth, Italy, homeworld interspace-time. Distant points merged at predestined space-time other-locations. A costly procedure passed onto the client.

"This one's no trophe Boss."

"Call Movin and reassemble him at Zuel Falahian" 2134 ordered.

Movin Saytrap was reassembled from the brown-dirt of a ponens plantation terrace on the east slope of the Zuel Falahian Massif. Interpolated M-dimensional design instructions arrested enough particle loops from local energy to form the tall strong adult new borne.

Entropy lost information and data from all coherent assemblies. Shelved life form data for whole sentient beings are so complex that inherent storage volatility produces indeterminate information content structure...patterns are altered and information lost. Particle loops virtually disappear. 2134's client paid broad space-time units for a copy or actual original robust sentient at one with the physical Universe(1). Lifeforms on the Alpha-Marie projects experience extreme stress from a number of sources. Amidst a concatenation of synthetic physical structures finding sentients that feel comfortable in the environment helps to make the reality of constructions have as high of a quantity of reality as possible. The sentients therefore need to be of high quality, though some prefer that they not exist at all. The attrition rate for sentient transfer on the projects is high.

Movin, lying in a cool, sandy sensation placed his hand to his head. "What can this be, this strange dark place. So wet and cool. My brain feels like a cluster of sharp pains modulated by stress. Wind light and rushing through trees or wires. My eyes are closed. Open my eyes..."

"I bought you at a price Mr. Saytrap. A steep price for a civilization with use for sentients such as you are. I presume that I may call you Movin?" Yoqlean Prace asked rhetorically.

Movin opened his eyes and felt photons reflected from a blue gas giant planet above the horizon reach his retinas. "My name is Movin and Saytrap"? He realized his nakedness and sat up.

Yoqleam withdrew an electrocling cloth from a suede satchel. "Wear that," he said tossing the green garment through the interval. "It will adjust for purpose."

The electrocling cloth reaching Movin moved with artificial intelligence and composition to efficiently cover as he stood.

"You said that you bought me, is that a manner of expression here or economic fact?"

"It is quite literal Movin. Bringing you to Alpha Marie from the Nuraghe Genna Marie cost a concession of substantial non-interference to 2134. You don't remember any of the financial arrangements?"

"Nothing at all enters my mynd except the light of that Blue planet, and here, this place. It is a Methane-Hydrogen world isn't it, home for hydrocarbonoids?"

"That planet isn't populated Movin. It's the second planet of the 30th movement, Nudnik, brought to the Alpha Marie proximity as a tool for an optimal habitation zone. Can you remember anything of your world in the Nuraghe Genna Marie?"

Scratching his red hair briefly, Saytrap looked down at elements of the clingcloth swarming his feet appropriating minerals from the mud to form adequate foot coverings. Another distant red/orange planet was moving up over the horizon.

"What is world, that though art mindful of it? What is this place, of which I have no knowledge?"

Yoqleam Prace was mildly concerned about Saytrap's apparent memory loss, yet the extent and function of his mynd would emerge in time. He seemed otherwise a healthy specimen as represented in the holobyte.

"Welcome to Izbet Sartah at Zuel Falahian" Prace said bowing low, "I am Yoqleam Prace, Rabshakeh of the Inner and Outer transit Worlds, your humble owner".

Looking at his hands, turning them quickly over to examine the reverses Movin said, "I feel free. Perhaps its fortunate that you claim to be my owner. I haven't a clue about where to buy essential items here at Izbet Sartah. Is my positive freedom substantial within this ownership paradigm of yours?"

Tightening a green belt Yoqleam said "Do you feel up to meeting my Kachimpasa who will answer your questions, she has awaited your filling from our humble soil?"

Movin's reassembled body was lean, and taught, straining with tense muscular force. A mosquitobloke landed viciously savaging his neck. Swatting it distractedly he regarded the light reflected from blue and red worlds. The Falahinian Massif's myriad mounts glistened in sheens of multicolored snows sheltering mists upon numerous hanging valleys that descended vaporously down to terraces sculpted for the growth of genetically engineered crops and strains of co developed standard plants unfamiliar to Saytrap. Cornish plants with features of human tissue structures, cantaloupes resembling crystal planets and ear-shaped mushrooms grew on variegated plots.

Movin said, "Yek Rabshakeh, let me meet your Kachimpasa, please".

She floated like an apparition of nature through the twilight shadows of a neoclassical elecompac dome with white robes drifting as mists in the breeze behind her. Her feet seemed to barely reach an azure walkway hovering over a verdant green lawn. Another crystal clear rivulet ran through the translucent structure and down the slight grade to Movin and further onto a water cascade falling to the next terrace below. Saytrap picked a booger from his nose and flicked it into space.

"A disrupter front is building Saytrap. Feel it's increasing electric potential. The wave's approach is immanent" the Kachimpasa said, "My name is Menepthah Stella. Come, walk this way. It is time for us to leave."

Saytrap wondered at the soft voice that sounded within his mynd. It hadn't the characteristics of an audiotrim, or waveform voiceknife. He put that thought aside and quickly walked to join her as she traveled the azure path toward the edge of the thousand-meter long, three-hundred meter wide terrace. Yoqleam Prace, without time remaining, sank into the ground.

As Movin reached Stella at the edge, she took his hand and they leaped into space. Two weeks had elapsed since her last attempt to exfiltrate a man of Earth and it's Violations of Ubiquitous Power from the Falahinian Massif on Alpha Marie into the labor pool on the Civilization's assembly project towing unpopulated planets to the optimal life zone of the cross shaped galaxy. In that period the attrition to imported many mansions workers had reached nearly transitional levels; a catastrophic transition that would be to a halt the movement of the worlds to the Cross Nuraghe.

Menepthah and Movin accelerated toward a blue oblivion as an orangish disrupter wave arrived vaporizing material structures above ground level on the terrace with an intelligent implicit composition. A pressure wave reverberated about the defined area. Cool wind rushed past Movin in a gathering darkness. In seven seconds they reached an oval entrance to a particle charge accelerator, and transitioned nearly as quickly as a human body may endure at the 7 times Earth gravity, because of enhanced gravity induction. They vectored thousands of miles under the surface until reaching an entry station to the liquid core of Alpha Marie. The planet's forty-seven thousand mile diameter was a frontier before them.

Menepthah thought to Saytrap "I know that you have been reconstructed with some changes to memory and personality Movin Saytrap. Ask questions as you like. We journey to continue freedom from evil, from politics, and to pursue our self-interests."

Movin heard the words in his mynd. They walked from the accelerator as it slowed to an azure sidewalk above the surface and stepped through a shimmering wall of water at what seemed to be the edge of an infinite sea. To answer Menepthah he opened his mouth to speak and it filled immediately with the core fluid of the planet reaching his lungs harmlessly. The sensation was pleasant instead of shocking as he thought it should be. Stella seemed to show a release of amusement that glowed briefly within his mynd.

"I want to know of space and travel. Of how I came to be here, and of the meaning of this experience. These ideas occur to me, Movin thought not just to himself "Does space-time itself as it expands have a leading edge, perhaps a sphere, or a front in one direction? Can a front dimension have one direction as a topological conception or must it configure to dimensions/space in which it is? Is the age on the front, or is it's time simultaneous and one? Would it seem of one time only for a meta-Universal observer such as God?

Saytrap continued, "If space-time or Universal(1) expansion happens with ever increasing speed, from whatever cause, can it reach light speed? If it does how would it's mass/weight in create in relation to itself? What is the mass/weight of all dimension constructs in reference to themselves? Can speed only occur with smaller parts of the whole of dimensional content, relatively? Would the leading edge transform itself into mass as an event horizon creating a disappearing Universe knowable only to those sentients within and a transcendent Deity? Can

space-time transform its leading edge into a hollow core black hole like awirlpool in fluid dynamic models trapping light and space-time?

If space-time does not exist to become a black hole, or the Universal expansion of dimensions is a wave front hollow-core black hole, or if space isn't creation ex nihilo, yet is instead energy expanding like a Universal Gravity field in accord with a dimension protocol, did it originally accelerate faster than light speed and acquire mass to then calve off particles and eventually stars and galaxies?

Would faster than light transmission of an object from Earth or Izbet Sartah to the leading edge of the Universe(1) put that object into a different time such that it could not transmit with a faster than light method to Earth? Observers in the Universe(1), except perhaps at the leading edge, observe light from distant galaxies as it was when it started its journey light-years and light-parsecs across space/timing enroute. A universal constant of the rate of space expansion and time is deformed by gravitation mass concentrations that change the space-time dimensions' pace.

Moving a space telescope such as a liquid-mercury spinning reflector zero-g scope faster than light around the Universe(1) would provide different views of galaxies as they were at times other than they appear from Earth now. Any given galaxy or Nuraghe, as you a.m. folk seem wont to say, produces an appearance as time T minus space travel time from present local time. From the Earth the appearances of all the Nuraghe are aged in relation to photon travel time to Earth. It creates a variegated age set of appearances of the Nuraghe. What is the time of Earth, and my time in the Cross Nuraghe, in relation to the Universe(1)'s age as it seems from Alpha Marie?"

She answered, "It is like nothing, you are created from dust and to dust you shall return. 2134 obtained your pattern and sold it to Yoqleam. I don't know if you have a soul. I believe at least that in your original incarnation you had a soul. The fate of such I cannot know.

God perhaps is cognizant of all space-time transfers or reconfigurations that occur to people within Universe(1) so that it matters little what becomes of the physical matter of human beings, technically. Some theorists speculate that matter in the Universe(1) is supported at the smallest level by spirit. Spirit provides a dimension or two that interact as spin or momentum, characteristics of super-strings or whatever elementary particle-waves might be considered to be that form the substantial appearance of solid matter at quantum and macro-quantum levels. Forces that are concatenations of dimensions borrowed from spirit in motion in substantial complexity comprise mass and energy.

You are here Movin Saytrap, nowhere if you prefer. Somewhere meaningful to the sentients of the Cross Nuraghe that are attempting to build a lasting civilization of optimal strength. Many of the workers brought to expedite the movements of worlds to optimal life zones with reconfigured structural formations to life support optimum disappear without trace or are returned as replications of human life with altered physiological content.

The heart and souls of the people are missing in the alteration to non-human. They function mechanically with intelligence that seems unsupported by the remaining neurological mass of the brain housing units. A thick gel is substituted for more than 90% of the brain of the affected individuals. The gel is intelligent with plank computations and DNA shape holography overlays receiving audvid orders/thoughts from elsewhere evidently. The intellects of the returnees isn't

human. They haven't even facial expressions, that are dependent upon having an independent brain to direct creation and order of expressions"...

Menepthah smiled in Movin's mynd and clasped his hand tighter as they synthetically walked/swam into an intelligent current in the core fluid of the planet. It rushed them toward the center.

"Mind is qualitatively different than motion, Movin. Its ability to overcome physical barriers, laws and boundaries may eventually result in the transformation of the Universe(1) for human experience and existence into a place without solidity, substance, order or implicit purpose. The Universe(1) may fade into a free fall without borders; equivalent to meaning perhaps, for human reason and for all other living sentient beings too."

Thick gel currents with artificial intelligence and a life of their own brought Saytrap and Stella further into the opal interior of Alpha Marie. An infinite information dimension realism en masse with potential images of varying solidity was hinted at in the ethereal liquid without fizz. It took upon the reality of the sentients within occasionally like a friendly good for-itself seeking to serve and communicate. Implicitly neural computations and analogue abilities in virtually infinite discrete processing altered purpose and structure/

"We will reach the Mashakh soon. It is a state of being in the planet. You must have balance to reach beyond the present environment and what is to contemplate those things of being that may become. It will be a decessus for each of us as you will learn.

The Nuraghe Genna Maria from which 2134 brought your pattern has a Class B black hole at its core. Our Pneumatikon Nuraghe had a different array of gravitational centers that drew another Nuraghe upon the spiral stipes axis. Its history suggested a dynamic time analogue for the constituent assemblers of the optimal life zone for the civilization. They meet at a crossroads of space-time and form within the currents of Alpha Marie's responsive sentient catalyst."

Deeper toward the center faces and bodies began to appear in the distance increasing in number and form surrounding Saytrap and Stella as did the walls of a close canyon that gave way to a mosaic of individual local motifs aesthetically arranged each with a sentient being waiting, contemplatively.

Suddenly Connie Tweaked arrived a few brief yards away. She strode up to Movin, punched jovially his right arm and embraced him with a sloppy kiss to quick release, stand back with hands on her hips and a look of appraisal and mirth. "So you're the new guy from Earth; I'm General of Two Worlds Tweaked!"

Menepthah said aloud "Good rotation Connie. This of course is our friend Connie Tweaked, Movin. Connie this is the Movin Saytrap, patterned of the Earth. Connie is a guardian of two gas Giant planets and their moons of the six thousand within fifty lights years of Alpha Marie. The Methane Hydrogen worlds are tempting pieces for theft by direct politconsumers."

Stella tightened her grip on Saytrap's hand. "This is the event horizon of Mashakh. Surpassing ideas and places will appear in the context of Alpha-Marie's intelligent gel core. They will transform into an infinite multi-dimensional matrix of past, present and possible space-time compresence brought from the regions of the elders sponsoring assembly of worlds for the growing civilization in the Nuraghe.

We will experience the Mashakh as a phenomena of mynd. Each individual has only one mynd-brain base from which experience of all things is possible. Space-time is relative to spatial locale because of the implicit physical speed-force factors

of the material. Light travels faster than the waters of the river unless slowed by design, yet people upon rivers with different speeds flow at different rates of change. The light traveling from one river to another and in the reverse has it's own limited speed and time interval varying with relative factors of motion. Light has a constant speed unless interfered with because of its intrinsic identity. Photons wavelets travel within a particular frame of reference, attached to a one-dimensional wall of time for instance, or within a two dimensional physical universe that seems to mynd to have three dimensions.

Mynd usually experiences all external events at once. At one instant of time moving forward with continuous new input along a time axis/dimension/direction of the Universe(1). Mynd is implicitly in presentness and limited to the now of actual, presenting space-time mass-energy phenomena. When the space-time is a collage of non-local space-time though, past present and possible in addition to the future may become elements within the parameters and presentness of mynd.

All of these people, and quasi-human sentients you see materializing as ideas into being are actual somewhere or somewhere else in the Cross Nuraghe. We will observe and see what we may learn to help explain the loss of the workers and replicant mechstuffed zombies substituted by some malign power."

Connie Tweaked's emerald semi-skin covering revealed a beautifully endowed figure that seemed super-imposed surrealistically upon the space-times of the Mashak. "Movin, these sentients have a different and conscionable union of policy that makes them different than the vast majority of developers in Universe(1) history. They do not simply consume and exhaust all proximal available resources like clever termites in a wooden world doomed to transform everything eventually into excrement. They are not waiting for invention of a recycling or reprocessing technology to transmute the excrement into wood for perpetuation of an ideal cycle of consumption and reprocessing.

These sentients make the new civilization in the Nuraghe grow with a protocol that lets them work intersocially without competition driven consumption of the commons. The civilization-creating sentients have engendered an ethos of ecosynthesis that conserves life, biota and mass formations of nature while simultaneously advancing technological to surpass the given ecoresources of value to biosentients and assemble ecosynthetic structures that complement natural provisions."

Movin was mesmerized by Connie's speal so far as the overwhelming decessus from normal experience allowed. She was one form amidst a Universe of forms and sentients presenting in different space-times. Saytrap was learning even as his sensibilities were assaulted in the novel world of Alpha-Marie.

Stella thought something comforting into his mynd about baked bread and hot tubs. She was searching through the coordinates of the Mashakh for inferential facticities to enfilade the adverse power. The sentients also searched as they networked ideas and content of anomalies from the Nuraghe and beyond.

At one space-time in the Nuraghe Genna Marie a referent coordinate trace to irresponsible resource consumption appeared. The phenomena of rapid resource conversion to waste is a process congruent with the methods used in war to deplete the enemy and its resources.

The resources of the third planet from Koppernigk's Star were depleted without evidence of ecosynthetic policies of conservation or tech innovation. Because the quasientients had primitive off-whirld space transport ability the lack of an

ecosynthesis factor was prima fascia evidence of the influence of evil. Inferences might be made.

"Yes, I know Connie" Stella thought permissively " We have one from the third planet of Koppernigk's Star; Movin Saytrap".

"Igor!"

"Yup M'tahp!"

"Where is the reconnaissance report?"

"I have learned Y'earth of 2134's foray. A movie starring former Mr. Universe is swatched. He is cruel oil platform roughneck ink Gulp of Mexicode. One drunken brawl with former black Mr. Texas cook outside in hurricane rains and wind brings stunning left-hook punch to jaw quick impact launch trajectory over railing into sky plops dreg into dark raging water seething for consumption of tiny speck for absorbtion with destiny.

Shark rude awakening provides motivation. Currents and awesome wind with floatsome foam and dreg clinging dog paddle through mountainous seas toward safety of shore. City lights, pretty lights of Houston in distant dark of night. Boxtops of cereal fallen from cargo shift indicate favorable drift of tide surging toward Galveston.

Nearshore drifts turns southwest. Dreg deposited at two-foot shore cliff at Sergeant Texas. Overcomes obstacle of clay barrier crawling forward washed up and half-dead. Faints in fire ant nest. Awakens soon with biting victors of defense."

"Igor, watch no more of Y'earth movies. Tell me more of prospect," ordered Yrjo M'Tahp.

"The Koppernigk Klump has nine primary planets with numerous sizeable moons. Mr. Universe lives on Y'Earth, named after one orbital period around Kopperngk's star 93 million miles away."

"Igor!"

"Yup M'Tahp!"

"I will be known forever forward as Mr. Universe!"

"Yup M'tahp Universe!" Igor acknowledged.

"Resume!"

"First about the Y'earth potential. It developed electron energy flows barely two hundred Y'earth sidereal loops past. Subjugation of human species by same with stealth electron technological brain transmission control began seventy Y'earth loops ago, equivalent to one-tenth life of the time molecule. Subject image brain direct transmission with crude ideographic control language enhanced with audio silent ear blasts commenced in 1993 Y'earth datum label.

New world order ends secular political rivalry. Keynesian economics, deficit spending, tax cuts in neo-classical post-monetarist garb accelerates global personhood as drones. Real business cycle ideas should have led governments to keep taxes at fair rates as Global Corporations let public sector pay for 50% of business support infrastructure such as highways, regulation, inspection, legal protection etc. Tax cuts with a government budget deficit are taxes deferred to the future...a disincentive to economic growth and investment. Instead of tax cuts the Government should have used the obvious power to reallocate budget to high techno research and planetary colonization to create new business opportunities accessing real clumps of good resources without budget deficit.

Fortunately for us greed keep kept the Y'earthlings chained within their cave forbidding anyone to go outside to develop new resources until all inmates were equal. Global Corporate and Global Socialist conditioned proles to accept absolute stagnant servility with wise Corporate management mentors and union forepersons as utopia that should not be disturbed on pain of death."

"Igor, let me ask you a question?"

"Yup M'tahp!"

"Could I possibly be interested in the antics of your meaningless Y'earthers?"

"No M'Tahp Universe, of course not!"

"Then swiftly conclude the brief about the third planet's inhabitants. Depopuvelopers and form stuffers will wrap up their reality in due time."

"Y'earthlings are programmed to receive a broadcast truth gap with credible lies. Broadcasters describe 'news' and sublime political demotic attached conditions populace to error, falsehood, political apathy, political impotence and so forth. They believe they are politically righteous and progressive when being brainwashed into powerlessness. Presently the truth gap is at forty degrees. The gap increases synergetics of global terrorism some of which is scripted as external foe to bond subject cohesiveness under threat.

Drone massification of Y'earthlings nearing completion. They exist for service of comforting evil rulers generally. Excellent source material for relocation to Cross Nuraghe when we have counterdepopuveloped free sentients with servants of M'Tahp Universe!"

"All right Igor, I am satisfied enough. This information is all rated however."

"Yup M'tahp Universe, its alt time..."

"Halt Igor! Never use that word. It does not exist and prejudices!"

"Of course M'tahp Universe. All datums were exfiltrated from 2134's Y'earth Recon team by a reliable agent. None of it is postulated to be fiction."

"Proceed."

"Of the twelve planets Mercury is closest to Koppernigk's Star. It's axis rotation of 59 days keeps the dark side at zero degrees centigrade; a comfortable temperature for fleshlings, and bright side at 4009 degrees centigrade. The fine temperature difference forms electrical potential and differential flows for construction modalities. This planet has good metals and habitation prospect with a diameter of 3,100 miles.

The second planet moving outward from Koppernigk's Star is Venus. Its diameter is 200 miles less than Y'earths at 7,700 miles; Venus has a day or axis rotation period of 247 Y'earth days. It rotates around Koppernigk's Star faster than it rotates upon its axis. A Venusian Day is twenty-three more than a Venusian year. Because one side faces K-Star, the rotation is so slow, and it is just .72 Y'earth's distance from K-Star Venus superheats, it fails to cool on its dark side each night period, as Y'earth cools with a 24-hour rotation period.

Volcanism contributed global warming too. The atmospheric temperature of the sulphur dioxide dense gas surpasses 400 degrees centigrade. In order to make Venus useful for fleshlings the atmosphere should be removed in the short term and the surface restored to non-toxicity with inert mineral conversion of excess adverse elements. A dark-side/hot-side power and habitation transport/shuttle built as at Mercury until a good albedo index is placed with reflection and refraction atmospheric structures will support exploitation of resources. The development potential for Venus is outstanding.

Then to the 3rd planet from Koppernigk's star again. Inhabited by Global Corporate rulers subjugating the mass proles under Socialist Forepersons with ubiquitous thought control apparatus. Artifacts and specimen values good. Lil Zillie will purchase the whole lot. The water covering the planet has some interesting vestigial life forms that escaped extermination so far, and adaptable to Alpha-Marie and other worlds in the Cross Nuraghe after we have eliminated the undesirable shells assembling a civilization base.

Y'earth is famous for a hero named Jesus. Jesus sacrificed his own life to save others. Yet the salvation is a trans-temporal eternal salvation from original sin and mortality. Problems intrinsic to fleshlings being in-the-world."

"We have overcome fleshling temporality in the Quantum Probability Ship Igor".

"Yup M'Tahp Universe. Jesus in giving his life to permit all with faith to become true friends of the Son of the living God. Pardon me M'Tahp; it is their concept, as you know that I must use to explain the ideas of the Y'earth faith. Jesus in giving his life allowed others to become true sons of Abraham; the patriarchal founder of Judaism-and let the Jewish tribe exist after the destruction of the Temple in 70 ad as elder sources of Christianity. The faith flourished in adoptees, and Judaism was held in history as one of the world's major religions instead of a minor one such as Zoroastrianism relegated to obscurity.

Christianity stimulated an orthodox Byzantine Empire that elicited a challenge-response in Arabian Semites. Muhammad, an entrepreneur and warrior, fabricated a new syncretism named Y'Islam.

Jesus is the most interesting personality of social history on the 3rd planet from Koppernigk's Star."

"Who is Koppernigk Igor?"

"A dead physicist of Y'earth".

"Jesus is alleged to have said that he had other sheep/followers not of this fold or time space continuum. Reference to second or third heaven is unknown. Location of other sheep in Universe(1) property of M'Tahp Universe is unknown presently.

These Y'earthers have no level one leadership able to synthesize environmental conservation and structure design synthesis space colonization, nor peaceful free living with advancements in knowledge and personal security."

"If they could we should end it anyway Igor"

"Sure M'Tahp Universe. Y'earth has level point five leadership of left and right pincers locally controlling proles from both sides of the left-right brain hemispheres and body-politics. They cull the population as needed; redefine the physiological structure of the proles with genetic recombinant engineering, forbid spirituality or other non-controllable ideas/beliefs. Few Christians exist remain. "

"What of the remaining planets of K-Star that you have obtained surveys for?"

"The fourth planet, Mars, is named for a 20th century sugar-chocolate nutrient food known for good nougat or new-GATT. The Martian atmosphere is thin, one one-hundred fiftieth of Y'earths.

Good mining and fabrication location. Temperature reaches a fleshling comfort zone of 77 degrees Fahrenheit. Usual cool plunge at dark toward a substantive direction of absolute zero. 141 and a half million miles from K-Star more or less. K-Star electromagnetic freight mass driver headquarters facility could be placed at Mars."

"Next planet Igor"

"M'Tahp Universe, except for Pluto and a tenth ice klump, the planets beyond Mars are large gas giants mostly with atmospheres of hydrogen. Some have metallic cores under extreme pressure. They have the usual lighter density of gas planets. Some have very strong magnetic fields with vast magnetospheres. All have many moons of interest for development as colonial pleasure worlds or for resource extraction.

Jupiter is the fifth planet and the largest of Koppernigk's Star orbitals with a diameter of 88,700 miles. The four main moons of its 61 are Io, with very active volcanism and rich minerals, Europa with a radioactive warmed silicate core overlain by ice, slush and a frozen surface beneath which are primitive archobacteria and eubacteria possibly resulting from contamination by extra-Jup voyagers, Gannymede is a similar moon with the largest of Jupiter named Callisto.

Beneath a frozen surface crust of two hundred mile depth lies a liquid center seven hundred miles deep. This underground sea may be transformed most readily into a smaller version of the Alpha Marie environment with proper artificial intelligence thickeners added. Then M'Tahp Universe we may interface from the timeless oneness of the Quantum Probability Ship with sentient fleshling bodies of myriad natures and space-times in the commons environment if you should will.

Saturn, outward from Jupiter is 886 mean miles from K-Star. Dione, Rhea, Iapetus, Tethys, Enceladus, Mimus and Titan are the primary moons each with circumferences of several thousand miles. Twenty-four other minor moons are notable for individual exploitable features.

Titan has a hard crust over an ice and rock interior. The surface is replete with hydrocarbon seas replenished by clouds precipitating into an organic carbon base atmosphere.

It is Tethys that would serve most efficiently as the gateway servo-unit for development of increasingly remote outer planets. At two-thirds of the speed of light reaching Pluto will require two months from the 3rd planet. Converting the K-Star's photon output into shaped particle accelerators for moving freight and using a Jupiterian orbit switchyard is presently feasible.

The interior of Tethys is ice and rock too. The surface has an aesthetic three-mile deep, seventy-mile wide canyon circling around the entire moon. It's an easily exploitable venue for greenhouse modification and production of nutrients for fleshlings with use as lush tropical romps for downloads.

The last two giant gas planets are Uranus with 22 moons and Neptune. They have potential like Saturn and Jupiter.

The ninth planet is Pluto 3,666 million miles from the K-Star. A simply fabulous watering opportunity as is it's moon Charon and the tenth icy little klump planet beyond. Lila is 9 billion miles from the star of Kopenigkt. The tenth planet orbits K-star every 560 years inferior time criteria and the eleventh every 2000 years.

The tenth planet is an ice ball like Pluto somewhat beyond Puto's orbit, the eleventh planet orbits the K-star at 560 periods K-star earth relative time. This planet Lila is larger than Pluto and is contaminated with precursors of bacterial life forms.

An Asteroid belt composed of a broken planet, a Kuiper belt, thousands of erratic iceballs and some Mars sized plums outback with an Oort Cloud and edge of solar wind erratic froth line completes gross inventory of prime cashable mass orbiting Koppernigk's Star"

"An awareness of the past will bring us up to date Igor. Time is always changing and surpassing itself. It seems to move even when it has no mass to fill out its

dimensions and function. Perhaps it moves along a one-dimensional wall, or is the wall unraveling into spatial dimensions. Never let yourself be lulled to sleep in the seemingness of a present now that has no knowledge of the past or future.

In the Quantum Probability Ship we may be disembodied patterns of personas too easily forgetful of material extension into a body that is one with the ambient environment from which it receives nourishing energy and substance”

“We get nourishing energy from the quantum field directly M'Tahp Universe”

“Don't interrupt my soliloquy Igor, it is for your edification. Where was I? Oh yes. Fleshling bodies get nutrition and energy as an integral part of the environment consuming, processing and excreting waste; such a pleasure to know from time to time, although it can be replicated in abstract sensory stimulation of neuoreceptors of the Quantum Probability Ships persona circuits.

Yek ven the progression of one's being through a direction of time in a body is the awareness of the ebb and rise of biostasis conditions, feedback receptors and consciousness of the building, aging, changing experience. For us the Quantum Probability Ship hasn't present necessary physical/material change except for information content in the quanta of itself that is a computational processing support moving ideas for us as itself. Obtaining information from the Universe(1) and others we may find our own concept of time in the seemingly infinite ideas and thought courses that interact in infinite neural connective phenomena. Time within the thoughts of the Quantum Probability Ship hasn't much direction or significance.

Do be mindful that time of Universe(1) does matter with dimensional direction though we of the Quantum probability ship should not experience physical change until apocalyptic forces of Universe(1) or accident overwhelms our being”.

Yrjo M'Tahp (Universe) gazed upon the millions of stars of the Nuraghe through a nearly infinite number of photon receptors of the Quantum Probability Ship with a feeling something like a fathomless greed to possess everything he could perceive and possibly experience. The stars are an other to the oneness of the Quantum Probability Ship world of ideas for-themselves.

Through the decessus Menepthah Stella and Movin Saytrap inferred the field strength of the X factor that was infinitesimally small yet pervading malevolently the constructive civilization of the Nuraghe. Entropy applied by evil design superceded and subtly corrupted the will of the sentient consensus epiphenomenalizing at the core of Alpha Marie,

Stella with Movin took leave of the Mashakh to swiftstream for the Prajol Station at the boundary field of Alpha Marie's outer shell.

When they emerged from the intelligent thickquid core being received into a dome shaped Tholos a few thousand feet in the atmosphere the arrays of the worlds were set in holographic situation upon the spherical wall that seemed to be an abstract of space.

Each image of a planet, star, nebulae, cluster or place phenomena when touched would receive their immediate transportation. Their personal information patterns as individuals was abstracted from the Tholos and slipped through the field of space-time to a pre-superstring physics beyond the configuration of Universe(1).

In that non (Universe1) realm entropy could decrease. Superstrings were no the basis of mass or energy. Gravity as a function of the slope of space-time did not exist. Particle waves concatenated in associations of intelligent design. No attractive or repulsive forces served in a quantum mechanics. A universal medium

contained all of the neutral particles that formed and traveled in possible world lines given by the shape of space dimensions designer configured throughout time. Black holes could not form through gravity, yet could form if the space was designed to compact and contain neutral particles. No information from fundamental neutral particles could pass where the space had no routes created for their journey.

The pre-quark, pre-superstring Altaverse seemed to be a monistic space created by One Designer. Some brilliant sentient in the Cross Nuraghe had happened upon its existence in researching quantum functions, M-Dimension series cosmologies and what is known on the 3rd planet of Koppernigk's Star in the Nuraghe Genna Maria as Shannon Entropy.

Passing from the Tholoi of Universe(1) through the Altaverse seemed to be pre-determined in the space-time routing structure of the Altaverse. It allowed personnel transport usually, yek when the Cross Nuraghe civilization rebuilders tried to use the Altaverse to transport planets and stars they discovered that they could not be passed through.

Stella led Movin toward the hologram of Ugarit, a prison moon. "To Ugarit we must, Movin. A prisoner of the M'Tahp Destiny may hold the key to redaction into meaning the evidence and source elements of the unknown history of the malign power corrupting our free assembly of the civilization of the Cross Nuraghe. M'Tahp is the only political leader that incarcerates sentients physically within many parsecs of Alpha Marie. A sentient at Mashakh conveyed data that Stephen Miami, a missing foreman of the Planet Movers, is an inmate shadow there."

Saytrap looked long at Stella entranced with her emerald and silver eyes. Her beauty was sufficient to launch a thousand Space Motions. She stood amidst Universe(1) on the Tholoi wall, and reached out to touch Ugarit.

They slipped through a rent in space-time directly. Two chiton armored Cengizikes riding an electron cycle made a sharp turn off the main Ugarit Meisnerway. A pursuing prison police crystal also moved abruptly to the off ramp colliding from behind with the cycle at high speed sending it onto its side pitching the Cengizikes slamming head first into the concrete safety wall. Large bloody circles remained on the wall where their heads released blood while the bodies continued flying after back breaking impact into the distance over the top. The police crystal slowed, stopped and closed the ramp with an impulse order as sliding wall closed it off.

Stella and Saytrap had emerged onto a hillside opposite the off ramp just in time to observe the incident that had the attention of the police crystal.

"Isn't this desert drop somewhat irregular for your Tholoi Transport Menepthah? Isn't there sometimes a transport reception office?"

"Yes Movin, usually we arrive with more formality. The Altaverse is an uncertain element remember. It seems to use its own discretion at determining relocation coordinates sometimes.

Stay low. We are here to break a prisoner out of jail after all. We've waveform probability camouflage built into our clothing though its no guarantee against superior surveillance techniques. Until we remove our clothing we should not be picked up by standard surveillance monitors of Ugarit."

"Will we walk naked into the jail then in order to be seen by the guards when we request that Stephen be released?"

"I discern that you haven't done any jailbreaks recently Movin. At any rate the clothing has trillo-bytes of artificial reasoning and will know when we need surveillance defenses deactivated.

At least you reasoning seems to be recovering from your resurrection trauma, although you are getting a bit ahead of things. We must liberate Stephen Miami without the assistance of prison guards."

The Quantum Probability Ship quietly slipped within a few light-years of Alpha Marie and the coordination region of the cross Nuraghe Civilization. The Ship sentience kept transforming its motion capability. Presently it interacted with special particle field densities for acceleration.

"The crew of zomboids on Alpha Marie now comprises thirty percent of the available labor pool. I want it to be one-hundred percent within three Alpha-Marie days."

"Yup M'Tahp Universe! I will instruct the forebeing coopts to deliver their workers for conversion immediately" Igor replied with a familiar cringing pleasure sensation.

"I have use for Alpha Marie, we may embody within its sentients that appear in the Mashakh and infiltrate directly the sentient's planets of origin of the Cross Nuraghe conferees. I have additional projects for which we must make ready.

The Chicxulub Smack Wave will be a front faster than light terminator line pushing the mass-energy of Universe(1) implisively inward from the expansion boundary 15 billion light years distant maximally from any point in Universe(1) as it appears in the present from my future base at Koppernigk's Star. It will drive all of the information content of Universe(1) in to a shell a few-light years in size for me to consume with all one-hundred to the one-hundredth power bits of entropy/data with nothing to escape.

I unified with all data of Universe(1) as the Quantum Probability Ship shall become the end of the speculations of those silly physicists, philosophers and believers in A Deity other than M'Tahp Universe!"

Igor slipped away accelerating his idea for-himself energy to a remote memory of the QP Ship from which he could communicate personally with the co-opted forebeings of Alpha Marie.

Menepthah and Movin edged their way through the boulders along the hillside of the Meisnerway that ran straight as a laser shot between two large prisons at either end 400 miles apart. The Dumbbell design allowed concentrations of prison support services and the local economy to grow along the Meisnerway.

"We have only a half of a mile further to reach the Black Stone Prison Cube as you can see. Stephen Miami, as an M, should be found in the second Stone. Yek, we must not tarry. Ugarit has a planetary terminator line separating twilight from the light of the other moons and the one-hundred forty degree direct heat of the Star."

While they neared the black cube a tremendous convection wave of extreme winds rose dust and clouds roiling like standing waves on the horizon reluctantly giving up pummeling the present ground to move forward and devastate anew dark thunderheads driving intense wind shear and a ball-lightening wall followed with seventy centimeter hail.

"What do we do now that we're here Stella, find a place to have lunch?"

The Stone Prison Cube had no breaks on it's surface and gleamed as a shimmering obsidian might with a special lattice of doped crystals concealing the glow of Luciferan within.

"We must extract Stephen Miami from pattern storage in the Prison Cube crystal niche. There are no guards, tourism on Ugarit probably lands people inside if they haven't arrived through the Altaverse.

"The Defense Perimeter is at the troposphere" Stella said point to space.

Stella touched the cold stone humming M and thinking 'Stephen Miami' to bounce the pattern faster than a Josephson Junction crossing electron before them.

"Menepthah Stella" Miami said, "My Deliverer!"

"Say that of no one except of the One Who is Three" she replied. "We have need of you to tell us of M'Tahp and his works. We must exodus now."

Ugarit's terminator line arrived with a fury while Miami, Stella and Saytrap were recalled to the Tholoi of Alpha Marie through a transcending, encompassing rent of space-time.

At the Alpha Marie Tholoi the three descended to the Prajol line and were beset by an odd purple haze twilight upon the horizon of Alpha Marie at the shore of the Sea of Regulus. The haze was especially strange for Miami just released as he was from inert confinement in the Stone Prison Cube. "This must be the work of Igor, bent servant of Yrjo M'Tahp. When I refused to surrender my workers for conversion here, after bribery and torture had failed to gain my compliance with the will of M'Tahp I was imprisoned in the Prison Cube of Ugarit."

Igor appeared emerging as a transcendent pattern in the Sea of Regulus before them. A luminescent green scum floating upon the waters with a variegated sheen like a hydrocarbon slick supported ideas, images, patterns and shapes that swirled like an infinite depth of four dimensional images upon a three dimensional surface. The mynd of Igor had a tonal quality that was dwarfed, muted yet with an explosive desire to control. It was subtle and nuanced, persuasive and arrogant. His voice broke as the sound of ten thousand harmonized trashcan lids dropping into place..."This world is now the property of M'Tahp Universe and is my personal responsibility. You will immediately surrender all sentient workers with material bodies to Chief of Adaptation Inbar at the restuffing plants yonder within two days. All qualified will be uploaded to the Quantum Probability Ship within the two days. Shirkers will be terminated after torture without any semblance of pleasure!"

Menepthah Stella thought to Movin Saytrap and Stephen Miami "Intelligent Destiny is a Cross Nuraghe sparsely populated in communities that permit continuity of naturally evolving ecosystems. M'Tahp Universe and Igor are separate from reality within Universe(1) so far as is possible without death, existing within it as shadows outside its natural physical parameters. Their works on Alpha Marie must be the surface of a retrograde megalomania lusting for the Universe."

Movin thought to Stella "How will we defend Menepthah?"

She replied, "We must wait to understand more. Nowhere the enemy is, is invulnerable to counterattack.

When Igor upsurged his being into the Sea of Regulus he violated an integral element of the Civilization. Igor annexed it with field enclosure to the Quantum Probability Ship's compresent M-matrix. The Ship is the transcendent body of Yrjo and Igor."

Picking up an anti-matter explosive device from the construction site Movin said "You mean that the Sea of Regulus is now possessed by and one with the Quantum probability Ship, Yrjo M'Tahp and Igor? "

"Probably, Movin"

Stephen Miami thought to Movin "Be careful with that little package, it might go off. Those anti-matter demolitions should be handled only by experts."

"Sure, I know Stephen, yek a shock wave front to compact material in pure string balls that were then pitched to a space-time dimensional accelerator and swatted over a time-dimensional wall with force field impact could be worse. Someone like Yrjo just might try it you know, the megalomaniacs will to reconfiguring the Universe isn't too much different than reconfiguring mynds with particle beam thought formers. Besides, I don't prefer to be stuffed and uploaded to the Quantum Probability Ship two days hence.

It's been a new life to know you Stella. Stephen it's been a brief acquaintance. It will be my pleasure to see you both again on the other side..."

Movin Saytrap suddenly sprinted to leap off the forty-foot cliff flying downward into the occupied Sea of Regulus detonating the anti-matter device when he plunged through the surface that was the mynd of Igor and the way to the Quantum Probability Ship.

The implosion of a shaped quantum field construction ordinance confined the force to the active matrix of the Quantum Probability Ship. Several million miles away the ship improbably exploded blossoming briefly into a new nova in the starry sky clearing from the purple haze. The Sea of Regulus rested placidly, calm, liberated from Igor.

Stella and Miami received together the planet and moonlights of the new worlds in the night sky over Alpha Marie brought to build the optimal life space of the Cross Nuraghe.